

# Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

## Chapter 119

Astrid POV

Eighteen years later.

“I am so sorry, Astrid,” said police officer Hana Montrey as she sat in front of me with concern in her eyes. “I really want to say something, but I have no words for your loss...”

I stared at the blank space in front of me because I had no words for my loss or my situation. If G d existed, then he was just being cruel to me. Wrapped in a blanket on this chilly October evening, I sat on the chair where mom used to sit, knitting a crochet shawl. This was her stress buster activity. Dad would come home and immediately shower kisses on her. But now-they are gone. Just like that. In a stupid accident.

“Their car skidded down a deep valley after the tire exploded,” the officer explained. “It was misfortunate... maybe you should... aunt and uncle... you’re seventeen...”

I blocked her words after that, because suddenly, I had this urge to cry. So, a cry escaped my lips, Or was it a scream? And then I sobbed. Wailed.

State sent me a caretaker for the night to observe my condition. I was curled up in my bed over the photos of my mom and dad, under the crochet shawl she had knitted a month back. I didn't know where my life would take me after this, but right now, all I wanted was to stay quiet and cry for as long as I could.

The police called me to the hospital to identify their bodies and once again I broke down. Most of their bodies were charred because of the explosion that followed, after the car tumbled down.

The funeral took place two days later and by that time I had finished all my tears. Watching them go under the earth was distressing Yeah, God was cruel.

During the funeral repast that was mostly done with the help of my friend D\*\*y and her parents, Hana said, "Your aunt and uncle have contested for your custody. I took the liberty of calling them and informing them of your situation."

My aunt and uncle. Bree and Fred Lou. Fred was my mom's younger brother. His home was in the quiet town of Cedar, situated beneath a vibrant green hill in Oregon. He had barely visited my mom and dad.

Hana exhaled softly, saying, "Fred requested I bring you to him."

"I don't want to go," I replied in a quiet voice. How could I leave my parents' house and go to someone who I had met when I was only five? Besides, what about my school? I was three months away from my graduation and only a month away from my eighteenth birthday.

Hana reached out to me and placed her hand on my forearm. "Astrid, you don't have an option, love. If you choose not to go, you will be placed in foster care because of your age. So, it's either the foster care or your uncle and aunt."

I swallowed thickly, blinking away my tears. "This house?" I asked, my voice choked with emotions.

"This house will be locked. No one can touch it. Even your stepbrother, Xander. Your parents have bequeathed this property to you."

My stepbrother was my father's child from his previous marriage. His first wife had fled with her boyfriend. After she had died, my stepbrother returned and demanded his share of the property, which was ridiculous. He was twenty-five and, unfortunately, addicted to drugs. But that didn't deter him from harassing my parents.

Hana continued, "Just stay with your aunt and uncle. As soon as you touch eighteen, you can come back, okay?"

"I'll let you know," I murmured and went to Daisy. She hugged me tightly. I needed that hug. I wanted someone to be with me all the time. My parents' death had left me broken in more ways than I cared to admit.

After everyone left, Daisy stayed back. She handed me a hot coffee mug and sat down in front of me. "Hey, you must go to your aunt and uncle's place. I saw Xander lurking around. That b\*\*d had come on the day of the funeral to ask for money. Mom was so p\*\*d at him she gave him a hundred dol bill and asked him to f\*\*k off! But I know he won't stay quiet. He is going to harass you.

"I will not be afraid of him!" I snapped.

"Girl, I know you aren't afraid, but your stepbrother is a l\*\*c. Just go away for a few days. Once the situation settles, I'll call you, okay?"

I pursed my lips as my body shook. This was getting only worse and worse. I was all alone and vulnerable with a l\*\*c stepbrother roaming on the streets.

Daisy urged, "Astrid, please, girl. I wish I could ask you to move into my place, but with six siblings, we barely have space."

“I know...” I mumbled. “You’ve already done so much for me.”

“Shut the fuck up!” she chided me. “I expect you to do more for me.”

And it was the first time I chuckled. “Absolutely.”

Next morning, I hefted my suitcase and threw it in my Beetle. Daisy’s mother had sent me enough lunch to last for a week. “You better eat it, okay?” Daisy said as I strapped my seatbelt. Though I could’ve taken a flight to Portland, I decided to drive my Beetle, one that dad had bought for me last summer when I got my driving license. “Keep your location on and remain on the highways. Don’t you f\*\*g go via shortcuts!”

“Stop being my mom,” I giggled.

“Shut up and drive safely.”

Daisy and I hugged each other tightly before I started. It was going to take a neat seven hours to reach Cedar town. Two hours later, I stopped at a gas station for a small break before resuming my journey. I hadn’t met my aunt and uncle in long, so the feeling of awkwardness grew inside me. They had two kids, Briana and Nate. Briana was my age, but Nate was a year younger.

As I drove, I stuck my hand out the open window and let the cool evening air rush over my skin. The smell of winter and oaks, aspens and cedars wafted into the car as the dark forest flew by me. I was on my way to Cedar town. My phone buzzed, and I grinned, seeing Daisy’s name flashing on the screen.

“Hi!” I chirped.

“Hey! I’ve heard that Cedar Academy is amazing. I mean, their football team is first in state,” she said.

I rolled my eyes as I switched on the headlights. “I’ll be back in a month’s time.”

“Yeah, that,” she said, sounding wary. “Xander is hunting for you like a maniac. The police saw him with an ax around your house. They couldn’t detain him because he said he found the ax in a dumpster, but you know he’s mad.”

I paled and brought my car to a screeching halt. “Is he?” I breathed/staring at the screen.

“Yep!” Daisy replied. “So, my advice would be for you to enroll in the Cedar Academy until this threat is over.”

I lifted my head up with an exasperated sigh when I saw a wolf standing in the middle of the road, staring at me. “OMG!” I rasped.

“I know,” Daisy replied. “Babes, don’t come back until I tell you to, okay? I gotta go!” She disconnected the phone.

The wolf had an onyx, shimmering fur. It was tall. Way taller and bigger than the wolves I’d seen in the zoos. It had his head tilted up and his golden eyes were right on me. A shiver raced down my spine when I met his gaze. It was like he was trying to reach my soul, like he was studying me.

Scared as hell, I quickly rolled up my window and pushed my red hair behind my ears. My skin heated because of fear or his penetrating gaze?

Despite not being with lethal intensity, he walked towards me, every muscle in his body rippling. He sniffed the air as he made his way towards my door on his forelegs, he was so tall that he stared at me through the window. I whimpered in shock, blood draining from my face. From my camping days, I knew animals would attack you if they sensed you were afraid. So, I tried to stay as calm as possible and let it assess me.

Suddenly, the wolf tipped his head up towards the sky and let out a deep, throaty howl. A few seconds later, more howls emanated from the woods.

I gulped saliva down my dry throat, staring at him.

He looked at me once more and then tore off across the road, loping into the forest.

\*F\*\*k!" I quivered and rammed my accelerator to get the heck out of here.

Who do you think is the wolf?