

# Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

## Chapter 160

Astrid POV

The Nord **Pack** was huge. **Unexpectedly** beautiful and huge. I **had** never seen **a place** so beautiful in my life. When we reached there, **everyone** bowed to me. It was so awkward that I clutched Kael's hand tightly with my clammy hand.

**We** stepped out of the helicopter that took us to the pack. When I asked how much they paid for the ride in it, Kael informed me that the chopper belonged to them. I had **to** catch my mouth from dropping **to** the floor. And when he said that they have five aircrafts in their fleet and one helicopter, I was stunned. I just blinked at him with disbelief cruising through my mind. Just how rich were these guys?

I **always** thought that the Nord Pack must be a small settlement of no more than a hundred werewolves, but it was a world beyond imagination.

**Every** house in the **pack** looked opulent. **Streets were** lined with umbrella pines **decorated** with fairy lights. There **were** upscale boutiques and shops. It looked like I had stepped on Hollywood Avenue.

Every person in the **pack was** beautiful. I guess being beautiful was a mandatory criterion for being a **werewolf**.

Kylie had apparently **already** notified everyone about our arrival, and their excitement was tangible. Kael walked proudly with me to his manor that **was** nothing **less** than **a** castle. As we walked inside, **every person** bowed to us, giving me curious glances.

His manor **was** the epitome of luxury. I didn't know that he was so rich and so obviously everything that **I saw** in the manor was like a **sensory** shock. The manor **was** nestled on **a** sprawling, meticulously landscaped estate. The entrance opened into a **vast**, marble-floored foyer that was illuminated by a crystal chandelier.

I walked **over** plush, richly patterned carpets and hardwood floors. A grand staircase led to the upper **levels**, offering a stunning view of the foyer and rooms beyond.

"Come, let's go to my room," **Kael** said.

"Yes, take her to your room, Kylie added. "She must be tired. From tomorrow, she will be extremely busy."

I didn't know what she meant by that, but I blushed. Kael's room was like **a** suite of unparalleled luxury. The spacious bedroom had a fireplace, **a** sitting area with panoramic views of the gardens. There was an equally opulent bathroom with a soaking tub, **a** walk-in shower, and marble vanities. Everything in his room screamed of wealth. And it made me wonder why he chose me **as** his mate? **He** could have had the daughter **of** a king and she would have gladly accepted him. Why me?

"Because you're my mate," he said, reading my thoughts, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me to his **chest** from behind.

"**Because I was** made for you." He kissed my temple. "And I wouldn't have anyone but you."

I leaned my head against his chest and closed my eyes. "Don't **leave** me **ever**, Kael. I'll die."

He didn't **say** anything, but he rested his head on mine and inhaled my **scent**. A moment **later** he said, "I'd rather die than **leave** you. Never **say that** again."

I turned and hugged my mate tightly, slamming my lips on his. He let me devour him because he knew I needed **an** assurance that **we were** finally together, and this wasn't **a** dream. He picked me up in his arms and carried me to his bed. Our clothes **were** off and piled on the floor **as we** continued to kiss. In one thrust, Kael was inside me. He groaned when he slammed me to the hilt. My body arched, feeling him stretch me. My pussy **was** made for him. We fitted perfectly, and we **were** perfect for each other.

I took my hands to his silky **hair**, grabbing them hard as he fucked me.

Since **we weren't** married yet, Kylie had suggested that I put an IUD in me. The thing was **that** Kael hated condoms. He said that he loved to **feel** me around his cock and the same was with me. I loved him way too much to have a barrier between us.

"**Fuck**, I **can** stay inside you, **baby**, and forget the fucking world!"

Thrust. "Your pussy is my home!" Thrust. "I want you barefoot and pregnant." Thrust. Thrust. Thrust. He increased his **pace**, and he sucked on my mark. I whimpered whenever he licked or sucked my mark, **because** that would make my **juices** flow like a river.

