

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 163

Biancha POV

As soon as **we** were inside the restobar, I locked it from inside. Since the place was empty, I asked them to sit while I went inside to fetch the medical kit. When I returned, I saw Toren was **still** standing and looking in the direction I had gone. His intense gaze on me made me feel bare. Like he could see inside me and reach my soul. A shudder ran down all the way to my toes and a blush crept on my cheeks.

The wolf **was** sitting on the floor, looking outside the glass door as if keeping a watch.

"Thank you," I said to him **as** I approached the wolf. "I didn't know that they were waiting for me outside. I shouldn't have come out." Guilt overwhelmed me for getting these two involved.

"Don't feel guilty," Toren said, making me snap my head to him. How did he know what I **was** feeling? "It's not your fault," he added softly, and came to sit on the chair next to me. "They were a shitty lot."

I pursed my lips. Opening the medical kit, I took out the antiseptic. "I hope it works," I murmured **as** I dabbed a bandage with it and applied it on the wolf, who **was** still sitting quietly. He didn't utter a sound as the liquid burned his skin. Once I cleaned the place, I applied an antiseptic cream, my eyebrows scrunched in worry.

“Don’t worry,” Toren said. “He’ll be fine. His wound will heal fast.”

With a sharp exhale I turned my attention to Toren. Other than a bruise on his forearm, he was fine. I applied the antiseptic on him and cleaned the bruise. The contact sent a jolt of electricity in my body. My breath hitched and my face heated. In order to stop my mind from its racing thoughts, I asked, “What were you doing in this side of the town? And I think he ” I pointed at the wolf, “should shift. People don’t know about werewolves in Cedar.”

His eyes narrowed, a pang of jealousy flitting through him. “I don’t want you to see him naked.”

And that made me blush to my roots. “I” I said but then snapped my mouth shut.

In a deep, throaty voice that reverberated through my conscience, he said, “Don’t worry, Biancha. We will leave before dawn.”

“But there’s no place to sleep here,” I pointed as I got up.

He furrowed his eyebrows. “Then where do you sleep?”

I jerked my head back. Did he mean he was going to sleep in my bed?

“You’re taking me all wrong!” I blurted. “I don’t sleep with strangers. I mean-” Why was my mouth babbling nonsense? Fuck. “I haven’t slept with strangers.” This was a classic case of verbal diarrhea. “I haven’t slept with anyone. That’s what I meant!” Finally, I got it right.

Toren lowered his head as if to suppress his laugh. “I’m glad that you haven’t slept with anyone, Biancha,” he said in a soft voice, which edged to grateful feeling. “But what I wanted to ask was, do you have a place where you sleep at night?”

“Yes!” I nodded. “I sleep on one of the benches here or on the floor. Whatever is convenient. The owner of the restobar is sweet enough to let me **stay** here for the night.”

Toren clenched his **jaws**, a muscle ticking on the side. “Don’t you have a home? Because the last I remember, you said you were going home.”

His words took me on a back foot. “I” I licked my lips, wondering what to say and dodge him. “My parents are far away,” I supplied the partial truth. “There’s no one for me in this town. I am saving so that I can rent a place.” Again, a partial truth, because I was saving cash, but renting a place **was** far from my agenda.

He looked at the wolf, who was still looking outside. His eyes went glossy, and I knew he was talking to the wolf through a mind link. When he returned his gaze towards me, he said, “So you’re saying that you live here alone at night?”

“Yes!” I got up and rushed out of the room to avoid more conversation regarding it. But why was I feeling that Toren would stop? I went to the kitchen and searched for the leftovers of the day that were stored in the fridge. I found tuna sandwiches, nachos dipped in sauce and pepperoni pizza slices. After arranging them on a plate, I came out and placed it in front of them, saying, “That’s my little thank you.” A blush crept on my cheeks when Toren looked at me with his beautiful hazel eyes.

“You don’t have to thank us,” he replied and picked up a pizza. The bruise on his forearm was already healing. I looked at the wolf, and his wound was also healing quickly.

Silence ensued **as** Toren ate. Flutters hit my belly while seeing him eating. He had such perfect bow-shaped lips, I wondered how they would be under my fingers. Or lips. Before my mind raced again, I asked in a breathy voice, “So, do you guys live around?”

Toren licked the sauce from his lips and said, “We are visiting Cedar. **We** used to study in the Cedar Academy, and we are here to collect our certificates.”

“I see,” I replied, a deep longing for going **back** to school bubbling inside me.
“Where do you live?”

The **Nord Pack.**”

Oh. That was the wealthiest **werewolf pack**. “That’s awesome!”

“**And** where do you **live?**” he asked.

Shit. That **was a** question I didn’t want to reply to. So, I lied, “The Viking **Pack.**”

The wolf quirked up his ears and cocked his head as **if** assessing me. But I stayed firm on my ground and looked ahead.

“Viking **Pack?**” Toren repeated with a smirk. “**Now**, isn’t that interesting.”

I chose to stay silent at his comment. More silence followed, and I watched Toren eat his food at leisure. I picked up the plate and took it inside after he had eaten. “I’ll be fine,” I said upon returning, hoping that they would leave. “You can go. I don’t want you guys to be uncomfortable because of me.”

“**We** will go before dawn, I promise,” Toren said in a voice so dominant that I couldn’t refuse.

Toren POV

Aiden and I **were** shocked to know that she lived in the Viking pack.

‘She’s lying,’ Aiden chuckled through the mind link.

I couldn’t help but cross my arms behind my head and sprawl over two chairs as I watched the little wolf asking us to leave. There was no way **we** would leave. The men who had attacked her were high. They were a bunch of

hoodlums. I was sure that they would report sighting a tall wolf, but who would believe them?

I watched her grow uncomfortable in our presence, but I knew that eventually she would accept me. While I was certain about my feelings for Biancha, I didn't know why Aiden wasn't. He felt a push and pull towards her, which even he couldn't explain. I had to talk to someone about it.

It was apparent that Biancha didn't have her wolf. She fought well with the homies, but she couldn't handle all of them. I was filled with an overpowering sense of protectiveness towards her, longing to envelop her in my arms and whisk her away to a sanctuary. Probably my pack.

At first, she sat nervously two tables away from us, watching us furtively, but then she couldn't help succumbing to sleep. My lips curled up **as** I watched her sleeping, studying her delicate features, stifling my urge to pick her up and make her sleep in my lap. When I couldn't handle my urge, I just walked to her, picked her up gently and made her sleep in my lap. As if on instinct, she leaned her head on my chest and let out a sigh. I think my girl liked me. Wrapped in my arms, I watched her sleeping, feeling relieved after days of torture of not being with her.

After we returned to the Nord Pack, Kael got extremely busy with Astrid. Mom and dad were both ensuring that she received the best education along with her training as the Luna. It was me who goaded Aiden to come back to Cedar town.

We spoke at length about Biancha. He said that he was battling with his feelings, but I wasn't. Eventually, I coaxed him to accompany me to Cedar town.

Just before dawn, Aiden got up and nudged me to wake up. He hadn't shifted from his wolf form because I didn't want Biancha to see him naked. Just the thought enraged me.

Carefully, I lifted her from my lap and reluctantly placed her on the bench beside me. She just took a deep breath in and went off to sleep.

When **we** returned, Aiden said, “I don’t know why, but there’s something about Biancha that doesn’t add up.”