

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 88

Kylie POV

"They haven't invited you?" Kylie asked, but there was no surprise on her face. "That was expected," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "But here's what you are gonna do!"

I had met Kylie in college and ever since we'd been bosom pals. We both supported each other in every way. Back in college, I wished she married my brother, but Kylie believed in mates and the Moon Goddess. All I can say is that her journey had been tumultuous and, in the end, she ended up with my brother Logan and Kylie were meant to be together. It was like no force could keep them apart. The way my brother dotes on her is overwhelming and I am so happy for him. Finally, he'd found the anchor in his life. As for Kylie, I've witnessed her silently praying to the Moon Goddess, thanking her.

I loved Kylie. She understood me better than my brother, even though she was so different from me. I was more outgoing while she was elegance personified. With her Alpha bloodline, she exuded a commanding aura that compelled those around her to submit.

"I don't want to do anything," I said through my sobs. My heart was tearing apart because Ace was leaving. And I felt like I could die any moment. When I had met Ace, I was twelve. He was the heir of the Viking pack and was of British descent. His rugged features were like the work of a sculptor carved from the raw stone of earth, while his body seemed to be made entirely of muscle, forged under the scorching midsummer sun. His hazel eyes were like

a pool of honey and his hair was a dark brown and fell in curls over his neck. He smiled rarely and whenever he did it felt like the first light of dawn breaking over a snow-capped mountain. In his presence, the air seemed to crackle with raw energy.

Ace was my brother's friend from college. In his presence, I would blush or feel like he was the sweetest wolf on the earth. He took good care of me and protected me from everyone. My attraction for him grew naturally. However, on my eighteenth birthday, when I shifted for the first time, I smelled him as my mate. My entire world seemed to lurch and twirl, like a topsy-turvy carnival ride.

And ever since he had smelled me as his mate, he had become fiercely protective and obsessive about me.

I knew about Ace's parents and was sure that they would never accept me. This was the reason he refused to go back to them. The fear of losing him was so raw in my heart that I got his name tattooed on my ass. It belonged to him and no one else. Ace had tattooed my name on his neck, forearm, thigh, just above his hips and yesterday on his chest. But no one understood what he had tattooed because it was in different languages.

Lately, he had grown menacingly protective of me. He was forcing me to marry him, but how could I be so selfish? If I married him, he would lose his Alpha position. I wanted him to go back, and he wasn't. Last night, after sex, I had asked him to reject me. He grew violent at the thought of it. Shattered glass and broken statues still littered the floor of my room.

"You are going there." Kylie's words brought me out of my reverie. "Can you show me the invitation?"

I shook my head. "How can I and I don't have it?"

"Is it with Ace?"

"Yes, he got an email from his father along with a copy of the invite they've sent to potential candidates," I sighed.

"Cool!" Kylie replied. "Ask him to forward you the email, and well take it from there."

My eyes widened in surprise. "What are you going to do, Kylie?" I asked.

She smirked. "Leave it to me, sister-in-law. I'm making sure that you are legally participating in the competition."

I chuckled through my tears. "Kylie, tell me."

"Nope! Now call Ace."

Ace picked up my phone on the first ring. "Katy, where are you?" he asked, his voice laced with worry. "Your brother is after my life, lecturing me to go back and fight and he is saying that he will help me in the war!"

I smiled. That's what Logan was like. Very loyal to those he loved. "Ace, could you forward me the email your father sent to you?"

There was a small silence. "The one with the invite?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't want you to wallow in it. I am not leaving you and that email doesn't hold value!" he replied rather sternly.

I gasped when Kylie grabbed my phone. "Now listen to me, Beta Ace. I know you are Katy's mate, so stop being so weak! Get back to your pack and make Katy your Luna. If you want to go the right way, send that b loody email to me NOW!" Saying that, she disconnected the call and blew a strand of hair out of her face.

A few seconds later, my phone chimed. "He's forwarded it."

Kylie grinned. "Now forward it to me."

As soon as I forwarded it to you, she went to her computer, saying, "Go back to your room and pack your luggage. You are leaving tomorrow." "What the hell!" I was bamboozled. "How can I leave tomorrow?"

She turned to look at me and narrowed her eyes. "Do as I say!"

The door of the room opened and Ace walked in along with Logan.

"What is going on, Kylie?" Logan asked, staring at her.

My heart raced like that of a wild horse. Logan didn't know that Ace and I were mates. With wide eyes, I looked from Logan to Kylie to Ace and back to Kylie. My sister-in-law was ultra-cool as she cocked her hip and placed her hand over.

"Alpha Logan, it is time that you know," she said.

"Know what?" Logan's eyes furrowed to a slash.

I blushed crimson, dread pooling in my belly.

"That your sister and Ace are mates," Kylie shrugged.

Logan's mouth dropped open, and his eyes bulged out in disbelief. He blinked twice, attempted to speak, but abruptly closed his mouth.

What happened next was exactly what I had anticipated. Logan sat on the bed, glared at Ace and me, and shouted at the top of his voice for keeping him in the dark. He blasted Ace, and Ace remained silent, because he didn't snitch that I wanted to keep our relationship hidden.

As I remained rooted to my spot, Kylie made no effort to intervene with Logan and instead continued her work on the computer. She only muttered, "You both deserve it!"

Traitor.

Once Logan had poured his anger out, he took a ragged breath in and said, "Both of you get out! I want to talk to Kylie."

Ace grabbed my hand. Logan growled, "Don't you fucking touch her! I'll kill you right now!" Ace gritted his teeth and left my hand. Instead, he came to stand behind me and we both walked out.