

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 126

Astrid POV

Anger blasted in my chest. And a little fear. I didn't want Xander to come here or anywhere near me. I leaned on a pillar next to me and placed my hand **on** my head to calm my nerves. My life with mom and dad was so secure and suddenly I was thrown into this ocean called world, where I had to navigate all alone. How could I take my problems to my uncle and aunt, who were already doing so much for me? My eyes welled up and silent tears rolled down. I needed a simple and an uncomplicated life, and that was what I was going to strive for.

Taking a deep breath in, I pushed away from the pillar and wiped my tears. Determined, I walked to the principal's office, where the secretary asked me to wait for a few minutes. I prepared my speech in that much time, and as soon as I was called in, I requested, "Sir, I'd like to change my schedule. I mean, everything is fine, but-" I bit my lips. Now I didn't know how to tell him about Kael, because that would sound so ridiculous.

"If everything is fine, then what is your problem, Miss Astrid?" he asked, resting back in his chair.

Since I couldn't form words on how to go about it, I blurted, "I don't want classes with the football captain!"

Principal Henson raised his eyebrow and then sighed deeply. He cocked his head and looked at me as if studying my demeanor. I bristled and shifted in my place, waiting for his reply.

“Astrid,” he finally said. “This is the best schedule we have arranged for you. You are a transfer student and we had to accommodate you with our existing schedule. Right now, it’s not possible, but I’ll see if there is an option to do so. Additionally, we discourage students from developing biases towards their peers.”

“Oh! I am not biased!” I tried to explain, but realized that I must have sounded prejudiced. “I just-”

“I understand,” he replied, cutting me off. “And it’s good that you’ve come here.” He got up and went to his cupboard from where he retrieved a blue folder. “This is for you. Kael Hanks is struggling with his math grades and requires help. Since you had applied for extra credits, I thought you could help him out. Despite being an intelligent student, his coach’s demands are impeding his focus on his studies. He has managed to get “A” on all subjects except math.” He sat down in his chair and slid the blue folder towards me. “I’d like it if you could draw a plan and help him out.”

My mouth dropped open. This was exactly what I didn’t want. Kael and I were a mistake in happening, and I had to prevent that mistake. “With all due respect, Principal Henson,” I said in a low voice, staring at the folder. “I don’t think I can tutor Kael. He’s too busy. It will affect my studies. We just have three months before the finals, and I’d like to focus on my studies instead of running after Kael. If there’s some other student, I’ll go for him or her.”

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He pursed his lips as he steepled his fingers below his chin. “You sound very selfish, Astrid. I didn’t expect that from you. I assigned you this project because Kael is our top student, along with his brothers Toren and Aiden. There’s no other student who has applied for extra credits.”

“I am not selfish, it’s just that-“ I flushed. This was embarrassing.

He leaned forward on the table. "You should take him up," he said. "I'm sure you can keep your studies and personal life separate."

I knew that Principal Henson threw a challenge at me. His words meant I was getting affected by Kael emotionally. This was a terrible impression. "Okay," I breathed, picking up the gauntlet. "I'll tutor him."

He relaxed and leaned back with a victory smile. "Great, please take this folder and see where he needs help."

All my plans to stay away from Kael foiled as I picked up the folder and smiled back. Yeah, I purposefully stepped into a giant mistake.

I got out of Principal Henson's office tightly clutching a folder I never wanted to get hold of, cursing fates. The irony wasn't wasted on me. Why was life throwing a curveball towards me?

The bell rang and students came out of their classes like bats from hell. I bumped into several enthusiastic ones who said sorry and rushed to the cafeteria. When I reached my locker, I found Briana waiting for me.

"Hey!" she said, staring at my blue folder.

"Hi," I replied in a monotonous tone as I opened my locker and stuffed my books in, along with the folder.

She leaned closer and said, "The entire school is abuzz with the gossip that Kael made you carry his bag to the practice match." She giggled. "What is going on? Don't tell me Kael has lost interest in Tracy and you are his new flavor!"

"Shut up!" I hissed. "Tracy is his girlfriend, and no one loses interest in their girlfriends in just a day." I closed the locker with a bang feeling agitated by my statement, and said, "I'm hungry and I want to drown myself in the sea of delicious carbs to forget the drama of the first day in school."

She chuckled and hooked her arm in mine. "Come on. Nate is waiting for us in the cafeteria. He always reserves the best place for us,"

"And what is the best place? Because I want to hide from everyone," I drawled, seeing how girls were stealing glances at me.

"It's always the last booth," she informed with a twinkle in her eyes.

Students were milling around in the cafeteria. As soon as we spotted Nate, we hurried to him. To my surprise, Parker was sitting there. He smiled at Briana, his body stiffening.

But to my shock, Kael was sitting with his brothers, Tracy, Nat and Kayla, right next to our booth.

And worse, our gazes locked. His dark, soul-ripping, accusatory ones with my green ones.