

# Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

## Chapter 115

Katy POV

Honeymoon in Mexico was simply enchanting. We stayed **at an** adult luxurious resort **that** faced the white sandy beaches of Cancun. Ace and I spent most of our time in the room because my wolf was insatiable. He had a permanent erection that was drilling into me in every damn possible way. We christened every surface of the room, including **the** bathtub, floors **and** even our balcony.

Yes, he knotted inside me three times in three days. The first day was painful as hell. I screamed when he knotted inside me, but he pinned me to the bed, his wolf snarling at me to **stay** in place because he wanted to plant his seeds inside **me**. The second day **it was** less painful and remained **the** same on the third **day**. When he retreated, he would **scoop** his cum and put it back inside **me, saying**, “I can’t let my boys go astray. Each one of them will go inside you.”

When we were lounging on the pristine white sand beach, he would cover us with a sheet and mount me. On the pretext of applying sunscreen, he would fuck me from behind. If there were many people on the beach and he wanted me, he would carry me to the palm forest near the beach and fuck me against a tree. Overall, my honeymoon could be defined as “fuck honeymoon”.

The attention **he** got when we would dine was absolutely annoying. I caught girls blushing at him all the time. One particular waitress suggested him she

would wait for him behind the hotel if needed **a** quick fuck, Before Ace could react, I got up and pushed her. She fell on her butt and it created a huge commotion. It took an hour for Ace to quiet the management at the hotel. Not that I cared. But **all** others got the message that he was mine.

While Ace went scuba diving, I went snorkeling. The experience was out of the world. Underwater world was beautiful, and I wondered if there were mermaids around. I had heard that mermaids existed, but no one had ever heard of them.

I also forced him to meet the psychiatrist who helped him greatly with his memories. He asked me to take it slow and not force him to remember anything. "**The** spell cast on him was pretty powerful," the doctor said to me.

I swallowed thickly **as** I looked at Ace, who was sleeping on the couch after the session.

The doctor cautioned, "Make sure that you don't lose temper around him for a few months. Patience is the key, Katy."

I nodded because I would do anything for the only wolf I ever loved in my life.

Honestly, I didn't want to come back, but duty calls. When we returned, King Soren welcomed us and then asked Ace to join him in *day-* to-day activities so that he got to know what he was supposed to do **as** the king.

Ace got majorly busy, and I was also "tutored" on how to be a queen. Goddess, it was an ordeal. I seriously contemplated asking Ace to abolish the monarchy, but he said that his people liked to see their king and queen. He also said that the Viking pack was hundreds of years old, with the same family ruling over it. "We are of Irish descent, Katy. What do you expect?"

## Coronation day.

The castle was draped in banners of green and gold, its walls humming centuries old history. **As** the sun **rose**, the streets were transformed into rivers of shimmering gold. Pack members gathered outside the walls of the castle with anticipation.

Inside the grand hall, there were councilors waiting for our arrival. Logan, Kylie, Shir, Fenris, Alpha Derek and so many of our allies **were present** over there, **each** looking at the festivities curiously. They had never witnessed anything like it. How could they? We were **the** only monarchs in the werewolf community.

King Soren had asked us **to** be there by 8AM.

**Ace** wore his traditional velvet and ermine robe while **I** wore **a** crimson silk gown. As Ace stepped forward towards the intricately crafted throne, I stepped to the right, where Kylie and Logan were.

"This is so good!" Kylie said excitedly.

The crown, an ornate diadem of gold and jewels, **rested** on King Soren's head. He **was** standing in front **of** the throne. **As** soon **as** Ace stepped onto the raised platform where the throne **was**, King Soren stepped to the left. The Shaman, who **was** standing there to perform the ceremony, bowed to Ace. **Ace got** down on his knees and lowered his head in front of **his** father.

The Shaman started chanting incantations. When he finished the prayer to the Moon Goddess, he lifted the crown, its **jewels** catching the light, **casting a** rainbow **across** the hall. Slowly, he descended the crown on **Ace's** head. The **crowd** erupted in cheers. I wiped a **tear** from my cheek. This was the culmination of my Alpha to **a greater role**—one **I** thought he'd never assume.

But Ace **had** shown significant improvement. I **never** persuaded him to remember our **past**, but **occasional** memories would **resurface**. His wolf helped him heal **as well**.

King Soren was jubilant. I could see pride and content in his **eyes**. He pulled Ace into a tight hug. "I'm so proud of **you**, son. With your mate, you are going to rule this pack for a long time." Soren stepped down along with Ace, and he called me by his side. With me in the center, we walked to the balcony from where we could see our pack members. Upon reaching there, Soren announced, "I present to the new king and queen of the Viking pack, King Ace and Queen Katy!"

A shudder ran down my spine and goosebumps lined up my skin when the weight of his words fell upon me.

The pack members cheered, a chorus of approval sweeping through the streets.

King Ace's eyes, bright with determination, surveyed his subjects with a steady gaze. He squeezed my hand tightly, indicating that I had to stay by his side always. I leaned on his shoulder and gave him my approval.

For the rest of the day, the castle was a hub of activity. All pack members brought some or the other gift which apparently was a tradition.

Kylie was so excited during lunch and she just couldn't stop clicking pictures to post on her social media. "Who the hell is related to royalty these days?" she said when I laughed at her. "So just shut up and smile for the photo!"

They both left the next day in the morning because they had urgent work. All the other guests stayed for a day more and left the second day.

It was on the third day that Alpha Soren said, "Ace, it's time that I leave. My bags are already packed."

Emotions charged up. I looked at Alpha Soren, knowing well where he was going. Over the last two days, he had taken Cassie out of the dungeons and she was taken to an unknown location somewhere in the deep forests secretly. He was going to join her over there. Though many pack members advised him to reject her, we knew he wouldn't. Cassie was his mate, and he rather abdicated his throne to be with her than reject her.

Last night, when we were in his room handing him the final documents, he said to Ace, "I know that your mother had been terrible about all this Selection, but-" He took a deep breath. "She's my mate and we've spent forty years together. How can I give away that togetherness? I can't. I don't have the strength in me to reject my mate bond."

Tears gathered in my eyes because I had also gone to lengths for my mate and to restore my mate bond,

"Father," Ace said. "It's fine. I understand."

Alpha Soren left the Viking pack to join his mate soon after.

### **Three months later.**

I was eating chocolate ice cream, which had become my favorite during my pregnancy. Ace was sleeping with his head in my lap, on a lazy Sunday afternoon, while I was watching a movie. He had become ferociously protective about me and had multiple guards around me every time.

"Hey, any news about Rebecca?" I asked.

He sighed. "She's hiding in the forest with rogues. We'll get her soon."

Rebecca had run away, but she was spending the worst kind of life one could imagine. Being a rogue meant you had to stay away from the packs in order to stay alive.

“I want you to find her fast and throw her in the dungeons, Ace,” I said. “She’s like a loose cannon.”

He wrapped his arms around my belly and kissed me there. “I’ll find her, so stop worrying.”

I ran my fingers through his hair. “And how’s my king doing now?”

“I was thinking that we should have at least four pups.”

I smacked his arm and he laughed. His laughter boomed across the room and I swear it was the best sound to my ears. “I love you, King Ace,” I said and leaned in to kiss him.