

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 144

Kael POV

Astrid was in my bedroom and only ten minutes **back** we **had** finished our reading. She **was** an **excellent** tutor, and I **was a naughty** student. I stole **every** opportunity to **kiss** my teacher, while she **growled at** me **cutely**.

As soon as our lessons **were over**, I pounced on her and pinned her beneath me to kiss her. I took her savagely, roughly, urgently. There **was** no way I could be gentle with her **because** the need to be with her or merge her body with mine **was** overwhelming. **It wasn't** just **a** momentary thing. **It was constant**. My wolf **was** always on the edge around her.

She responded to me like she **was** also needing it. When I brought my hand in between us **to** cup her **sex**, she moaned. Oh, how much I was waiting for her eighteenth birthday. That **day I was** going to keep myself inside her for the entire time.

Suddenly, the bell rang, breaking our **reverie**. "Fuck it!" I growled, ignoring it and continued kissing her.

She **giggled**, burying her **face** in the crook of my neck. "It could be something important," she said, tapping my lips.

I stared at her intensely. "You better stay here in this fucking position while I deal with whoever is outside." I pushed myself up, seeing how she **was** still

sprawled on my bed. Her red hair streamed like flame **over** the pillow, her lips **were** swollen from our kiss and her skin was flushed. The shirt she **was** wearing had slid up, showing her waist, and her skirt had also slid up to her waist, giving a full view of her panties. My cock shot north, and I stroked it **over** my jeans to show her how much I **craved** for her. She bit her lips when her eyes dropped to my cock.

As I **was** coming downstairs, I sniffed the air. It was Tracy. What the fuck **was** she doing here? I had told her I won't go to her **place**. She could kiss **our** friendship goodbye forever. With that in mind, I opened the door.

"What do you want?" I asked, agitated by her presence. She was trying to hold on to that stupid thread of what we had, which I wanted to snap as soon as possible. Honestly, I **was** feeling repulsive in her presence.

She **begged** me to come and cut the **cake** for five minutes.

"I told you I will be busy," I snapped.

Tears welled in her **eyes as** she peeped behind me. "I know you don't want me to come to you, but what can I do? I've been with you for so many **years**. It's painful to just—" A tear ran down her cheek. "How can I forget the connection we had? The only reason I've called you for the **cake** cutting is because I also want to break our friendship. Please consider this **as** my way of going **away** from you **forever**." She **lowered** her **head** and sniffled.

God damn it. I clenched my teeth and stabbed my fingers in my hair. "Okay, wait. I'll come with you, but I can't **spare** more than five minutes."

She looked at me with a smile, wiping her **tears**. "Thanks Kael. You are the best!"

I shook my head, asking her **to** wait. I went up to wear a shirt. Astrid was checking her phone in the same position I had left. Goddess.

Even **five** minutes **away** from her seemed like a lifetime. I crawled over to her and kissed her. "Tracy's **here**." A crease formed between her

eyebrows. “She **has** called me for some stupid cake cutting stuff to end our friendship. Aiden and Toren are already there. I’ll be back in five minutes.”

She pursed her lips and cupped my cheek with one hand. I leaned in and kissed her palm. “Come soon, okay?”

Fuck, this girl will be the death of me. “I will.”

I wore **a** sweatshirt with a hoodie and ran downstairs. **Tracy was** waiting for me in her car. I hopped in the car and she started the engine. “I’m **so** happy that **you are** coming with me,” she said with a soft smile.

“**Yeah**, let’s **hurry**. I don’t want Astrid to be waiting for me.”

We sped to her home. Aiden and Toren **were** already sitting over **there**, waiting for **us** impatiently.

“**Dude**, **you** better **hurry** this up!” Toren said, irritation lacing his voice.

Tracy nodded excitedly. She went to the kitchen and got a knife for us.

