

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 7

Kylie POV

I sucked in a sharp breath at the way she insulted me. She flipped her hair over her shoulder and sipped more juice, happy with how she humiliated me. But I was getting used to her antics now,

“And as for being my Luna,” she continued, “I believe you are losing your position **fast**.”

Coral snarled in my head at being disrespected. She didn't like the way Zoe used my title like this. I was still her Luna, and she had better respect me.

“Who is this bitch to talk to us like this?” Coral growled.

So, I fixed Zoe with my glare. “I don't think I am losing that position. But I do believe that you are losing your sanity.”

Her dark eyes turned **even** darker. “Do you even know how much Alpha Graham **favors me**?”

I scoffed. “Do I look like I care?”

“You should, because I am going to give birth to his pup. And you are turning **into a** desperate whore.” A smug smile came on her lips.

My breath lodged in my throat. Coral whimpered in my head, feeling the pain. Even though the mating bond between me and Alpha Graham was rotting and fading, the pain still existed. The thought of Graham being so intimate with her was painful. However, there was no way I was going to let her know how I felt or manifest it on my face.

“Really? That’s funny and unfortunate.”

She stopped sipping her juice as she fixed her eyes on me with anger. “How is that funny and unfortunate?”

“Yes, it is hilarious. You say that Graham favors you a lot, but in reality, I am his wife and his mate.” I hopped up and sat on the island table. “Also, it’s funny because you call me a whore when you are sleeping in the bed of a man who is taken and even having his pup. I think that makes you a whore, and highlights what a hypocrite you **are**.”

I heard a snort from the end of the kitchen. It was our cook, Lindell. I hadn’t realized that most of the omegas had started coming for the morning shift and were listening to our conversation. Some of them started giggling as I started sipping my orange juice, giving Zoe a royal ignore.

“No, you know what’s terrible? It’s you being the Luna of the Lunar pack. Look at you. You are so ugly. And you disgraced us by being with Alpha Logan, all alone in the room. You’re pathetic and desperate,” she spat.

“More pathetic than a former Beta’s daughter, who has forgotten her manners and is disrespecting high rank pack members?” I shot back.

Everyone stopped working as they looked at her. As my words reverberated through the kitchen, an abrupt silence fell **upon** everyone. In a pack, ranks meant a lot, and disrespecting a ranked member could cause severe punishment. She opened her mouth, but snapped it shut, not knowing what to say.

“Yeah! That’s what I thought.” I hopped down from the table and was about to go when all at once she splashed the orange juice on her lingerie and started bawling/Big fat crocodile tears rolled down her eyes, and I stared at her, confused as hell.

“I know you hate me, Luna Kylie,” she cried. “But it is not my fault that I’ve become pregnant. If you don’t want me here, I’ll leave this pack and disappear.”

What the fuck?

“Meet me in the bedroom,”

Oh, so this was her game.

I saw Zoe peeping from over his shoulder with a smug smile. I wish I could smother that smile. Sighing, I went back to my room, knowing that Graham was **going to** scold me.

He was already waiting for me in my bedroom. “You shouldn’t have behaved like that with Zoe!” he snarled.

I ignored him and walked past, saying, “I am fine. Thank you.”

He gritted his teeth and caught my hand, spinning me to face him. “Kylie, why can’t you let Zoe be? She is pregnant with my pup and her health is fragile. Why do you keep picking on her? Why did you splash orange juice on her? That’s not Luna- like.”

“Graham,” I said, sick and tired of this game. “And what you did was Alpha-like? Moreover, you can ask all those who were present there that I wasn’t the one who splashed it on her. Why will I?” I pulled my hand away,

He paused, wondering if it was the truth. But what he said next was revolting, “Okay, fine, even if she didn’t, she must have toppled it on herself. But **she** is prone to these mood swings. What do you expect from her?”

I shook my head as I let out a humorous chuckle. I expected a lot from you, but I guess that ship has sailed. “So, why don’t we separate?” I hoped he agreed to it.

“What? Never!” His eyes filled with shock. “I told you we can work it out.”

I let out a ragged breath because this was only going down. “Graham. I suggested, ‘I think it would be beneficial for us to take a few days apart to gain clarity on our relationship.’”

He turned away, stabbing his fingers in his hair.

I continued, “Alpha Logan has asked for my help to implement the Golden Gate project in his pack and he will give a generous amount of money for it. I am leaving in two hours.”

“I will never allow you to go there!” he shouted, facing me again.

“In that case, you’d better talk to him about it. Because if you won’t help him, he will take it as an insult and attack our pack. Do you think you can handle the attack while Zoe’s pregnant? If yes, then I won’t go.”

It was apparent that Graham didn’t have the courage to face Alpha Logan during a war. The Nord pack was five times larger than ours

I knew he had already decided. He had to allow me to go to the Nord Pack. “I’ll be back in a week.” Graham clenched his fists and left. But what happened next was something I’d never expected.