

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 105

Katy POV

I had been waiting anxiously for Ace to come to me. When he arrived, I thought we would talk some and then I'd take him to bed, but my mate was desperate. He just picked me up like a neanderthal, stripped my clothes and his and did what he promised.

After sucking my breasts, he trailed a line of kisses to my navel. When he reached my sex, he parted my lips with his hands and stared at my swollen nub. I squirmed beneath him, wanting him to do something. The fact that his fangs had slipped out of his gums was making me desperate for his touch. I wanted those fangs in my flesh where he would mark me. However, I knew he wouldn't be able to do it because of being bound by the Selection process.

"You are soaking for me," he growled and wrapped his lips around my swollen bud. In doing so, his fangs dug a little into my skin and I moaned in pleasure. Ace believed in giving me an orgasm first before he peaked. He sucked my clit hard, pushing me to the edge. The heat in my belly coiled and coiled, making me moan and groan. I thrashed my head on the pillow, feeling like I wanted to jump off the edge.

He inserted a digit inside my core and groaned against my skin. "Fuck!" he rasped and started pumping his finger inside. In and out. In and out. He created an overwhelming rhythm with his fingers, grazing my g-spot. It was impossible for me to hold any longer. The tension inside my belly uncoiled at

the speed of an asp and with a scream, I came. He removed his fingers and latched his mouth onto my core, sucking my juices greedily.

Ace lifted his head to see me and, through my hooded eyes, I noticed how his lips had swollen, glistening with my juice. Without warning, he crawled over me and in one thrust, he was inside me, lodged to the hilt. I didn't know where he started or where I ended.

"Fuck! You are so tight, Katy," he growled. "Tight and wet!" He started thrusting inside me roughly, needily, desperately. "Your pussy **fits** like a glove around my cock!" Thrust. "I can never have enough of you!" Thrust. "You **will** be the death of me!" Thrust. Thrust. Thrust.

I brought my hands to his shoulders, where my claws dug into his flesh. He hissed in pain and increased his pace. The only sound in the room was that of flesh slapping against flesh. He was going so fast and hard that his balls slapped against my skin. We were both covered in a thin sheet of sweat. He looked into my eyes and said, "Keep looking at me, Katy. I want to see you when I come inside you." And with that, he let out a roar and spilled his seeds inside me. I could feel the strips of his hot cum filling me. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he snarled as he continued to thrust, coming like he was loaded for the world.

Strangely, the bond between us strengthened a bit more. It was like. another layer of spell peeled off.

Ace pulled out of me and slumped beside me, panting just like I was short of air. He curled his arm around my waist and pulled me to his chest. "That was the best sex I've ever had!" he rasped. If it had been a normal situation, I would have gotten jealous, wondering if he had sex with others. But I knew Ace had sex only with me ever since I turned eighteen. Even before that, he had restrained. He had once revealed it to me I was the gravity that pulled him always even before we smelled each other **as** mates. He would imagine me whenever he had sexual urges. I found a bunch of my panties in his room when he first took me there.

I chuckled and turned on my belly. He trailed his fingers down the middle of my spine and to my hips, where he froze. He jerked straight up and looked at the tattoo of his name on my butt. "You have my name on your ass," he said with disbelief in his tone as he traced my tattoo.

I turned to look at him over my shoulder with a smile. "Yes. You like it?"

"B-but how?" He stared at the tattoo with wide eyes.

"Well, I asked the tat designer to ink **it** on me. That's how." I loved teasing Ace. He was such a baby when I teased him.

"No, I mean... why?"

"Oh!" I giggled. "I told you, we are **mates**."

"Fuck me!" he lowered his face to my butts and kissed the tattoo. "Katy, why don't I remember it?" he said, sadness coating his voice. "I want to abolish this stupid Selection process and take you as my Luna."

His words punched the air out of me. I got up and climbed onto his lap. Cupping his cheeks, I said, "That's such a wonderful thing you could've said to me." I kissed his lips.

"I mean it, Katy," he replied. "I'm seriously hating this contest."

I rested my head on his shoulder. "So am I, but if you abolish this contest, your pack members will not like it. This is a tradition they've been following all their lives."

He took a ragged breath in. "I don't want to lose you, Katy. It's like my wolf, Spade, will go crazy if I don't get you."

I stroked the hair on his chest, which was one of my favorite things to do. "Don't worry. I'll win."

“But I-” He closed his eyes as if his heart was in pain. “I don’t want Rebecca to win. I dread that moment all the time.”

“Ace,” I said, lifting my head. “Can you do something for me?”

“Sure, anything.”

“Can you focus on the bond we have? I can feel the tether with you **all** the time.”

His brows furrowed. “I feel the same connection with you, Katy, but—”

I placed my finger on his lips. “Just focus on our bond, okay?” I refrained from informing him about the spell to avoid him resisting and risking damage to his memories.

He kissed my finger and nodded. “I will.”

I remained in his lap for a long time and slept. Ace didn’t leave me until morning and we had sex once more. When I woke up, we were both entangled in each other’s arms. It felt like just another lovely day I used to spend with him.

Awoken by the buzzing of his phone, he grumbled as he fluttered his eyes open. “I don’t want to pick it up,” he grunted, his face buried in between my boobs.

I chuckled, picked his phone up, and gave it to me.

“Ace!”

“Yes, father,” he said groggily.

“Today is the fourth task for the contestants. Where are you?”

He said through his clenched teeth, “I’ll be there in a few minutes.” He disconnected the call and wrapped his lips around my nipple.

I giggled as I stroked his hair. “You better go, Alpha Ace. I have a competition to take part in.”

“No!” he grunted and shook my nipple in his mouth.

The training hall was packed with participants. The king was about to announce the fourth task, but I had something in mind.

Luce and Queen Cassie were standing on the raised platform along with Beau and Ace. Ace was looking at me from time to time as if he was keeping an eye on me.

The king said, “Today we will commence the fourth **task**. And in this you will have to perform a dance of our pack’s legend. You will receive information about the history and culture of our pack. You have the entire day to prepare for it. The competition will *take* place under the moon in a clearing just outside the pack’s territory. Time to assemble in the clearing will be sent to you by afternoon.”

An excited murmur erupted in the contestants. This was a fun activity for all of us.

“You will be divided into five groups and each of you will have to work in tandem with each other,” the king added. “Does anyone have a question?”

I raised my hand. The king looked at me. “What is it, **Katy**?”

I reminded him. “King Soren, you previously stated that the fourth competition would include the top ten participants from the last three competitions. You know, best of three?”

“Yes, Katy, but there are no clear winners.”

“There can never be clear winners, but you can choose them by the number of points they have garnered.”

My words sent a ripple of shock through the girls. A few despised me for my attempts to remove them early, while others stayed quiet as it benefited them.

“That’s right!” Luce said, surprising me. “The fourth contest should be between amongst the top ten.”