

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 11

Logan POV

I don't know the ways of the Moon Goddess, but how could I sense her as my mate when she was already married to Alpha **Graham** and bore his mark on her neck?

Despite the persistence of the Elders in my pack, I resisted getting married or taking a chosen mate because I believed my true mate was still out there.

When I first saw Kylie, I couldn't forget her. Her delicate floral scent, evoking orange blossoms and sweet spice, etched into **my memory**.

This morning when I sensed her **as** my mate, I expected her to acknowledge me, but she didn't and that **drove** me mad. While her scent had put me in a frenzy, why wasn't she recognizing me? The only reasoning could be **that** her old mate bond was rotting inside, but it was still there,

After I had recognized her as my mate, she did nothing but watch me with the indifference of any other woman. I didn't like it at all. Furthermore, I became even angrier at the way Graham and Zoe treated her. I was so ready to kill Graham. I wanted to whisk her away to my pack and never let her go. But could things happen my way? I couldn't wait to be in the car with her and be surrounded by her scent.

As **soon as** she was in my car, I reveled in her soft floral and spicy scent. It was impossible for me to stay away from her, and she had shrunk far away from me, glued to the other side much to my displeasure.

I was **thinking** of ways to touch her when, all at once, the car jolted and swiveled. She was flung into my lap, and I immediately wrapped my arms **around** her, fearing she might be injured. A deafening growl escaped my throat. Who had the audacity to strike me and my mate? I smelled rogues.

As soon as we killed them all and were back in the car, I missed her in my lap. On an impulse, I grabbed her hand. When she reminded me about it, I shamelessly caught another one. I shrugged, saying, "You asked me to leave that hand and not this." Her contact sent electricity zapping up my body all the way to my cock. My wolf, Blaze, purred inside me when her cheeks turned a deep shade of pink. I braced myself for the inevitable release of her hand from mine, but to my delight, she kept her our hands intertwined. This little touch was enough for now.

"You've got a minor bruise on your neck." I pointed when my gaze landed over there. Rage filled me **and** I wanted to kill that rogue who jumped on her all over again. He must have scratched her with his claw when he lunged at her. Honestly, I was proud with the way she tackled the rogues along my side.

Her **hand reached** there inadvertently, **and** she **said**, "It'll **heal**."

"I don't think it'll heal quickly, Kylie. **That is a** scratch by a rogue and it carries infection. Let me help you heal it."

Her face scrunched up in a frown. "How can you help me?"

"Very simple."

I tugged her close, gently removed her braid, and pressed my lips against the tender bruise. She stiffened, but she didn't move away. So, I sucked her harder over there. Her skin felt so good under my tongue. Her delicate hands lightly pressed against my chest, a feeble attempt to create distance between us. A moan escaped her lips, and I lost my control. I took more of her skin in my mouth and sucked harder. If I didn't claim and mark her soon, I knew I would lose my mind at this rate. Blaze was howling inside me, wanting to break free and lick his mate. And that reminded me-

With a lot of effort, I pulled away and looked at her with hooded eyes. She was panting and had sunk her teeth into her bottom lip to the point of bleeding, Goddess, I hoped she was sensing something about this bond. "I read it in the shifter history class that if your mate cheats on you, your mark hurts. Is your mark hurting?"

She lowered her gaze to her lap and said, "The mark doesn't hurt, but my body does when he..." There was tension in her shoulders as she didn't complete the sentence. "But I don't know why my mark is fading?"

Hope and joy bloomed in me. "Isn't that wonderful?" I said and held both her hands in mine excitedly.

To my disappointment, she swiftly pulled her hands away from mine in surprise.

"I don't know..." she said, as if it was something horrible. Then she eyed me with apprehension **and** slid back into her corner.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"Alpha Logan," she said in a soft yet **firm** voice. "I will sign the contract to be your Luna after I am separated from Graham. Only goddess knows how much I want to be released from this hopeless marriage, but I don't want to lead you into thinking that I am..." She took a deep breath. "I'm not the type who would climb into your bed to advance my success."

This was the third time she was reminding me of it, and it pissed me. “Kylie, I don’t think about you like that. Are you afraid that I am going to get you in bed and then discard **you** after that? Didn’t I assure you earlier that I will help you regain your pack?” She swallowed saliva down her throat, blushing again, which confirmed my doubts. “You are wrong about me on so many levels. I have a dislike for women who rely on sexual favors. I hope you remember how Zoe expressed her desire for intimacy with **me**.”

That sentence allayed her fears a little, and she relaxed. Her doe eyes that rounded at the corner. She looked so cute and adorable that I wanted to **hug** her tightly. “Umm... you shouldn’t have licked my bruise. That sent the wrong signal.”

“I guess your bruise is already healed. Maybe you should thank me.” I smirked. “Having said that, I want you to sign the contract asap because I like you Kylie.”

Suddenly, her phone **rang**, and Alpha Graham’s number flashed on the screen.