

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 145

Astrid POV

My mind **was** like a ship adrift in a **foggy** sea **as** I woke up. Everything **felt** unfamiliar. The surroundings were blurry and my head was spinning. “**Argh!**” I winced when I tried to get up, a **pain** lancing through my head.

“**Stay** still!” A deep, hoarse **voice** drifted from somewhere **as** I tried to focus my **eyes**. My body felt so **heavy** and sluggish that I flopped back on the pillow. My thoughts **were scattered** **as** confusion **set** in. I **was** unable to piece the puzzle together about what **was** happening to me.

The recollection of being consumed by fire filled me with a lingering terror. The enormity of **what** happened was too much to process, leaving me in a **state** of **disbelief**. It **was** like I **was** going to **die**. Perhaps I **was** dead, and it **was** my angel who **was** towering **over** me. I focused to see who it was **and** found Kael looking at me intensely.

Relief **flooded** my chest through the darkness seeing him. Too many questions flooded my mind: How did I get out? Who rescued me? Where **were** Uncle and Aunt?

“Baby girl?” Kael’s soft voice had a layer of deep worry. He cupped my cheek, brushing his thumb on my skin. I could sense the **fear** trapped inside his chest, which **was** pounding wildly. “Are you okay?”

I nodded, **as** I noticed the surrounding sound. Sounds of machines beeping and soft murmurs filled the space.

“You **were** gone...” I said through a parched throat.

“Shhh...” he **said**, putting his finger on my lips. Then he leaned **over** me and picked a glass of water to give me. He propped up my head with his hand and brought the **glass** to my lips for me to have **water**. I gulped it and let the cool sensation of liquid heal my soul.

Once I drank it, instinctively Kael’s brows furrowed **as** if to check whether I had more injuries. His **gaze** scanned my body and when his **eyes were** back to me, he said, “You got one bruise on your thigh. It’s minor and you’ll be fine in a day.”

“Who saved me?” I asked.

His eyes **were** filled with gratitude and warmth when **he** said, “My dad.”

Surprise washed **over** me. “Your father?”

He nodded with a smile and looked up. I followed his **gaze** and **saw two** exquisite people talking to my aunt and uncle. They looked **at** us and immediately walked to our side.

“You’re **awake!**” Bree said, sitting at the edge of the bed as Uncle Fred stood behind me, his eyes fixed on me, speaking of nothing but terror. She placed her hand on my forearm, blinking her **tears away**. “How did this happen?”

Kael’s parents, Logan and Kylie, came to stand next to his son, their **eyes** on me. I gave them a smile. “Thank you,” I said to Logan. And I had to **say** that this man **was** so handsome **at** his **age** that he looked like Adonis walking on earth. No wonder his children were so beautiful. **Kael** and Toren **were just as** tall **as** their dad and had all the beautiful features blended with their mom and dad. How could two people give birth to even more beautiful people? It must be tough, right?

Logan smiled **back** at me. "**It's a pleasure.** I am happy that we **saved** you in time." Then he curled his arms around Kylie and said to Kael.

"We're **waiting out** along with **Toren** and Aiden. But we'd like to talk to both **of** you once we are back at home."

"**Sure!**" Kael **breathed**.

As soon as they left the room, Fred came **to** stand where Kael **was**, giving him a dreadful glare. **Kael** stepped back, allowing him to come and **sit next to me**. "**Now** tell me, Astrid," he said, barely able to **contain** his anger. "Did you see who tried to burn the house? Did that person know you **were** in the house? I **have** filed **a** report with the police. The whole bloody house **is razed** down, so it means that the **fire was** not normal. It **was** an intention to murder." His **chest rose** and **fell as** he **seethed**.

It was the first time I **saw Fred** in **a fiercely** protective mood. But it made me **feel...** happy. It made me feel wanted by him. Taking a deep breath in to **stop my tears**, I said, "I don't **know**. I was in **Kael's** room, arranging **our** books **after** he had left, when suddenly, I **heard a blast**. It **was** followed by miles-**high flames**. Panicked, I rushed **downstairs**, but my door **was** engulfed in flames. **Before** I knew it, the whole **place was** filled with smoke and I blacked out."

Fred **narrowed** his **eyes**. "My doubts **are** confirmed. There **was** someone out there who wanted to kill you. He or she **was** hiding around the house and lit the **fire** as soon as **they saw** the opportunity. But the question is, who **was** it?"

"**Stop** it, Fred!" Bree chided him. "Let **the** police do **their** work and **don't scare Astrid**. She is **already in trauma**."

Fred clenched his **jaw** and **became quiet**. **However, he got up and strode out**. "**I am going to the police**. I want to **know** how **they are** carrying the investigation. It's been a **day!**"

Whoa! **So I was out** for a **day**?

Briana and Nate rushed inside. “Astridddd!” Briana hugged me **as** Nate stood with his mother. “Girl, **we were so worried**. Who the fuck did it to **you**?”

“Language, Briana!” **Bree hissed**.

I chuckled. It **was so** nice to be with my family. “I don’t know...” I said. “Tracy had come to **get** Kael. It happened after they left.”

“**Tracy?**” Briana and **Nate** said in unison.

“**Yeah!** She wanted to cut the **cake** with them.” I narrated the story to them. Feeling tired, I closed my **eyes**.

“She needs **rest**,” **Bree** said. “Out, both of you!”

“**No, it’s** fine...” I said, opening my **eyes**.

I **was** discharged from the hospital a day later, but the police came to my place to ask me a thousand questions. **Kael**, Toren, and Aiden ditched school and **were** practically living at my place because their house got destroyed. Their father bought a **new** house for them which was fully furnished, but the brothers mostly stayed at my **place**.

It **was** on the fourth **day** that Logan and Kylie came to me to talk. Even I was curious to know how they retrieve me from a burning house, and who **was** responsible for it.

Kael cozied up next to me on the bed, while Logan and Kylie sat in the chairs across from my bed. Aiden and Toren stood behind them like sentinels.

“I know you have a lot of questions in your mind, Astrid,” Logan said, glancing at Kael’s arms around me. “So let me start from the beginning.” He looked at Kylie. “Kylie received a message from Tracy about both **of** you. Obviously, we were both thrilled, but we wanted to meet you in person.”

A blush crept on my cheeks.

“We arrived at the house at just the right moment, **as** it was being devoured by fire. We heard you screaming and so I dashed in to save you. But by the time **I** reached you, you had fainted.”

I pursed my lips, **a** shiver running down my spine when I recalled the **fiasco**.

Logan continued, “The police searched all the videos **of** other house owners around that house, and they **saw** a man sneaking right below **your** window **as** soon as Kael left. **Now**, my question **is**: Do you know anyone who would harm you?”

The only person who wanted to harm me **was** Xander. But he didn’t know my location. “**No...**”

“Doesn’t matter,” Kylie **said** with a soft smile to dismiss **the** tension. “There’s another very important question, Astrid.”

“**Sure!**” I breathed.

“When is **your** eighteenth birthday?”