

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 180

Five Years Later

Alpha Logan sat in the lush garden with his wife, Luna Kylie, watching his grandchildren playing. His eyes were softened by the golden light of the late afternoon sun. He kissed Kylie's temple, who was sitting next to him with her head resting on his arm. The Moon Goddess had been kind to him, though his once dark hair was now streaked with silver on her temples. He sat there amidst his family, his presence, an aura of wisdom earned through the battles he fought and the alliances he forged. Not only did he rule his pack with unwavering loyalty, he also ruled other packs, making sure that every wolf under him was given equal opportunity.

After he had announced that Kael would be the Alpha of the Nord pack and Toren would take over the Nightbloom pack, the boys hadn't left. Their wives entered Luna training, which had to go on for three years.

He chuckled when his oldest grandchild, Noris, who was a two-year-old toddler, tumbled on the grass. His mother, Astrid, rushed to him to help him stand up. Noris giggled as he brushed his shirt with dirty hands and ran after the butterfly he was chasing. Kael and Astrid were blessed with a pup two years ago and ever since, they had been extra busy.

Astrid had blossomed into a beautiful young Luna, ready to take over. Kylie was extremely happy with the way Astrid's training had shaped her.

Alpha Logan couldn't help feeling proud as he watched his sons moving with grace and power that marked them at the future of their packs. Suddenly, he heard Tabitha crying. Tabitha was Toren and Biancha's daughter. She was seven months old and was already making noises to attract the attention of everyone who passed her. Right now, she was crying for her father to pick her up. Toren picked her up and cooed, making her giggle.

"Both of them have your strong features," Kylie whispered to Logan.

"Isn't that nice?" Logan replied.

"You arrogant brat!" Kylie smacked him.

Logan laughed. He heard another thud and knew that Noris had fallen amongst the flowers. The next generation was full of promise and potential, and his heart was full of pride.

A week later, Toren and Biancha were leaving to take over the Nightbloom pack. Shir had called him last night saying that everything was ready for the young Alpha to take over. In fact, Shir was waiting eagerly for Toren to take the reins of the pack because he wanted to go out for a long vacation with Fenris. Logan knew the boys deserved it. They had remained loyal to Kylie throughout and provided the best of their services.

As **he** watched his family, Logan's thoughts drifted back to the days when he stood where his sons stood now. The challenges had been many, the enemies were fierce, but *h*

them all. His major victory was to win Kylie and make her his Luna. She had been his pillar of support. still lodged in the High Council prison, along with Zoe. The last he heard was that Graham had stopped eating.

Graham, her former husband,

He shoved those thoughts away as his eyes went to his sons and his grandchildren. And now, in this moment, he knew his legacy was secure. His sons had grown into capable leaders. And his grandchildren would carry on the traditions and values that he had always fought for.

He wanted to give reins of the Nord Pack to Kael and Astrid, but the two were planning to go for a long holiday to Europe. How could he stop them? Well, upon their return, he would hand over the reins forcefully and take his wife for a long vacation around the world.

Katy and **Ace** were doing extremely well in their pack. Aiden had joined the college along with his sister. The family would join them for the summer holidays soon.

“What are you thinking, my Alpha?” Kylie asked him **as** Kael and Toren came **to** sit with them. Layla had come from her **college** for a vacation, and **was** talking to Astrid and Biancha. The three had become besties.

“Nothing,” he replied pensively.

Kylie took little Tabitha in her lap, who gave her a toothless grin. “Ah, I can see one

Toren rolled his **eyes**. “**Yes**, mom. She **has** started biting us.” Kylie exclaimed.

Kylie laughed, feeling proud of her granddaughter. “You **are** the **cutest** little girl **I’ve seen**,” she cooed, playing with her.

“There’s something we wanted to **share** with **you**,” Kael said, scratching the **back** of his head.

“What is it?” Logan **asked**, raising his eyebrow.

Kael took a **deep** breath in and **revealed**, “Astrid is **expecting** again. This time **I think** there **are** twins.

“What?” Kylie **squealed**.

Logan **and Toren** grinned. “**Way to go**, bro!” **Toren** patted **Kael’s back**.

Kael chuckled. “We **came** to know about **it** yesterday.”

“Oh, nice!” Kylie couldn’t contain **her** excitement.

Suddenly, they heard Biancha retching. She ran to the side and puked in the flowerbed.

“Bia!” Astrid and **Layla** went to her and stroked her back. “What’s wrong?”

Toren rushed to them, paling at his mate’s condition. “Bia, what happened?”

Biancha took a glass of water and smiled. She looked at Kylie, and Kylie instantly knew what was wrong. She handed Tabitha to **Kael** and walked to Biancha. “I guess **you** are pregnant.”

Biancha blushed as Toren’s mouth dropped to the floor. “But that’s too soon!” he blurted.

“It **is** goddess’s wish,” Kylie chastised him **as** he held Bia’s hand and took her to **sit** down with her.

Toren followed Biancha, still flustered. “We decided to have a pup after two years, **Bia!**”

She bit her bottom lip. “I am not taking my pills.”

He shook his head and then kissed her, hugging her tightly. “I love you,” he whispered.

Logan congratulated her and leaned back, closing his **eyes** for a moment, feeling the warmth of the sun on his skin. The sounds of his family, of life

continuing around him, filled him with a deep **sense** of contentment. He was so grateful to the Moon Goddess for what she had given him.

He knew it wasn't the battles **or** the victories that mattered, but it **was** the love that had been nurtured, the bonds that **were** forged, and the knowledge that the pack would thrive even after he was gone that mattered.

And it was more than enough.

THE END.