

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 162

Biancha POV

Half an hour later, the men were still drinking and talking loudly over dinner. James was watching them like a hawk. In the end, he couldn't take it anymore and asked them to leave since we were closing. I knew he wanted to pay us as **well** in private. The men hurled curses at him as they left, but James stood there firmly with his arms crossed across his chest, watching them leave. As soon as they left, he handed us our salaries.

"Be **wise** and try to save," he said when we squealed with happiness.

Nina left early along with the chef, and I busied myself in cleaning up the place. Once done, I stepped out of the restobar to breathe in fresh air. This was one of my favorite times. When all the work **was** completed, and I had no obligations for the next day or anyone to answer to. I didn't have to worry about being punished if I didn't finish my work. The only thing that I missed was school, but I'd give up my school any day to have a peaceful life.

The bruises and scars inflicted by my father, Karen, and stepsisters were beginning to heal. Nevertheless, the largest **scar** on my back, stretching from my right shoulder to the middle, **was** still in the process of healing. It was **a** gift from my father, who slashed my back when Ginny and Minne had complained about my tardiness in the kitchen. In a drunken stupor, he picked up the kitchen knife and slashed my skin.

Being wolf-less was the worst thing for us werewolves. Though we were stronger than the humans, our inability to shift meant we healed slower than the rest of the werewolves.

A gust of cool air blew, and I wrapped my arms around myself, rubbing them. The night was dark and quiet, with a few stars twinkling in the velvety sky. I tipped my head up and closed my eyes to inhale the fresh night air. However, the hair on the back of my neck stood up as a strange feeling of being watched cruised through me. This feeling unnerved me. I hated being watched. It appeared I had been transported back to a time when my stepmother and stepsisters would observe me like hawks, searching for any misstep.

Through the night, across the road, I heard heavy footsteps and a silent scream worked its way up when the faces of those five men emerged from the darkness. "Hello, Bia," said the man with dark hair. "I know you can handle five, can't you? We'd love to share you amongst us."

Goosebumps lined my skin. Clenching my jaws in fear, I stepped back. "Go away," I said in a feeble voice. "My employer is going to be really pissed **if** you harm me."

The leader chuckled as he pressed his lower lip with his thumb salaciously. "Not that I fucking care."

My mind raced to the options that I had. I could turn and run back in the restobar or I could take them head on. If I ran back in, I was sure that these men would wreck the furniture and then I would have to pay for it from my salary. That wasn't an option I could use because the furniture was expensive. "Go away while you can," I said, looking at all five of them. They were all burly and with my strength, I could take down at least two of them. But taking down the rest would not be possible. At least, not with the scar on my back. Maybe I could run away from them.

They laughed at my weak threat. "She thinks she can handle us," said one on the right. "Baby, I'm sure your pussy can handle five cocks."

“It seems like you’re thinking with your cocks,” I warned them. “Use your mind and go away!” I took another step back.

“No, we won’t!” said the leader and lunged at me.

I dodged him as I ducked. He fell in front of me. I ran away from him, but two others grabbed me. I kicked one in the groin. He grunted and covered his groin with his hands, falling to the ground.

“Pretty feisty!” the other one said and slapped me across my cheek. I screamed as my lips split, but I elbowed him with all my might. He doubled over, but only for a second.

The leader got up and rushed to me. He grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked my head back. Taking my right hand, he twisted and pinned it to my back. In a flash of a second, another came and wrapped his strong fingers around my throat. He started opening his zipper, saying, “Bloody bitch! It is going to be so much fun drilling into her pussy. Are you wet for us?”

I lifted my leg to kick him, but he grabbed it and curled it around his hip.

“Hold her tight, as I fuck her, Jeff!”

“Don’t...” I rasped, my eyes welling with tears. I cursed myself for why I came out of the restobar. I should have locked it and stayed inside. “**Please** don’t,” I begged. “Why are you doing this?”

“Because we like you,” he scoffed. He lowered his jeans and put his hand inside his briefs to pull his cock out.

The leader pulled my dress up to the waist, baring my thighs. “She has smooth skin,” he chuckled. “I think I’ll fuck her thighs.”

“We’ll stuff her pussy with our cum,” said a guy who was watching them do it. “And then we’ll stuff her mouth with our cum.”

Suddenly, the night air filled with a menacing growl. The growl was so loud and beastly that it made the men around me freeze in place. “Who’s

there?” the leader shot a question in the blank space. He whipped his head around to look for the animal.

“Probably a wolf in the woods,” the guy in front of me stated. “Don’t be scared.”

“I’d be **scared** if I **were** you,” a **dangerous voice** rumbled behind us.

Surprise flitted through me. It **was like I** knew the voice, but it was rougher than what I had heard before. **Maybe** my mind was conjuring up things. I looked back **over** my shoulder but couldn’t **see** anything because the leader’s body blocked my view.

“Who the hell is there?” the leader shouted.

My mouth dropped open when the **face** of a guy I had met in the **car** emerged from the darkness. I think his name **was** Toren. He was accompanied by a brown wolf who was **as** tall as the men around me. **Was** Toren a werewolf? Because no one could roam around so **easily** with a wolf as tall as that.

“You touch her, and you die,” Toren **growled**.

The leader laughed, his grip on me going loose. “We **are** five,” he said.

“In **case** you haven’t noticed.”

“I am enough to take all of you down,” Toren hissed. “So step back before I unleash my wolf on you. Leave her, and I’ll let you go.”

His words seemed to have an effect. Two of the hooligans stepped back. But the leader’s pride was hurt. He shoved me behind him and pulled his gun out.

“I’m going to kill both of you and fuck her over your de

ad bodies! So you fucking get out of here before I unleash my bullet on you.”

It all happened too **fast**. The wolf lunged at the leader.

He fired the gun.

I screamed and ducked down with my hands covering my ears and closing my eyes.

Toren charged at the others with an alarming speed.

And before I could think, every man who had attacked me was lying the ground, moaning and groaning in pain. But the leader—he was lying in a pool of blood with his neck punctured. The wolf looked at me with a bloody maw and purred. It was **as** if he was offering his kill to me. Toren was standing in the midst of the bodies with his elongated fangs and claws.

“Oh, my God!” I rasped, running to the wolf. “He is injured.” There was blood on his shoulder. The bullet had grazed his skin when he lunged at the leader to take him down. The wolf purred again when I touched him. “Please come in,” I said to Toren, ignoring the goons. “You both need medical attention.”

“I’m fine,” Toren said, his voice softening.”

“No,” I shook my head. I tightly gripped his hand, dragging him inside. Meanwhile, I kept a firm hand on the wolf’s flank, ushering him inside as well. I called the police and told them about an accident in front of the restobar.

Toren and the wolf came inside the restobar without resistance. Why did a sense of owning these two overwhelmed me? Like they belonged to me.