

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 152

Astrid POV

‘Let me out, Astrid. Let me out,’ she whispered. ‘I am your wolf.

What?

I didn’t have time to comprehend because it happened so quickly that when I opened my eyes I found myself slumped on the ground. “Kael,” I said, but the sound came out animalistic. I tried to get up but when I rose, I struggled and fell down, but when I rose again... I was on my fours. Aghast, I looked around only to see that my body was covered in snow white fur. How was this possible? I was transformed into a wolf? I **was a werewolf?**

I stepped back with a whimper, fear surging through me, and bumped into Kael’s wolf. He let out a low, approving growl.

Kael’s wolf came into my line of vision and the word MATE hit inside my conscience. Breath whooshed out of my chest at the realization. He was **at** least a foot taller than me. And gorgeous as hell.

‘Don’t be scared, Astrid,’ a reassuring voice came back. ‘I am your wolf, Tasha. Just relax and let me guide you.’ OMG, my wolf also had a name? **If** my life was bizarre earlier, I think a major plot twist just occurred.

Tasha turned around only to **see** Logan, Kylie, and Toren. They were looking at her, totally mesmerized.

“I knew she’s a rare white wolf,” Kylie said excitedly.

She knew?

‘Have trust in me, Astrid,’ Tasha said.

Kael nudged me with his muzzle, pushing me to explore myself. He took a few steps ahead of me and I knew he wanted me to run with him. Carefully, I treaded on my paws and reached to him. With my heart thundering inside me wildly, I took a deep inhale. And fuck me!

My senses were sharpened. The night life was bursting around me. The world smelled like a thousand wildflowers. I could listen to the softest whispers of the forest’s nocturnal secrets. Barely audible chittering of squirrels far in the distance sounded like loud cacophony. I could hear the small brook cascading through the hills. My vision was clearer and sharper. I no longer felt like a girl I was; I felt like a force of nature, untamed and primal.

With a final, electrifying shiver, I threw my head back and howled towards the moon. I was chosen by the moon. I was **a** creature of legends.

Kael’s wolf also tipped his head back and howled at the moon. He charged towards the forest and I followed him. My mate. My love. My life. I would follow him till the end of earth and then into Fade.

Kael was extremely careful about me. He would stop and look back at me to ensure that I was doing fine. He stopped at the brook and we lapped **water**. It **was** an unfamiliar experience for me. The initial fear was replaced with excitement. I wondered what my future held for me, but with **Kael**, I felt reassured. However, my new worry was, what **was** I going to do now? My family wouldn’t accept me.

As if understanding my emotions, Kael’s wolf came to me and nudged me with a whimper. I yelped and then we both broke into a play. He chased **me** into the stream. I looked down at my reflection in the water and stared at a beautiful white wolf. Her pristine coat was like a snowy landscape. **Her fur**, thick and lustrous, glistened in the soft rays of the moon.

With an **excited yelp**, I splashed water, jumping and bouncing in the brook, spraying water on Kael. When we **were** both drenched, **we** came out, **and I watched** Kael **as** with a vicious shake, he sent droplets flying in all directions, the movement rippling through his body from head to **tail**.

When **Tasha** did the same, my **head** spun.

Kael and **I ran** in the **forest** for a few more hours until I was **dead** tired. He guided me back to our house and on Tasha's **assurances** **I** shifted back.

I was naked, which was new and embarrassing for me. But Kael had also shifted back in his human form. There **were** clothes kept in a basket in the line of trees where **we** had shifted. **He** picked up a robe for me and gave it to me, **As** I wore it, he kissed my head and said, "Do you know I am **the** luckiest wolf in the entire history of werewolves?"

I chuckled and turned to him. Cupping his **face**, I kissed him on the lips. He deepened the kiss and let out a guttural growl that reverberated in my body. When **we** pulled **away**, **he** rested his forehead on mine. "Mine..." he murmured.

I wrapped my arms around him. "Yours... forever..."

The **feeling** of having **a mate was** phenomenal. **I** felt so connected to him **that** I wanted him to do something **that** would make me **his mate** permanently.

Understanding what **I wanted**, he picked me up in his arms and **walked** inside the house. He wanted **to take** me upstairs **to** his room, but we heard **soft** murmurs coming **from** the living **hall**.

"Uncle Fred is **still** here," **I** said, surprised.

"**Yes**. Do you want to **talk** to him?"

I recalled what Fred wanted to tell me. "**Yes**, he wanted to **say** something to me, but refrained at that time. I'd like to meet him because **I** feel he **was** waiting for me."

“Sure,” Kael said and set me on my feet.

We both walked to the living room, where Fred **was** sitting with Logan and Kylie. I was taken aback that all three of them were still awake. The clock showed 3AM and they should’ve been sleeping.

“Astrid!” Fred exclaimed as he **rose** to his feet.

“Uncle?” **My** gaze bounced from Logan to Kylie to him. “Everything okay?”

He looked at me fondly and said, “Sit. We have to talk.”

With my heart hammering, I sat next to him as Kael sat with his father, giving him a questioning look. Did he know I had shifted? I just couldn’t tell him the truth now. He was going to throw me out of the family for the freak I had turned in.

Fred gulped down the whiskey in his glass and looked at me. “You look a lot like your father.” He looked at my tousled red hair and picked out a twig from there. “I know you had shifted into your wolf and that’s why I was waiting for you.”

My mouth dropped. “You knew?”

“**Yes.**” He let out a rough exhale. “Do you know why I hated your mom when she ditched her fiancé at the church and ran away?” His Adam’s apple bobbed. “It was because she ran away with her mate. We are humans, Astrid, but your father came from a rare community of white wolves. Most of them were either hunted or killed by humans or werewolves, and so they remain hidden. They lived in a small settlement near Klamath Falls. When your father smelled his mate in a human, he knew he had to protect her from wolves. Afraid for her life, he settled down as a construction worker in the human city instead of taking her back with him.”

Blood drained from my face. “Daddy was a werewolf?”

He sighed. “He had gone to Portland earlier when he was much younger, and there he met with Xander’s mother, who was struggling with drugs and debt.

Because of his kind nature, he helped her and married her in order to give her a stable home, but she didn't change. Eventually, the **two** divorced and moved on. Your father was heartbroken and returned to his community, but a chance meeting with your mom changed his life forever."

So many secrets? Why didn't he ever tell me about it? Shit. I wiped my tears.

"Don't cry, Astrid," Fred said. "Whatever your father did, he did it for you. He knew that an offspring from his mate was going to be a powerful wolf who would be hunted. And so he did everything to keep you hidden, and never discussed your heritage."

I didn't know whether I should be angry with my dad or love him.

Fred continued, "I had gone to meet your parents when you were pretty young. It was at that time your father revealed his **secret**. To be honest, I **was** even angrier with my **sister**, but I **was** powerless to do anything. They were both madly in love with each other. So I returned and didn't **contact** them **again**. However, when I heard they had died in an accident, I couldn't contain myself and got you here." He reached for my arm and squeezed it. "I have done a lot of research on werewolves and knew that they shifted at eighteen. So I was extremely worried and kept a watch on you. It was Logan and Kylie who talked to me about it. I spoke my fears to them and opened up."

"Oh God! Why didn't you talk to me, uncle?" I cried.

"Because I didn't know how to deal with it. I **was** scared that you would also be hunted and killed. I just wanted to protect you..."