

# Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

## Chapter 129

Kael POV

She had said she would come, but she didn't. My wolf not just angry, he was raging inside to see her, to demand her why she reneged, to dominate her and fucking drag her to my den.

Each tick of a second stoked the embers of my anger and frustration. I paced my room, my chest heaving with labored breath, my heart a drumbeat of frustration and what looked like betrayal. My muscles coiled beneath my skin to the level that they were taut with tension. My claws slipped out of my fingers and I smashed a wall, gouging it with deep furrows.

Toren came rushing to my room, and when he opened the door, he **was** aghast. "Kael!" he shouted. "Are you fucking mad?" He looked at the wall and then back at me. "There are people in the house. You can't show them this!" He pointed at my claws. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

I hissed, "She said she will come."

"Who said that?" he asked, confusion setting in him.

"Astrid!" I growled. I tipped my head up, trying my best to control my anger. "She had to come today to teach me math." Her absence felt like a gaping wound in my heart. I wanted to **claw** my heart and take it out because it was hurting so fucking much.

“Astrid, is teaching you math? She is the student who wants extra credits?” he said instead of asking as he went to sit on my bed. “Wow!”

Images of her sitting with Parker and Nate after she stormed away from me in the cafeteria flashed through my mind. Feel of her touch, her scent and her nearness, was a cruel reminder of what I had begun missing. I trusted her when she said she would come, but now she shattered my trust. “She fucking said she would come!” I growled.

“But you know you are obsessing about her uselessly?” Toren reminded me. “I told you that in the history of werewolves, there are no human mates. So stop your obsession with her and focus on what you are here for.” He got up. “Kael, get yourself together, wolf. I hope you realize humans are completely oblivious to the existence of werewolves, and if you choose to pursue her, you will violate an age-old treaty. Do you even understand its repercussions?” He came to stand in front of me. “You are going to be the Alpha of the Nord Pack, which is the largest pack in this world. You can’t have a weak human as your Luna. What if you come across your real mate? Would you break Astrid’s heart?” He placed his hands on my shoulders. “Think, Kael, think. This relationship has doom written all over it. So please nip it in the bud while you can.”

He was speaking right, but there was nothing that would stop my wolf from gravitating towards Astrid. I stabbed my fingers in my hair as I walked to the window, looking towards the forest. My wolf wanted out. He wanted to run through the woods to let his anger out. He wanted to go to Parker’s house and kill him or confront Nate. I knew Parker was interested in Briana, and Nate was her cousin, but no logic was enough to convince me she was surrounded by unmated wolves and humans. I needed to breathe the same air she breathed. My wolf was on the verge of insanity. How was this possible when Astrid wasn’t my mate? Or was it that wolves’ infatuation was this intense?

Toren’s words pierced my thoughts. “Tracy is waiting for you downstairs. I can hold her only as much. Then she would want to come here. In my

opinion, let Tracy come to you. She understands you.” He took a ragged breath. “Others are in the main hall. I am going down and sending Tracy here.”

As he left my room, I clenched my teeth so hard that it was a wonder my fangs didn’t break. I hated what Tracy did in the cafeteria. She deliberately talked about sucking me in front of Astrid. This was her way of claiming me. “Fuck!” I hissed, thinking about the situation. Perhaps that’s why Astrid didn’t come. However, did that mean that she was jealous of Tracy? Or did she feel the same attraction towards me as I felt for her? My reasoning kindled hope inside my chest.

Suddenly, the door opened and Tracy walked in. “Baby,” she whined and ran to me, curling her arms around my waist behind me. “I’ve missed you so much. Why aren’t you coming downstairs? What is holding you?”

I grabbed her arms and shoved them away from me. “Don’t!” I growled at her and then sprinted towards the window, jumping out and landing on my paws.

**Tracy** shouted my name. “Kael!”

I didn’t want her to follow me, and I needed to think about my situation with Astrid. As I ran through the forest, the wind rustled through the trees, whispering promises. When I was deep inside the forest, I let out a low growl, the sound reverberating through the stillness of the night. It was a sound that was born out of raw and visceral longing. Even though I had given my skin to my wolf and should have receded to calm my mind, it **was** just the opposite. My mind raced with questions and doubts. Did she not come because of Tracy or was there some danger, or did her uncle and aunt make her **stay away**?

Betrayal **clawed** my heart again, a searing pain rushing in my chest, fueling my anger. I struck a nearby tree, the force splintering the bark and sending the shards flying. I tipped my head **up**, releasing a howl that echoed through the forest. It **was a** call for her. And then I **just** ran to where she was. My wolf

stopped only when he was beneath her window. It was not open. I shifted into my human form, climbed up using the tree, opened the window and stepped into her room.

She was sleeping.

Peacefully.

And here I was, a mess of emotions.

But seeing her calmed my wolf.

With my breath hitched, I walked towards her bed when she jerked awake and tried to see me through the darkness. She couldn't and so she turned to switch on her bedside lamp.

She gasped when she saw me kneeling beside her bed. "Kael?" she rasped, her eyes going wide.

I slammed her mouth with my hand to stop her speaking or shouting and in a flash of a second was beside her on the bed. My one hand was on her mouth and the other gripping the back of her head. I leaned over and buried my face in the crook of her neck, inhaling her intoxicating scent. Call me insane. Or obsessed. Or a stalker. Well, fuck the world.

She mumbled something against my hand, gripping my wrist. Her strength was like that of a butterfly against a mountain. She was so fragile and so perfect for me. I stared into her eyes intensely and whispered, "If you agree not to shout, I will lower my hand."

She nodded, and I slowly removed my hand. "You're naked!" she squeaked in a low voice, her face flushing a beautiful red.