

# Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

## Chapter 130

Astrid POV

Terrified wasn't the word that could cover how I felt. I was petrified, and I was certainly shocked and flushed and mostly confused. Kael, the football captain of our school was naked and in front of me, and that too in my bed. What the fuck! His hand was still at the back of my head and the jolts that were running down my body defied every damn logic that was trying to form in my mind. It was like the tiny pricks of logic were snuffing before they sizzled.

"You're naked!" I hissed, trying my best to keep my eyes above his waist. I lowered my voice further, bamboozled, as I scrambled to the edge of the bed. "What the hell are you doing in my home, in my bed and in this condition? Did you go skinny dipping with your girlfriend? Did she steal your clothes and you're finding shelter here?"

And the bastard was just grinning. He leaned closer to me, absolutely casual about his nakedness. "No, nothing like that," he replied as he leaned closer and sniffed me... Again. Then he rested back on my pillows, crossed his arms to cradle his head and turned his head towards me, maintaining the same satisfying grin. "Since you didn't come, I visited you."

The heck? And did he climb through my window? My eyes snapped to the window which was now wide open.

“Look pretty boy,” I whispered. “I didn’t come because I didn’t want to interfere between you and your girlfriend! Just get out, will you?” I was scared. The house was so quiet that if I dropped a pin, it would sound like a blast. And I was more scared of the fact that my uncle or aunt could come here if they listened to any movement in my room at this hour of the night. “And- and how dare you climb into my room?”

He didn’t budge, but pulled the sheet up to his waist, which was such a relief that I stifled a thank-God comment. “You think I’m pretty?” he asked, his tone low and husky.

“Jesus. H. Christ! Did you not hear any of what I said to you?” This time I whispered louder than I should have. I pointed sharply towards the window, throwing my arm in front of me with vengeance. “Just get lost!”

He turned to look at me with his familiar dark, soul- ripping gaze, which made my nipples pucker up. Damn it. Why wasn’t I wearing a bra? His eyes landed exactly where I didn’t want them. On my bloody puckered up nipples. Immediately, I pulled up the blanket to cover them, feeling even more embarrassed about the situation. The thing was that I was in my panties and a crop top with obviously no bra. Why not a bra? Well, because... fuck bra. But-but that wasn’t the point.

“Well,” he said, sliding his gaze back to me. “I’m not going anywhere. Let this be a lesson for you. Don’t go back on your word with me. You said you’d come, but you didn’t. So I thought of paying you a visit, so I did. And now that I’m here and it is pretty dark at night, I won’t be going anywhere.”

My mouth dropped. “You’re insane!”

He grabbed my wrist and pulled me to him. I landed right on his chest with my hair streaming like a waterfall gone awry. His touch seared me. And once again, fucking the very word of logic, heat pooled in my belly and some of it coalesced, turning into juice, and decided to leak out. This was so

bloody neanderthal, but for some insane reason, my body hummed to this behavior.

His nostrils flared, which was odd. I placed my hand on his chest and pushed myself up to shout at him, but he placed his hand on my mouth again. "Don't speak a word, Astrid," he whispered softly. "I am not leaving, and if you shout, your reputation will be at stake. As for me, it would be like pouring water over a duck."

How shameless one could be? I thought as I blinked my eyes.

In a flash of a moment, he flipped me and pulled me against his chest, so my back was against his chest. He wrapped an arm around me and sniffed me again. "I'll leave before your folks come in the morning. So now, just sleep."

He spooned me from behind, his body's heat enveloping me, his hard cock sitting on my back, branding me, and his breath fanning over my neck. Never in my life I thought I'd come across such a moment in my life. The worst part was that I felt it was so natural that it was idiotic. My life was turning into a sitcom.

"This is insane," I breathed.

"Yeah, I know, little lamb," he replied in his same husky, deep voice. "Next time when I call you in my den, you better come. Else this will repeat."

Lamb? Why did he sound like a wolf? He was so... dominating.

For a long time, I couldn't close my eyes at the oddity of the situation. He covered both of us. I tried to scoot away from his you know... granite- hard cock, but he pulled me back, saying, "Do you know how many girls want to put it down their throat or pussy?"

Jealous as hell, I grabbed his wrist to wrench it away but managed to scratch his skin only. "I'll cut it and serve you for dinner!"

His chest reverberated with a low laugh that hummed through me. "Don't. What will happen to my career? And you can serve me something else for dinner. Better, I can make you eat dinner from my cock."

I choked on my saliva, coughing. He curled another arm below me and pulled me close to him tightly, and stroked my belly with his long fingers.

In five seconds, there was a knock on my door.

"Astrid?" It was Nate. "You okay?"

A snarl erupted behind me, making the hair on the back of my neck stand up. His muscles went taut with tension.

"I'm fine!" I replied in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, okay," Nate said and went away.

I turned my head over my shoulder. "Did you just snarl?"

"I may have," he replied, his muscles relaxing.

"How animalistic!"

He chuckled. "You have no fucking idea, lamb." He leaned over, sniffed me again, and rested his head on the pillow. "Now sleep, Astrid. I don't want you to be late for school. And guess what? I'll come to pick you up tomorrow morning."

"I won't go with you, okay?" I said, annoyed. "You already have a girlfriend and you are cheating on her with me. I hate those who cheat. And please, could you wear some clothes?"

"Tracy isn't my girlfriend. She was a girl I liked before, but now things have changed," he growled.

"What has changed?"

Ignoring my question, he asked, “When is your eighteenth birthday?”

“In three weeks.”

“I’ll let you know then.”