I loved how his **hair grazed against** my thighs. I **loved** how my nipples raked against his **chest**, and I loved how he made love to me. It **was** primal, **it** was feral, and it was something I needed.

"I'm coming, baby!" he rasped. "And I want you **to** come with me."

On his command, my body shattered. I came around his **cock**.

With **a roar**, **Kael** came inside me, shooting his load, filling me **with his** hot cum.

He lay over me after he was spent, but my **mate** remained inside **me** as if to lock me with his **cock**. We made love many more times, **and** he left me

feeling sore. I loved the feeling because **it** reminded **me** of him **whenever** I walked. He owned me and I owned him.

My Luna training started and I **swear** it was intense. I didn't know that my schedule would be **so** busy. **Being** a Luna **of a** pack as **large** as the Nord Pack **wasn't** an easy task. Though I **wasn't** included in the meetings, there were plenty **of** parties and **social** events to attend. At the same time, I had to be trained as a warrior. I won't **say** that it was my best time because my trainer was a tough werewolf.

**Since Kael, Toren** and Layla **were trained warriors, they** didn't **practice** with me, afraid that they would hurt **me**. But **Kael** took special interest in **overlooking** things.

**Aiden** had gone to the Viking **Pack, where his father** was the Alpha. **However, he stayed** in touch with Toren **all** the time. I **suspected** that something **was** going **on between** the **two**, and I intended to find out. Whenever I would **ask** Toren, he would dismiss me, saying that it **was** my imagination.

Toren POV

Aiden and I **were** confused **as** hell. This girl **we saw** in the human world baffled us. She **was the** most beautiful, delicate damsel **we** both had **ever** met. We had met **her** by chance on our way **back** home. She **was** stranded on the highway, shivering under the deluge of rain, standing beneath a pine **tree**.

I remembered how she asked for **a** lift from us. When I looked into her green eyes, my world turned upside down. I was stunned by her beauty, by **her strawberry** blond hair that stuck to **her** forehead and by **her** petite frame. She **was** skinny and looked like she could eat a lot. She **was** wearing jeans and a long-**sleeved** red blouse.

As I stopped the **car** next to her, and looked **at** Aiden to see if he had something to say, but then I found Aiden staring intensely. Just as intensely **as I was** staring at her.

“Can I **get** a lift?” she asked in a soft, melodious voice. “I have to **go** to Cedar town.”

“**Yes, sure!**” I blurted. I hated she **was** shivering so much. The need to wrap her in a blanket or in my arms was overwhelming. However, before I could take action, Aiden offered her his coat when she stepped into the back seat of our car.

She took it gladly. I revved the engine. It **was** impossible for me to drive with all the tension in the car. I hated Aiden was paying attention to her. And I think Aiden hated I **was** paying attention to her. There **were so** many questions bouncing in my head. “What’s your name?” I asked, bewildered that my words came out **raspy**.

“Biancha Dawson,” she replied in her **sweet**, soft voice.

Biancha. What a beautiful name. “Biancha,” I **said**, as if having sex with her name. “What are you doing on the highway all alone?” The desire to protect her was plaguing me. From the corner of my eye, I **saw** Aiden doing his best not to look at her, but failing. He would turn his head and look at her now and then. He increased the temperature of the car for her.

“I-” her lips quivered. “I was going home...” She looked away, blinking her eyes.

“We’ll drop you at home,” Aiden offered.

Her lips lifted into the most enticing smile I’d **ever** seen in my life. “It

“It’s fine. Just drop me at the square.”

“But it’s raining hard,” Aiden protested with a snarl that only I could detect.

“You will fall ill!”

Damn it. Now I wanted to take **her** with me and nurse her. What **was** wrong with me? What was wrong with Aiden?

“No,” she chuckled. “I’ll be fine.”

We drove in **tense** silence. When we got to the market **square**, she stepped off and disappeared into the heavy rain, taking Aiden’s **coat** with her. We haven’t been able to find her after that, and both of us **have** been antsy as hell **ever** since. **Was** she our mate?