

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 135

Astrid POV

In a flash of **a second**, Kael was on the throat of **the boy** who **passed** the remark, **his** both hands tightening. He peeled his **lips back**, showing me a hint of his sharp canines that made me stifle a **gasp**. **I'd never** seen someone with **such sharp** canines.

"What did **you** say?" he growled at the **boy**, who balked.

The boy caught his wrist and sputtered, "**N**-nothing. **Please leave. Y**-you **can't!**"

Other three **boys** surrounded **Kael** and grabbed his shoulders to pull him back. "Kael, this is not done!" One of them shouted. "You **are** crossing the line. We **will** complain to the principal."

Toren pounced on the boys and moments later. The sound of punches and fists filled the **air**, and within moments, the **group of** four was **sprawled** on the ground, some curled up in **pain**, **others** groaning in agony.

My mouth dropped open, seeing the sheer strength of the twins. Before I could comprehend, Kael grabbed the **back** of my neck in a **possessive** way and pushed **me** away from them, leaving **all** four as **a** spectacle for those

who dared to speak against me. Everyone around us watched **us in** pure fear. **As we** strode through the corridor, people parted, making way for us in the middle.

I had to match my speed with his as I walked with them. My cheeks turned a bright shade of red as I struggled to comprehend why Kael was willing **to take** such a serious **risk** against the student body or the school administration just to protect me.

I could still **feel** his rage radiating off his body in waves. **It** was as if he was in a different zone where only he and **I existed** and where he was going to do anything to **protect** me. I did not know **what** happened in the last twenty-four hours, but his reaction was... scary, and... interesting, and... arousing. Not only **that**, Toren **was** also extremely protective of me. Confusion about the brothers trickled through my mind. I wanted to ask hundreds of questions, but **we** reached the next **class**.

Toren opened the door of the class, and Kael and **I** entered. Briana, who **was** sitting with Parker, rushed to my side to sit with me, but Kael narrowed his eyes **at** her and she backed off. This **was** absolutely not what I wanted. Was he trying to isolate me from my folks? Others in the class looked everywhere other than us. Awkwardness coated the air **as I** sat with Kael, with my heart pounding in my chest like that of a wild horse. Tracy and her friends were nowhere to be **seen**.

The teacher came in and said, "Kael, Toren!" She glared **at** me as she addressed them. "You both are wanted at the principal's office. Now!"

Shit. I snapped my head towards Kael. He narrowed his **eyes** and got up with clenched **jaws**. This was trouble and this was serious trouble.

"You too, Miss Astrid," the teacher said, giving me accusatory looks.

Murmurs emanated in the class **as** the three of us got up, collected our bags, and strode out of the class. Walking hand in hand with Kael, it felt **as** if I was moving through a fog, completely lost. Why did my nude video go viral and

result in me being summoned to the principal's office? Shouldn't it be the one who posted the video? The one who started the mess just to show me down?

Principal Henson was in a pathetic mood. Sitting behind his mahogany desk, his fingers steepled beneath his chin, he glared at the three of **us** standing before him. I fidgeted under his icy glare. Except for the ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner, the room **was** silent.

He leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. "I cannot believe the three of you, of all people, would be involved in such reckless behavior," he said, his voice low and controlled, yet seething with anger. "Fighting within the premises of school is equal to vandalizing the property." His **eyes** settled on me. "And you! You got excellent grades in your previous school. How could you behave in such a degraded manner and bring down the school's reputation?"

Blood drained from my face. It meant that he had also seen the video.

Kael opened his mouth to speak, but Henson raised his hand to silence him. "Save your explanations, Hanks. I expected better from the students of your caliber. Your actions have consequences, and those consequences will be severe." **He** rested back in his chair. "First, you will each serve a three- **day** suspension. During this time, you are banned from entering all the **classes**. I'll only allow you to practice football because a match is coming up. This will be noted in your records, and I will be personally inform your parents." He looked at me and scoffed. "In your case, Fred and Bree."

"But Sir," **Kael** interrupted. "This **wasn't** our fault. You have to **listen** to **us** as well."

He gave a piercing look at Kael. "You are the captain of our football team, a leader of **sorts**. You gave up on being the president of the student **association** because you wanted to focus on your game. Both you and **Toren**. I expected you to set a better example in the future. I hope you use the time **of suspension** to reflect on your actions and their impact."

“Principal Henson,” I murmured, my vision turning blurry. “Please don’t tell it to my uncle and aunt. They will be shattered.”

“In that **case**, **you** should **have** been responsible, Astrid!” he retorted.
“I’d **suggest** that you take a week’s holiday and sit in your home to understand the **repercussions** of your deed. What you did was shameful!”

“No!” **Kael** snapped. “She was drugged by **someone**. **So whatever** Astrid did, she did under the **influence** of the drug!”

“**That’s** right,” Toren added. “She **was** drugged,”

“**There** is no proof!” Henson **growled**. “How **dare** you accuse students of drugging her? Do you realize that if you **accuse** them, this school’s reputation would be tainted? People will stop sending their children to Cedar Academy because they would think that our students are into drugs. I have built this school’s reputation **over years** and you want to demolish it in a **few** seconds with your false accusation?”

I stared **at** Principal Henson as dread plummeted into my stomach. He **was** going to shove the blame on **us just** to maintain the pristine reputation of his school. **Even** if that meant that it would destroy my **career**? His plan was to sacrifice three pupils rather than to deal with the key problem. **Tears** rolled out. If that **got** on my records, I would forever be known **as** someone who consumed drugs. Good colleges wouldn’t take me. And **because** of me, Kael and Toren would also suffer.

“Now get out!” he dismissed us. “I don’t want to hear anything from you. Trust me, your punishment is nothing compared to what you did.”

Suddenly, the door opened and Aiden walked in with his laptop, along with Nate. “Sorry to barge in like this, Principal Henson,” Aiden said. “But you can’t suspend them without looking at this.” He set the laptop on Henson’s table and turned the screen towards him.

“What **is** it?” Henson asked with a crease between his brows. Irritation was evident on his face.

Aiden pressed a button on the laptop, and a video started playing.