

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 29

Logan POV

Her breasts were perfectly shaped, causing my mind to wander into forbidden territories, imagining the pleasure I could bring to her sensitive nipples. Somehow, I dragged my gaze back to her face and cocked an eyebrow. "What is inappropriate?" I asked. It was nothing to be on the same bed as her. "Me on this bed? I don't think so." She was already mine. She just didn't know it.

"Of course," she shot back. "I am hardly wearing anything, and you are also just in your pajamas. If anyone comes in, they are going to think that we are- She clenched her teeth as her blush spread to her face and chest.

Goddess above. She smelled so delicious. I would have loved to claim her and mark her right now. But I didn't move a muscle, afraid that my little wolf would run away.

I chuckled. "I've seen everything in my life, Kylie. Your nakedness is nothing." And that was right. Girls loved to jump in my bed all the time. I didn't even have to try. At one of point in time, when I was in my teens and early twenties, I was known as the best fuck around the werewolf community. Morgan still pined for me and she had suggested many times that she was available to me whenever I wanted.

But not Kylie. She was different. She was adorable, and I wondered if she knew she was playing hard to get, but she **was**. **And** my wolf loved the chase.

Kylie's jaw dropped, and then her eyes narrowed in anger. "I know that you have had a playboy reputation and that you've seen it all." Did she realize she was on her knees, glaring at me? "I also know that you've never had the same woman every night," she yelled. Was she feeling jealous of every woman I had had sex with? "So please go back to your **room** and let me sleep or go find a female for yourself."

I jerked my head back at her retort. With a grin on my face, I turned to the side and propped my head up with my hand. She looked beautiful when she was angry. "You are the only female for me, Kylie," I said. "While I won't deny that I've been with many women earlier. Ever since you've come into my life, I've not seen anyone else. You consume my thoughts. And it would **be a** lie to say that I want to see **you** naked."

"Oops!" she exclaimed, feeling **a** wave of embarrassment wash over her as she covered her face with her hands.

I chuckled and got up. Prying her fingers away from her beautiful face, I said, "I want you more than I care to admit." I contemplated on whether I should tell her she was my mate, but it **was** too early and I wanted her to get her wolf back before I revealed it. "Why do you think that I have asked you to sign the contract?" I cupped her face. "The purpose behind this is to create a one-year bond between us."

She parted her lips to say something, but she just sighed. "I- I am sorry. My head is messed up."

"You are holding up very well, Kylie," I assured her, leaning closer to her lips. "If I had been in your shoes, the feeling of betrayal would have overwhelmed me."

Her gaze dropped to my lips. She licked her tongue, and every control that I had in me was lost. I slammed my lips on hers, forcing her to part her lips for my tongue to delve inside. She opened up for me just like the last time. I explored her mouth, deepening the kiss, bit by bit. My cock grew so hard that it tented in my pants. My chest rumbled with feral want. I needed her like I needed air to breathe. As I deepened my kiss, I realized that her soft hands were exploring my body. It was impossible for me to move away from her now. She was like a drug, intoxicating and impossible to resist. At this moment, I was ready to be ruined by her. Destroyed by her. If she would plunge a knife into my heart, I would let her do it.

Her arms curled around my neck and fisted in my hair tightly. I moaned at the pleasure. My mate responded to me just like I was responding to her. With the same feral intensity. My free hand went to cup her breasts and groaned in her mouth when her nipples raked against my **skin**. I rolled her nipple in my fingers and she arched her body for more.

I pulled away from her only for **a** second for us to grab some air and then I slammed my lips back on hers to devour her. **She** whimpered against my lips, going utterly boneless in my arms. I pulled her closer to my body and was surprised by the way her contours fitted so well in me. Yes, she was made for me. My hands went to her ass, which I cupped and squeezed hard. She cried in my mouth and I took it all. My erection was so hard that I wanted to grind it on her belly and soak her with my seeds.

I pulled her ass closer to me and ground my erection against her belly, drawing out moans from her. Suddenly, her arousal hit my nose, and I lost it. My wolf, Blaze, howled inside me, happy to be next to his mate. He wanted to come out and lick her. I had **a** hard time suppressing him because I wanted to be with her. 'We have to knot inside,' he shouted in my head. "We have to fill her with our seeds. My arms and back rippled with fur.

I lowered my tongue to her neck and kissed her all the way to where my mark would be. When I grazed my fangs there, she yelped.

“I need you so badly, Kylie!” I snarled against her skin. “It is taking all my will to not mark you.”

“Oh, Alpha Logan,” she purred.

“Call me Logan.”

“Logan

When she pronounced my name, it sent a shiver down my spine and made me instinctively lean closer to her. I needed to come off like now. Just as I **was** about to push her to the mattress, something happened.