

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 10

Kylie POV

Out of the ten cars that were standing in the driveway, the one in the middle was a Rolls Royce in which he had come. Alpha Logan made his way to the car and opened the door. I kept on standing in my place and looked right and left, wondering which car shall I be sitting **in**?

Beta Asher watched **Alpha** Logan with sweat dripping down his temple. He darted his gaze to me and then at Alpha **Logan** with a puzzled expression.

I looked at Alpha Logan, only to find him staring at me with the door wide **open**. “How long will you make me wait, Luna Kylie?” he asked, pinning me with his gaze.

Surprise cruised through me. Was I supposed to go with him? Well, if Graham could take Zoe in his arms in front of everyone, couldn't I go with Alpha Logan in a car? It wasn't like I was having sex with him.

“Beta Asher, could you load my luggage in that car?” I said and walked to Alpha Logan with my chin up. Shir suppressed a chuckle as he helped Asher to put my luggage. The moment I sat in the car, Alpha Logan closed the door and promptly took a seat beside me.

Confined in such a small space, I felt incredibly uncomfortable. I huddled up in a corner, desperate for some distance between us. The driver of the car, an

old wolf, bowed to me with a smile and started the ignition. In less than twenty minutes, the cars in the caravan were on the highway.

The first thing that Alpha Logan did was to press a button so that a screen between us and the driver came up. I pressed harder, **not** really digging this. “I already mentioned you, Alpha Logan—I’m **not** a promiscuous woman.”

“Did you sign the contract?” he asked, ignoring my words and turning to me as he crossed one leg over the other’s knee.

“No,” I replied. “There are a few terms I’d like to add.”

His lips curled up. “I was not expecting anything less. What do you want to add?”

I took a deep breath in. “The contract has to be effective after I separate from Alpha Graham.”

“Of course, I know that,” he said nonchalantly. “But that has to happen within a month.”

“I don’t know how long the Elder Council takes for that,”

“No, I don’t think you got me, Kylie,” he said.

Kylie. Not Luna Kylie.

“After Graham rejects **you** as his mate and Luna, you will sign the contract even if you don’t get your pack back.”

Alpha Logan!” I rasped. “I want my pack back, How, can I leave my people under him and Zoe?”

“That’s my deal, Kylie,” he said impatiently.

I stared at him, unsure of what to do. What would happen after a year when the contract would be **null** and void? I swallowed my saliva down my throat

as I turned my gaze away from him to look outside. “When my father died, he was so happy that I was married to Alpha Graham and was his Luna. It was natural that after his death, our packs merged. If my father were alive, he would have been devastated by the current situation.” A shudder passed through me. I shifted my gaze towards him. “I don’t want my pack members to suffer.

Alpha Logan took my hand in his and covered it with his large ones. This was the first contact I had with him, and a jolt of electricity surged through my body. My lips parted, and I sighed to stop my moan.

“I’m going to try my best to **get** your pack, Kylie,” he said, as if promising me.

Our gazes held longer than they should **have**. “Thanks,” I muttered.

Suddenly, something heavy hit my side of the car. The car swiveled, and I was hurled in his lap. He grabbed me tightly, wrapping his muscular arms around me like I was his treasure, as a snarl escaped his lips. The way he was holding me made my skin flush with a deep shade of red.

The car stopped. He pressed the button to put the screen down. “What happened?” he growled at the driver.

The driver looked puzzled. “I don’t know, **Alpha**,” he said and got down. But Alpha Logan didn’t leave me. I **could** practically hear his heartbeat against my body.

Suddenly, I heard a howl of wolves. Their typical scent of rot and decay, mingled with that of fear and aggression, wafted in the air. While rogues were a common sight in the forests, what puzzled me was their audacity to attack us on the highway.

“**Fuck!**” Alpha Logan cursed. He looked at me frantically. “Stay in the car and don’t come out, okay? It seems rogues have attacked us.

“I am a trained warrior, Alpha Logan. I can deal with them,” I said.

“I can’t take the risk. Promise me you’ll stay here.”

“No, I will come with you out there to handle them.” I could snap a rogue or two, even though my wolf wasn’t there.

His lips curved into a smile, and a look of pride illuminated his face. “Fine. Then stay close to me.” He brought his hand to the **back** of his trousers and pulled a gun from there, surprising **me**. “This one has silver bullets. See that none is wasted.”

As **soon as** we stepped out of the car, we were surrounded by Nord pack warriors. Some of them had shifted while **some** were still fighting in their human form.

There were about twenty rogues. I had never seen such a large number together. With a deafening roar, Alpha Logan broke the security ring. His skin rippled with black fur as his claws elongated. He jumped at the nearest rogue and ripped his body **apart** with his claws, Fuck. It **was** a sight to watch him do that. All at once, out of nowhere, a rogue jumped over the car’s roof. I spun to look at him. He lunged at me. I fired the shot at him. The rogue howled and slumped in the air, crashing on me, but before he could touch me, Alpha Logan had caught him and tossed him away.

“You okay?” he asked, his chest rising and falling.

Goosebumps crawled on my skin **as** I nodded. He fixed me with his gaze and then turned to deal with the other rogues. I shot two more rogues before the whole fiasco got over. When we were done, Alpha Logan came to stand next to me and clasped my hand. “I’m proud of you,” he said with a heated gaze. Embarrassed, I tried to wrestle my hand away, but it was like struggling against an iron grip.

Before us lay a gruesome sight: Lifeless rogues sprawled across the ground, their limbs twisted and mangled, while blood and torn flesh **adorned** the surroundings in a macabre display.

“Let’s go!” he ordered his wolves. Once we were in the car, he fished his phone out without leaving my hand and called his Beta. He explained everything and, in the end, **said**, “I want you to find out about this attack **as** soon as possible.”

“Please leave my hand, Alpha Logan,” I reminded him.

“Oh!” He left my hand, much to my relief, but the next moment, he caught my other hand. What he said to me next was unbelievable.