

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 17

Kylie POV

A knock on the door pulled me from my reverie. I whirled when the door cracked open and I saw Alpha Logan. He stood at the door, his eyes intensely focused on me. He was holding a folder on the side.

My cheeks heated under his intense stare. "Alpha Logan," I said. "I'm ready."

"And you look beautiful," he breathed as he scanned my body with his heated gaze.

I took a ragged breath in, not knowing why his compliment affected me so much. "Thanks."

He came inside and handed me the document. "I've signed the contract, and here's your copy."

I **took** it from him with shaky hands. The weight of the papers felt like partial freedom. "Thanks again." I walked to the writing desk, where I pulled out a drawer and kept the contract.

He offered me his arm when we made our way to the driveway. Everyone watched us with curiosity in their eyes. I couldn't help but fidget. An SUV was standing with a chauffeur in the driveway. "I'll be driving today!" Alpha Logan said to the chauffeur, whose eyes went wide in surprise. He bowed to

Alpha Logan and gave the keys to him. Alpha Logan opened the passenger side door for me. When I sat in, he gently closed it before rushing to the driver's side. We hit the main road in less than five minutes.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To make your stay valid," he smirked.

Goddess. Up so close, he looked even more handsome than ever. He had combed his hair back and shaved. Wearing a blue formal dress shirt over black **trousers**, he looked like a model walking out of a fashion magazine. I stole glances at him every time I could. I observed the way his muscles tensed and relaxed with every movement. As we ventured further into the pack's territory, I couldn't help but feel a surge of pride knowing that such a formidable wolf wanted to have me as his contract Luna for a year.

Our first stop was an enormous field where a solitary, towering oak tree grew, its ancient branches reaching towards the sky like guardians of their secrets. "This was the place where my ancestors held important pack meetings," he explained. "But now we have built an office where all the pack activities take place." He turned towards me and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear, making my cheek go warm all over again. "This is where I'd like you to implement the Golden Gate project."

"Oh!" My eyes widened, and I turned to see the vast expanse of field. It was dry and extended till my eyes could see it. "I'd love to start with it, but for that I have to come for a survey. And looking at the expanse of the field, it may require a lot of investment."

"I am okay with whatever you propose," he replied, his eyes fixed on me.

"But you haven't even heard about the project," I pointed out nervously.

"I don't have to because I believe in your capabilities." My mouth dropped as my eyes snapped to his. He brought his fingers beneath my chin and pinched

it lightly, tipping my head up. “Why are you low on confidence, Kylie?” he said, with a hint of a sparkle in his eyes. “I know you can do it.”

I **was** at a loss for words to express my gratitude because I had never heard Graham praise me like that before. Blinking away tears from my eyes, I nodded. How was it possible that Alpha Logan could make me feel so good while being around Graham made me feel worthless!

Next, he drove me to the training grounds, which was a sprawling clearing. “Our advanced pack warriors hone their combat skills here under the watchful eye of my Beta, Ace,” he said with pride in his eyes.

“And what about the young wolves who have just shifted?” I **asked**, stroking my scarf carelessly.

“They are trained in the confines of the pack house. I train them every day in the morning.”

I didn’t know why he brought me to show the pack’s training grounds, because these places were usually off-limit, but I felt honored.

He drove **me** to the end of the pack’s territory, where we came across a bubbling stream. He parked the SUV a few meters away from it. Holding my hand, he brought me close to the stream. Its crystal-clear waters reflected the dappled moonlight filtering through the dense canopy above. “During the hot summers, after the training or pack runs, the wolves come here to quench their thirst and bathe. They play, they howl and they have fun with each other. My great-grandfather initiated this tradition because he believed that engaging in such activities fosters a strong sense of community and camaraderie.”

I couldn’t help but marvel at the idea. This didn’t exist in our pack. “But your pack has a lot of members,” I remarked. “They all come together?”

He laughed and walked behind me. Wrapping his arm around my shoulder, he said, “No, all can’t be present at one time. Some come, some don’t.”

Feeling hesitant, I pulled away from him. A crease of discontentment appeared on his forehead and he pulled me back. This time, he cupped my cheek with one hand and curled his arm around my waist, pressing me against his body. His contact rocked me.

There was an aura about him that was staggering to me, making it very difficult for me to think. It wasn't just his male heat and the sensuality, it was also his raw sexuality and that animalistic intensity that I was starving for.

"Alpha Logan?" I whispered, sounding needy. But before I could say anything, he pressed his lips to mine.

My first kiss in nearly a month.

I let out a whimper. My hands shot to his chest in order to push him away, but oh my goddess! His kiss felt amazing, and I couldn't help but let out a moan in his mouth, much to my embarrassment. He cupped the back of my neck at the base and forced the seam of my lips apart with his dominant tongue. As soon as I opened my mouth, he delved his tongue inside me. His groan reverberated through my body as his tongue asserted its dominance, exploring every corner of my mouth.

His hand grasped my waist to hold me as he deepened his kiss as I went soft against him. My mind wanted to tell me to stop him, but I couldn't. Between licks, I found myself saying, "Yes.."

I sensed he was growing more aggressive, almost turning fierce. He claimed my mouth roughly, and I realized he had picked me up so my feet dangled in the air. Brazenly, he pressed his body into mine and I could feel his unyielding erection against my belly. He was the **most** sinful kisser I'd ever known.

How could I feel such an explosion of desires? Surely, it was because Graham shunned me to the extent that I wanted another man so strongly.

But I never felt the same for others? Everything was confusing. **I was** overwhelmed. So, with force, I pulled away from him. His eyebrows furrowed.

Our breaths were rough when we both looked into each other's eyes. My lips quivered when I blurted, "You can't do that!" Suddenly, **a** voice whispered in my mind. 'He's nice. Have faith in him!

I jerked my head back. How **was** it possible that I heard my wolf's voice? She had been sleeping. 'Coral' I called her, but she didn't reply. Did I imagine things?