

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 36

Kylie POV

When Alpha Logan brought me to the room, he set me on the bed and sat on the edge, holding my hand. He had this proud look on his face. “In five days, you’ll be free,” he said, brushing my hair back with his long fingers. “And then the contract will be effective.”

A smile curled my lips up. “I hope that the Elders at the council pass judgment in my favor. If they don’t, I am going to live the worst imaginable life. Unless I reject Alpha Graham. But rejecting him would only mean that I won’t be able to get my **pack** back. Not only that, if I reject him, I will lose a lot of power. While Graham would expel **me** as a rogue, he will also have the right **to** throw me in dungeons.

He tightened his grip on my hand. “Everything is going to be fine, okay?” His hazel eyes carried the hope I needed. I nodded. He lowered his mouth to my cheeks and kissed me before leaving.

“There’s something I’d like to tell you, Alpha Logan,” I said, inhaling his cedar and musk scent that seemed to calm my **frayed** nerves these days.

“Sure,” he said, **as** he looked at me with complete focus.

“You know my wolf is sleeping, but—my face flushed, talking to him about my sleeping wolf. “But I could sense her twice after I came to this pack.”

His eyes twinkled. "Really?" When I nodded, he had a smug smile. I added, "Once when you..." I pursed my lips, feeling embarrassed as hell.

"When I-?" he goaded me

"When you kissed me for the first time and then today when she growled at Graham."

"That's wonderful!" he said, suddenly so proud of himself that he **could** put a breeding peacock to shame. "It means that your wolf is active only when I am around." He grinned. Did he just miss that I also mentioned Graham? "What can I say?" he said with a shrug. "I am thrilled to help" A cocky **smile** appeared on his face and I bit my bottom lip, stifling a laugh, wondering how brash he was, "If you want your wolf to surface, it seems that I have to stay by your side all the time. She only responds to me!"

I stared at him, speechless. I believed Coral's reactions weren't exclusive to his presence. "Or she could react in extreme duress?"

"Nonsense!" he dismissed the emotion immediately. "Were you stressed when I kissed you first?" he asked with knitted brows, as if this were a test of his abilities.

"No!" Gods, that was a wonderful kiss. "I-"

He placed his finger on my lips and shushed me. "I have my answer and now I am going to help you bring her out," he declared. I chuckled silently as he lowered his mouth once again and kissed me. "You are healing well," he said, seeing the bruises across my face. My blue marks were turning black, and I was sure that they would go in a day or two.

Alpha Logan left me, and I closed my eyes, feeling utterly tired. In the evening, Katy came in and we chatted about the whole incident. "Seriously, that douche left me to face so many wolves!" she gritted her teeth, complaining about Graham. "His mistress, Zoe, she watched you leave with

him with superiority and arrogance. She didn't even go after him to stop him. I heard she was panicky when she heard that **you've** served him papers."

I shook my head. "She's a hypocrite. But I seriously don't get her, shouldn't she be happy that I am finally leaving? I mean, after all, she loved Graham, and she was eventually getting him. Then why does she keep getting panicky about me leaving him? I don't understand."

"She's insane?" Katy offered her explanation, and I laughed.

"Maybe."

We had dinner together, during which Katy talked about the high voltage drama that unfolded after I came back to my room. Apparently, Graham was too high-strung. He didn't want to leave and, along with Zoe, he lingered here as much as possible. Beta Ace had to ask him to leave the pack's territory, saying that those were his Alpha's orders. This also meant that now Alpha Logan and Graham were pure enemies.

I was expecting Alpha Logan to come back at night, but he didn't. He didn't come back the next day too, and I had this sinking feeling that he no longer wanted to see me. The doctor arrived with nurses to look at my injuries. He removed my bandage and applied a tape over there, saying. "This has healed nicely, Luna Kylie." He was amused at the speed at which it healed. This kind of recovery is usually seen in Alphas,"

"I was my pack's heir before I got married," I informed him, and his eyes widened.

"That's amazing!" he said.

He gave me a few more instructions before leaving. I sat down on the bed and looked at my phone expectantly to see if Alpha Logan had sent me a message or if there **was** a missed call. There was **nothing** and I felt terrible. His hot and cold treatment towards me was unsettling. Anger swelled in my chest.

Taking a deep breath in, I went to take a much-needed shower. It **was** already evening. I wore skinny jeans and a red silk blouse. I applied red **lipstick** and went out to see him. He wasn't **in** his room.

I went to meet Katy. Her door was ajar, and I was about to open it when I heard noises from inside. They were a mix of groans and moans and flesh beating against flesh. I slapped my mouth with my **hand** and peeped inside. She was atop Beta Ace and riding him ferociously. Oh. My. Goddess. I hurried away from there and went downstairs, scared that Alpha Logan might discover it and create a whole new drama.

An omega informed me he was having a party with his Gammas, celebrating **some** achievement in the office. So, I walked over there and spotted him immediately. He looked at me once and turned his gaze away. My heart thundered in my chest, wondering if he was reconsidering his decision. Well, the two could play a game. So, I avoided him and went to Gamma Andrew.

“Luna Kylie!” he exclaimed with a smile. “You look gorgeous. Your wounds have healed.”

A pale blush rose to my cheek. “Thank you,” I said and picked **up** red wine from **a** server's tray. A few more gammas came to surround me. “You know, Luna Kylie, come to see us when we are training.”

“Yes, we are on a special high-protein diet these **days** and all of us are working towards developing muscles,” said another one as he rolled his sleeves up. He lifted his arm to **make** his biceps pop out when he flexed. “There's a bet going on to determine whose biceps will be thicker and more muscular by the end of the week. Why don't you judge it for us?”

“How will I judge?” I asked, staring at his biceps. It seemed the protein diet was really working wonders.

“Just **touch** mine and then all of us are going to roll our sleeves up. You can poke your fingers in it or measure the circumference with your hands and decide.”

“That’s a great idea **one** standing next to him said as he started rolling his sleeve up to expose his biceps.

I licked my lips and poked at his biceps with my finger.