

# Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

## Chapter 14

Kylie POV

I jumped up and went to the writing desk from where I brought my files. Taking out one particular file, I gave it to him to see. He **took** it and opened it with a frown. "As you can see," I pointed out at the top paragraph that I had noted from a law book. "I have found a way around **it** according to the pack laws. I have jotted some of my remarks over there."

"Where?" he asked, moving a little further away.

I had to lean over **him** and point it out. "There." I leaned further on him when he rested his arm on the armrest **and** said, "I read all the laws and noted some interesting points at the back of **that** page. I flipped the page for him excitedly, without realizing that I had pressed my breasts against his side.

"So, what do you think about my research?" I asked, biting my lip in anticipation.

"I feel that the issue is much deeper than I thought it would initially be," he groaned and his eyes hooded when he looked back at me. "We both have to sit down and do some heavy research. It's not just one day's **job**. You have to stay back in my pack for a day... ummm... No. For a week. Probably **two** weeks."

“Oh!” My mood turned sour because I knew Graham was coming to pick me. “I can’t..” I muttered and moved away from him.

Suddenly, the door opened, and my shock was palpable as Graham strolled in. He scanned my room and his eyes landed on me. I jumped up. “Graham? Hi! You didn’t even call me,”

“Why? Can’t I meet my wife without calling her? I hope I am not interfering,” he said as he glared at **Alpha** Logan, who **also** stood up and bowed.

“No, you aren’t interfering with anything.” I said nervously as I glanced at all the files. Shit. If he saw them, he would go ballistic and probably throw me in dungeons.

“Alpha Graham,” Alpha Logan said, “I was already informed of your visit. Nice to see you. I had to talk to you, anyway.”

I was surprised. If Alpha Logan **knew** about his visit, why didn’t he tell me about it?

Graham—tightly nodded at him. He sauntered towards me, and grabbing my waist, he pulled me into his embrace. It was so shocking **that** I froze. I was expecting him to be angry with me, but he hugged me?

Kissing my temple, he said, “I missed you, my Luna. You should have informed me. See, I had to come to take you. Stop playing hard to get for your hubby.” He kissed my cheek and looked at me and smirked.

It was then I realized Graham was only putting up a show in front of Alpha Logan. The warmth in his hug was missing. I was his possession, a toy that he didn’t want to part with. He had come all the way to the Nord Pack, not to get me, but to show Alpha Logan and everyone else that he still possessed me. To say that it didn’t hurt me would be lying. Whatever mate bond **was** still alive in me made me melt into his embrace. It angered me as hell, but if I showed my anger to him, I would lose a battle even before it

started. From the corner of my eyes, I saw Alpha Logan clenching his fists as if in rage. Which again baffled me.

I put my hands on his chest to push him away, but it was a weak attempt against him. “You **know** I came to discuss the Golden Gate project,” I said, maintaining my composure.

Graham removed his arms around my waist and smiled. “I know baby and I’m so proud of you, but you could’ve waited. I was busy.”

I felt like slapping him, but what Alpha Logan told him was a greater slap.

“Oh, right!” Alpha Logan said. “You were too busy with Zoe. How is she doing? I believe her pregnancy hormones are raging. What **did** the doctor say? **You** should’ve brought **her** here.”

A pale blush formed on Graham’s cheeks and he coughed slightly, understanding Alpha Logan’s jab. “Actually, she can’t move around much,” he replied. “The doctor has asked her to stay put in one place. She wanted to come **and** was stopping. me to come after you,” he said. “But I wanted to be with you, Kylie.”

My mouth dropped to the floor, but I collected myself instantly. If he was so eager to be with me, why had he gotten Zoe pregnant and why didn’t he throw her out of our marriage? What a hypocrite. Seriously, Zoe and Graham were perfect for each other. My desire to end the marriage had never been stronger. “I-I still have some details to discuss,” I lied, hoping he wouldn’t force me to come back with him.

“You can do it later, baby,” Graham insisted. “I hope you haven’t packed your bags. We are leaving immediately. Collect your files.” Then he turned to Alpha Logan and said, “Sorry Alpha Logan, I will send Asher to handle it from now onwards. Kylie is needed in the pack. I want my **Luna** to be by my side.”

“Not so soon, Alpha **Graham**,” Alpha Logan chuckled. “I hope you remember our deal that we inked two days back.”

Graham opened his mouth, but snapped it shut instantly.

Alpha Logan smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. “I gathered that because you wouldn't have bothered to make the pointless trip to bring Luna Kylie back.”

I watched Alpha Logan with surprise flickering through **me**. “What deal?” I didn't know of any deal that took place between the two. All I knew was that the talks were in the initial stages. My gaze darted to Graham, and he flushed, avoiding me completely.

Alpha Logan raised his eyebrow at me. “Really, you don't know the deal!” he said, rather than asking.

Swallowing saliva down my dry throat, I **couldn't** help but feel a thousand shades embarrassed. “No.”