

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 125

Astrid POV

I licked my lips, wondering what he meant by saying, “No, I don’t.” Did he mean he didn’t have a partner or he didn’t want to go anywhere?

“Okay,” I nodded stupidly and started arranging my notes on the table. His proximity was causing me not to think straight, and I had to spend an entire hour with him. Other than that, the tension of dealing with Tracy was also weighing on me. If this continued, I would ask the teacher to change my biology schedule.

For the next hour, I became engrossed in how perfect Kael was. He had long fingers that skillfully did everything.

“You just watch,” he said and conducted the dissection of a frog. And I simply watched and took notes occasionally.

He cut the epidermis neatly, exposing the heart of the frog. After that, he pointed at other internal organs and explained everything to me.

We finished much before the rest of the class and as soon as we submitted my work, Kael requested the teacher if we could leave, taking me by surprise.

“You are in a hurry,” the teacher said with a fond smile. “What is so important, Kael?” she asked.

Kael smiled back warmly, sexily, charmingly, and said, "I have football practice coming up in twenty minutes!"

"Oh!" The teacher was already impressed. "Then you may leave." She glanced at me and said, "Do you want to do some experiment? You can-"

"She'll be leaving with me," Kael said, cutting off the teacher.

"Why?" she frowned.

Yeah, why? Even I had a crease on my forehead.

"I have to talk to Principal Henson," Kael supplied his excuse. "Astrid is looking for extra credits for her college application, and I need a math tutor. So, I was wondering if..."

"Hold on. How do you know?" I blurted. I had talked to Principal Henson about it and he had said that he would keep a watch.

"You know that's not how it works, Kael," the teacher sighed. "Principal Henson is going to match the right person for you. You can't just ask for help like this."

Kael smiled once again at her, and she shook her head. "Well, I'd suggest that you don't ask for favors."

"I won't. But I also need Astrid for some other work," he replied gently.

I was confused, but I really wanted to know what other work he needed me for. And teaching him math? That would be a colossal mistake. I won't!

I picked up my satchel and walked with him outside the class and followed him all the way to the dressing room, where I saw that there were others as well going in.

He gave me his bag and said, "I'll be going for practice. Can you take care of my stuff? I mean, since you don't have a class for the next one hour, can you come with me to the field?"

"No!" I blabbered. Why should I take care of his bag? That's what lockers were for. "I have a class."

He leaned over towards me and sniffed me. I leaned back and our gazes locked. "I know you don't, because I checked your schedule. Maybe you want to recheck it."

What the hell. And why did he check my schedule? "I checked my schedule last night. Wait, lemme show you!" I took my phone out, tapped the file! had downloaded, and went to my schedule. I searched for the English period that was just after my biology practical class. And it wasn't there. My mouth dropped open. "It was right there," I said, bewildered as hell because it was there. My memory wasn't so bad. When I looked back at him, he cocked his head, his gaze growing intense. Suddenly, the room temperature increased. No, in my case, since I was standing in a corridor, the corridor's temperature increased.

"So?" he asked. "It's not there, right?" He handed me his bag. "Wait for me on the field. I'll be looking for you," he said and disappeared inside the dressing room, leaving me gaping at him.

Feeling a thousand shades awkward, strange, stupid and not to say flushed, I walked to the field on auto mode. Everything was happening way too quickly for me to make sense. I wondered if I should go to the principal and ask him to change my classes and make sure that I wasn't with him, but I had a doubt. How did my English class change to match his practice session? And why was I feeling so attracted to a boy I had just known for two days?

I reached the field and sat down on the bleachers. The place was empty, barring a few girls sitting there and talking eagerly among themselves. I scanned

the place as I kept the bags on my side. I closed my eyes and tipped my head up towards the sun, wondering what's going on. Memories of mom and dad flooded my mind. We were supposed to celebrate my eighteenth birthday on a cruise on which father had saved money. He was always indulging me, saying I was his sweet little baby.

A tear slid out of my eyes. I wiped it and opened my eyes, only to see that the field was now occupied by the team. I searched for Kael and found him staring at me intensely. The coach blew his whistle, and the practice started. The girls, who were about three benches above, started swooning and fangirling immediately.

"Kael is so handsome!"

"I wish he would crush me with those arms."

"Look at Aiden!"

"Eek, look at Toren. Man, I wish both of them do me together!"

Girls squealed and laughed and did everything to grab the attention of the boys.

Kael was a colossus in cleats. I couldn't help tearing my gaze from him. Chiseled from marble, his muscles rippled under the sun like streams of molten bronze. His movements, and each stride, were filled with power and grace.

With the ball at his feet, he weaved through the defenders, unstoppable and in perfect harmony. His presence in the field was like that of a lion, every move a testament of strength.

I was so entranced by him that I completely forgot about my surroundings. My reverie was interrupted by the coach's whistle. The girls and boys roared,

and I realized the field had more spectators now. The practice session wasn't over and so I knew I had to sit a while longer.

However, as my luck would have it, the queen bee of the school, Tracy, came to stand in front of me. Her confidence, an iron mask and eyes locked on me, she said, "Enjoying the game, new girl?" She crossed her arms across her chest and sauntered over to me, her smile a razor blade cloaked in honey. I heard her friends snickering behind me. They also came to sit behind me as Tracy sat with me.

Tracy leaned closer and hissed, "Don't get any ideas about Kael. He's mine. You're just a nobody." Her words were meant to intimidate me.

My eyes snapped to Kael, who was looking at us. He frowned, and I felt like he wanted to come here, but the game demanded his focus.

"If you think that by giving his bag to you, he is suggesting that he is interested in you, then let me tell you, it is nothing. Don't read in between lines."

I swallowed hard, feeling a raging storm building inside me. Or was I a fragile reed in a storm? Seeing my defiance, Tracy smiled coldly. "Stay in your f**g place," she spat. "Because if you try to overstep, I'll be the first one to put you down in your place, mutt."

That was it, I snapped. "You stay in your place, Tracy!" I practically snarled. "I don't care what is going on between you and Kael, but if he is interested in you, perhaps you should be the one holding his bag, not me."

"You-"

I held my hand up to stop. Then I picked up his bag from the ground and shoved it in her lap. "Here, this is yours. Please take it to his next class. Thank you for taking this responsibility because I was getting tired." Saying that I got up, picked up my satchel and turned on my heels, leaving Tracy and her entourage with the mouths dropped open.

There was so much adrenaline flowing by now in my body that I was shaking. I decided to go and meet Principal Henson. I didn't want chaos in my life. Just as I turned in the corridor that led to his room, my phone buzzed. I frowned, seeing an unknown number. As soon as I picked it up, he said, "Where are you hiding, baby sister?"

"Xander?" I froze in my place. "How did you get my number?"

He let out a viper's laugh. "I'll find you anywhere on this earth. So how about you and I talk? Hmm?"

"I have nothing to talk to you about." I shouted and disconnected the call.