

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 6

Kylie POV

Alpha Logan's words **hit** me like a bolt of lightning, causing me to gasp aloud. I chuckled nervously. "I'm not sure that I can **go** with you tomorrow morning. My husband would never allow me."

Without budging from his place, in a dead calm voice, he said, "Then you don't know me."

My mouth opened and closed rapidly, resembling the gasping of a fish out of water. I didn't know how to react to that, because I was sure that Graham wouldn't allow me. **As a** matter of fact, he must be stewing right now beside Zoe. Which husband would want their wife alone with another **Alpha?**

"Let's go back to the party, Luna Kylie," Alpha Logan said, offering me his arm. When I hesitated, he raised an eyebrow. "I **know** my manners, Luna Kylie. A gentleman escorts his woman to the ball like this. I'm sorry that your husband has lost his manners in his mistress's pussy."

Goddess. His lewd words made my cheeks heat. I blushed hard. I took his arm immediately, and we walked back to the party. Obviously, everyone was looking at me. I thanked him and left his side to mingle with others. As the Luna of my pack, it was my duty to welcome everyone. I glanced at Graham and Zoe who were shooting glares at me, but I avoided both of them.

Seeing me alone, a few unmarried Alphas and Betas approached me. Usually, they maintained distance, but not today. I felt a surge of confidence running through my veins.

“Luna Kylie,” said the youngest of **them**. “You look stunning”

“Thanks,” I politely dipped my chin a little.

“Have you considered coming over to my pack?” he asked. “We are hosting the Moonlit Revelries next week.”

I knew what Moonlit Revelries were. They were informal gatherings where the pack members socialized, danced and enjoyed each other’s company under the moonlight. All packs held it and it was popular amongst the young wolves. An invitation to this event meant he was interested in me beyond just flirting.

“I’m not sure,” I said, as my gaze darted to Alpha Logan. Why was he looking so pissed off? “But I’ll let you know in advance if I come.”

“Great!” the young Alpha chirped. “So tonight, can I have the honor to dance with you first?”

“She will dance with me,” Alpha Graham’s chilled command cast a silence upon the group. Surprise flitted through me because this was unlike Graham.

Zoe seemed to have him glued to her hip, and now he expected me to join him on the dance floor? I wanted to refuse, but that would make me look horrible. So, I accepted his command. After all, I had to see the expression on Zoe’s face also.

“Thanks, Graham. I’d hoped you would ask me,” I said with a subtle hint to him and the audience that conveyed he was standing with his mistress.

He **took** my hand and tugged me to the dance floor. He grabbed my hand, pulled me closer to his body, and nodded at the musicians. As soon as the musicians started playing the orchestra. Every step he took echoed his aggression, but I matched his pace. My eyes went to Zoe, who was standing at the edge of the dance floor, her expression bitter, her eyes speaking of revenge. Graham pulled me very close, pressing me against his body. The damn mate attraction worked and my body reacted to his pull. I let **out a** soft breath of calmness. "You look beautiful tonight, Kylie," he said, as the music slowed down.

"Thanks, **Graham.**" I said with a confident smile.

"What did Alpha Logan talk to **you** about?"

Oh, so that was what he was concerned about. "Nothing much," I shrugged. "The Golden Gate project," I lied. Alpha Logan didn't even mention anything about it.

"I see..." Graham continued to dance with me a little **more** and then left to go back to **Zoe**. I shook my head when he wiped her tears **and** kissed her cheek, as if trying to appease her.

I lost my appetite seeing them, and after a few **minutes**, I walked out of the ballroom. Why **was** I **feeling** someone's gaze making a hole in my back? When I turned to look over my shoulder, I saw Alpha Logan staring at me intensely.

Next morning, I woke up early at 5AM, feeling tense. So, I went early for my training session to loosen my tense muscles. I had called Shir. Thankfully, there was no one else there. After an intense workout of an hour, Shir said, "Luna, your mind is elsewhere." I **hadn't** been able to block several of his **attacks** and ended up getting bruised on my thighs and back.

I took a deep breath in. “Shir,” I whispered, leaning in closer, “There’s something incredibly important I need to tell you, but you must promise not to divulge it, **alright?**”

He rubbed sweat with a hand towel as a crease formed between his brows. “Sure Luna.”

I looked around and lowered my voice. “How many pack members do we **have** from the Nightbloom pack in the Lunar pack?”

“About eighty.”

I nodded slowly. “I am planning to reclaim my pack. To reclaim my pack from Alpha Graham. I require your assistance. So, along with a few others, you have to carefully watch Zoe. Are we on the same page?”

Shir gave me a look of horror. “B–but Luna–“

“You don’t trust me, do you?” I narrowed my eyes. “You are from the Nighbloom pack and I would have been your Alpha, right?”

“I trust you implicitly, Luna Kylie,” he assured. “But this is unheard of. You might get.. **killed.**”

“I know,” I sighed. “But I’m trying for the best. So, keep a watch.”

He remained quiet me for a long time and then said, “I will always be with you”

“Great! That means a lot.” I needed an ally, and Shir was the best I had. He was just too loyal to me, even though he kept a low profile.

Confidently I walked back to the house, where I went straight to the kitchen and poured some orange juice for myself. It was 6:30AM, and I had to get dressed quickly.

“Oh, look who’s there?” I rolled my eyes at Zoe’s sharp tone. She came to stand in front of me and poured orange juice for herself. In a low-cut silk lingerie, she displayed her cleavage fully. “I didn’t know **that** you would turn into a whore so soon,” she said to me and sipped her juice.

Anger bubbled inside me. “Mind your language, Zoe. I’m still your Luna,” I snapped.

“What were you doing with Alpha Logan/in the room upstairs last night? Making **new** friends or trying to climb the social ladder?” she sneered.