“Join **me!**” she said as soon as she **placed** the **knife on** the **cake**. I rolled my eyes and placed my hand over hers as Toren and Aiden did the **same**. We cut the **cake together**. **Tracy gave** a **piece to** me and my brothers and demanded **we** also make **her** eat.

She was laughing **with excitement** when we **made** her eat the **cake**. “Thank you so much **for** making this **special** for **me!**” she said **to** us. “I was always feeling so **guilty**. **But** now **I am free**.” Then she turned towards **me and said**, “**Thanks, Kael**, for coming here. I will not **bother you** at all from now on, and I wish both **you** and Astrid **a lovely** life together.”

I blinked my eyes at her. She sounded so **sweet that** it was unbelievable. **Tracy, I knew**, was **always** rude and snarky. The change in her **was** astounding. **All** of us softened **a little**.

“It **was** nice knowing **you, Tracy**,” I **murmured and came out of** the house. Both Toren and Aiden **gave** her a hug, and **they**, too, followed **me**. As we headed **towards Aiden’s car**, Toren **said**, “**Well, that was weird** as fuck!”

Aiden barked **a laugh as I** shook my **head at** my brothers. “Come on, I **have to go**. Astrid is waiting for me,” I said to them as I hopped in the **back** seat.

“**Wolf**, you **are** whipped!” Toren chuckled.

I grinned. Yes, I **was** whipped like an ice **cream**, but I loved it.

Aiden started the **car**, and **we** drove **back** home. However, the moment I reached there, my **eyes** widened in shock. **Dread** plummeted in my **stomach** as a full-blown panic hit me. “Astridddd!” I shouted and jumped out of the **car** towards my house that **was** now engulfed in flames.

The flames **were** like a **beast** unleashed, consuming everything. They danced inside, licking the walls. I heard a loud **crash** inside, my heart leaping out in **raw** fear. Smoke billowed upward in thick clouds.

Toren and Aiden rushed towards me to stop me, but with a deafening growl, I pushed them both away. Seeing my house burning with the only girl I ever loved more than my life **was like** watching my heart being ripped off and thrown in the raging inferno. Helplessness stormed inside me like a violent, unrelenting hurricane of despair and **fear**. I wanted to go to Astrid **as soon as** possible. Perhaps die with her. But the question that **was** on the top of my mind **was**: how did my house burn in such a short time? I **was away** for like ten minutes.

“Astrid!” I shouted, reaching the porch. “Astrid!”

“Come back, Kael!” Toren yelled at me. “It’s not safe!”

Safe? I wanted Astrid **safe**. I wanted her so badly that my wolf howled inside me. **If I** didn’t get her, I would die. I turned to Toren and rasped, “You know I can’t live without her. I **have** to find her. So either you help me or you **stay** back.”

Aiden came to my side, along with Toren. “You think **we’ll** leave you? Come, let’s find her.”

Toren hugged me tightly. “**I swear**, Kael. After we rescue Astrid, I am going to find out how this happened and if **I** come to know that someone did it on purpose, I’m going to unleash hell on them!”

“Count me in!” Aiden hissed.

But I knew I **was** going **to** unleash hell before my brother would blink an **eye**.

I was on the porch with my brothers in **a** second. I kicked open the door. It fell down in a bundle of flames. “Astrid!” I shouted **as** I charged in and rushed towards the **stairs**. However, the moment I reached the landing, I **saw** someone emerging from the billowing flames and thick smoke, cradling Astrid protectively in his arms. My eyes widened in surprise **as** I stared at the man, who was slowly emerging from the flames.

“Run out!” he shouted. “I am getting her!”

“**Dad?**” Goosebumps lined my skin.

Toren and Aiden were equally surprised.

“Come **out, all of you!**” Mom’s **voice** came from the main door. The three of **us** literally jumped.

“What is going on?” Toren muttered, clearly amused.

Dad came down with Astrid in his arms. She was unconscious. “Do we have a hospital around?” he asked.