

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 132

Astrid POV

It was a pool party, but **I didn't** know how **to** swim. **My** parents tried their best to teach me swimming, but some incident from **the** past always stopped me. I don't remember clearly, but through the haze **of** memories, **I** remember someone trying to drown me. The big hands of that person **were** imprinted on my memory **when** they pushed my little belly beneath water and didn't allow me to come up.

I smelled the mojito in my hand **as** **I** walked towards the pool. It had alcohol. That was the last thing I wanted to have. I found an empty chaise chair and sprawled on it, keeping the glass aside on the table. My eyes went to the girls and boys who were playing water polo. They were splashing a lot of water **as** they laughed and giggled and chatted nonstop. A smile came to my lips, watching them having fun. This looked so normal.

"You haven't had that?" Tracy's voice made me jerk my head to the right. She was coming in my direction with two of her friends. They sat on a chaise lounge next to mine with Tracy in the middle. I looked at her two friends, who were both grinning and looking at the students in the pool with interest.

"I-I don't have alcohol," I replied with a shrug.

"What?" she almost snickered. "This is not alcohol," she said, pointing **at** my **glass**. "This is an energy drink for us teenagers."

I giggled. “No, I’m okay.”

She huffed. “Okay, then take this,” she said, handing me her half-finished ginger ale. “At least have something!” She nudged her friend with her elbow. “Can you bring us some snacks?”

Her friend squealed and then got up, nodding. She went in and got a tray full of peanuts, finger fries and quesadillas. Hungry, I picked up a handful of fries and stuffed them in my mouth, moaning at the taste.

Tracy laughed. “Now try it with ginger ale,” she said.

I brought the ale to my mouth and sniffed it. “Have you mixed alcohol with it?”

She shook her head. “Stop it, Astrid!” She pointed **at** others in the party. “Look, everyone **is** doing it. Don’t be such a baby. It’s not like I am going to drug you!” She rolled her eyes and looked annoyed. “Anyway, I won’t force you, but don’t be a wuss. I’ve **given** you only half the glass.”

I blushed slightly, feeling like I was the odd one out. As I scanned the crowd around me, I noticed that all of them had paper cups in their hands. The smell of alcohol lingered in the air.

Tracy looked like she was disappointed in me. That wasn’t what bothered me. But I could sense a few others checking me out. Some snickered, while **a** few giggled and whispered, “Such a wuss.”

I sipped a little to stop them.

“See? Was it so bad?” Tracy said with excitement.

“Yeah! Come on Astrid!” someone shouted from the pool. “Go on. Yes. Yes. Yes. People started whooping and clapping for me. Embarrassed as hell and feeling **a** little baby in the corner, I drank it all. Everyone cheered me and then laughed, returning **to** whatever they **were** doing. I giggled and shook my head, wiping my mouth. “It wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Tracy winked at me and said, "Do you want more?"

"Hell, yes!" As she left with her friends, I felt a surge of adrenaline in my body. It was like someone had poured a heavy dose of it. My body felt heated. The clothes on my body felt like they would burn me. I removed my shirt and shorts and took a deep breath in. "Yay!" I shouted, suddenly feeling **excited** and happy and having **a** burning need for something. The bikini top and bottom felt like they were scrapping my skin. I needed to **get** out of them and **I** needed to do it now.

"**Are** you feeling hot?" **a** warbled voice asked me from behind. My vision went **awry**. Like everyone was in a frame and they emerged and receded in it through dense clouds.

I licked my teeth and nodded vehemently. My breath was labored. I found myself unable to grasp the situation as the strings **of** my bikini top and bottom **were** suddenly untied. They fell to the floor, and I laughed at them for misbehaving. "Come back to me, you morons!" I heard others laughing **at** me. I bent down to pick them **up**, and then there was a splash. Water surrounded me everywhere. Panic returned in **slow** motion when I tried to come **to the surface**.

My head bobbed **up** and then I went down again. Though the water cooled my body, I couldn't breathe properly. My limbs seemed to work like my thoughts, in **slow** motion. "Please..." I said **to** someone. "Water... I can't swim..."

I found myself struggling for breath, with no one to **save** me. I started sinking deep in the pool, giving way to the darkness, numbness that **was** overtaking me slowly. It was impossible to fight it because my body was freezing **up**. What a way **to** die? Soon, I was resting on the floor of the pool, naked, waiting for the God of death to come. I think he came because **he** grabbed **my** hair and pulled me out of the water. After that, I don't know **what** happened. I welcomed the **darkness** which surrounded me. **It** was so beautiful, so cold. Would I meet my parents? They would be **very** disappointed in **me** for dying like this.

“Astrid!” Someone called me. “Astrid!”

I tried to open my eyes, but the weight of darkness crushed me, crushed them. It was a gargantuan effort to peel them open, I preferred my darkness.

I don’t know how many seconds or hours passed, or maybe days, but I heard that voice again. “Astrid, get up!” There was panic in the voice. It was mixed with desperation. “Please get up,” he said. “Fight it!”

A warm hand squeezed my shoulders **as** warm breath fell on my face. Warmth beckoned me to the light. I felt my shoulders being shaken, followed by him cradling my face in his hands. “I know you can listen to me. Come back!”

I peeled open my eyes, gasping for air and responding to that plea. My eyes locked with the dark ones of Kael. His knees were straddling my body, his palms cradling my cheeks as he looked at me with wide, panicked eyes.

“Oh, thank goddess!” he rasped and pulled me up in his embrace. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

Bewildered, I remained in his embrace as he rocked me. After he pulled away, with his breath caught in his throat, he carefully examined every inch of me, checking to see if I was truly alright. “Are you hurt elsewhere?” he asked.

I didn’t know. “No...”

He closed his eyes and tipped his head up. Then he hugged me tightly, and we remained like that for a long time. His embrace, like a soothing balm, silenced the thousand questions swirling in my mind. When he pulled back, I asked, “What happened to me?”