

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 146

Kael POV

Astrid was taken **by** surprise **by** mom's question. I was sure she was thinking, why **was** the whole family eager to know about **her** eighteenth birthday?

"In a week," she replied, trying to stifle her astonishment.

"Great!" mom said. "We are **as** such here for a week. So we will celebrate your birthday with you."

Astrid's **eyes** widened in surprise. "S-sure!" she replied, glancing at me.

I chuckled, stroking her arm fondly. She didn't know that I had a talk with my parents about her.

When she **was** unconscious, I felt like my world would shatter. Mom and dad sat with me and counseled me. They said that Tracy had sent her a message regarding my relationship with Astrid. I was furious, but mom said that she was actually thankful to Tracy for sending the message to her because she was thrilled about me.

"But she's a human," I told her, conveying my suspicions. "And there's been no human mate to the werewolves."

"So what?" mom said. "There's always a first time. Still, we have to be very cautious about all this, Kael. Have you told her you are a werewolf?"

I scratched the back of my head sheepishly. “No. I am scared that she would leave me if I reveal that.”

Dad was extremely serious. He said, “If you won’t tell her about your species, and she discovers on her own, she will get furious. There should be no lies between a relationship like yours. Especially, if you feel she’s your mate, you have to tell her. Besides, why do you feel she’s your mate?”

I explained to him my predicament and revealed every emotion I was feeling for Astrid. They were thrilled, but they wanted **to** stay for her eighteenth birthday. Maybe, as a human, she would smell me as her mate. The chemistry between us was as strong as titanium. Her eighteenth birthday was going to lift the veil from this mystery.

Astrid looked at us with curiosity in her eyes and said, “I’d love to have you all for my birthday.” She glanced at her aunt, who **was** coming inside with coffee, and pursed her lips.

Mom understood her predicament. She said politely, “**Bree**, Astrid’s birthday, is in a week’s time. I would like to host a party for her birthday at our place. I hope that is okay with you.”

Astonished, **Bree** stopped in her **tracks** as her gaze darted between Astrid and mom. My father was grinning, seeing the whole drama. I knew him. He loved to **see** how my mom played in tight situations: After all, she was the Luna of the Nord **pack**, which **was** the strongest pack in North America.

“Oh!” **Bree said**, serving the **coffee** to mom. “Briana and Nate had a plan for her.”

“**That’s even better!**” mom said. “They can merge the plan with ours.”

Bree licked **her** lips in amusement. She was well aware of the fact that I was dead serious about Astrid. Over the last few days, both Fred and **Bree** had **accepted** me pretty **well**. The investigation about how our house caught fire was still on, and so I was constantly in **their** home. Had

to **be**. It **was** impossible for me to go for any practice match or attend the classes. Briana, **Toren** and Aiden were getting all the **notes** at home for **us**.

“What do **you** want, **sweetie**?” Bree asked Astrid.

“I am okay with anything,” she replied, blushing.

I couldn’t help it and **kissed** her **cheek**. “In that **case**, **we** are celebrating my girlfriend’s birthday in my house,” I declared, sealing the problem, and her blush harder.

The doorbell rang, and Bree excused herself.

Mom and dad got up. “We are going,” dad said. “Your mom needs to **rest**. She’s been arranging your new house like a maniac!”

Toren and Aiden chortled. Toren said, “The way mom is arranging the house, it’s like she wants us to stay here permanently!”

Astrid stiffened in my arms. Fear pulsed in her pulse, and I knew the feeling. I tightened my arms around her to reassure her. “Don’t worry,” I murmured against her ear. “I won’t leave you.”

She relaxed and gave me a nervous smile. My little adorable human. Did she really think I would leave her?

Suddenly Toren growled, staring at the door. His jaw clenched. “What the fuck is she doing here?” he said in a menacing voice.

I sniffed the air, and before I could say anything, Tracy was standing at the door.

“Hi!” she waved at us, her eyes going to where I was holding Astrid for a moment.

“What are you doing here?” Aiden asked as he strolled towards her. Tracy got intimidated, her eyes going wide like that of a puppy in fear.

“Aiden,” my mom rebuked him. He stopped and crossed his arms against his chest.

“I have come to meet Alpha Logan and Luna Kylie,” she breathed.

“Alpha and Luna?” Astrid said, bewildered. “Like you have in werewolf books?”

Silence ensued. I experienced a mix of terror and anger towards Tracy, causing me to freeze next to Astrid.

Tracy bit her tongue. She let out a nervous laugh and changed the topic. “How are you, Astrid? I’m **so** sorry about what happened to you.”

“I’m fine,” Astrid replied in a monotonous voice.

“**Great!**” Tracy turned her attention to mom and dad. She went near mom and said, “I should have come to meet you **earlier.**” “But I **was** so busy with all the school work that I didn’t find time. Our finals are near and I am neck deep in studies.”

I **knew** it **was** her way of telling my mom how studious she was.

“Apart from that, I have enrolled in extra **classes** for combat training,” she continued. She darted a glance at Astrid and **added**, “Mom and dad always emphasize that warrior training is very important for being the Luna of a pack.”

That **was her way** of showing that she was a **great** warrior. And Astrid was again confused. I **was** seething and wanted to shut **her** up.

“But here I am—at your **disposal!**” Tracy said to mom. “I’ll be with you whenever you want me.”

Mom **gave** her a **sweet** smile. “Well, that’s fine Tracy. I **wasn’t expecting you** either. Nonetheless, I wanted to thank you for the **message** you sent to me.”

Tracy’s mouth dropped to the **floor**, embarrassment coating her skin. “I-” she looked at me. “That was **just-**”

Mom put her hand up in the air. “You don’t **have** to **explain**. That’s what **best** friends do, right? Your **message** couldn’t have come **at** a better time. We **saved Astrid** from fire.”

And this time, strangely, Tracy’s face paled.

Mom continued, “I am celebrating Astrid’s birthday. I will send you a formal invitation, okay?” She winked at her and walked out of the room with dad.