

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 164

Toren POV

We **were** in our hotel room and **ever** since I had returned, I only wanted to go back and be with Biancha. Holding her in my arms all night made me **feel** amazing, like there **was** nowhere **else** I'd **rather** be. She was all I desired for in my life. She was all my desires uniting in one body. I took a deep **breath as** I looked **at** Aiden. The can of beer dangled in my hand.

"What **do** you mean?" I said, not liking his words. "Everything about her is perfect!"

Aiden didn't reply and walked to the small fridge from where he took out a can of energy drink. His bruise had healed pretty well, and so had mine. Opening the can with his index finger, he **sat** down opposite to me on the sofa. "Look, all I am saying is that my attraction to her is not stable. Like I **feel** intensely about her for some time, and then I feel nothing at all. It's **a crazy** sensation. Like it's there now and gone again. I just can't put my finger on it."

My brows furrowed. I couldn't understand what he was trying to convey because I had this constant pull towards her. "Maybe you are confused **because** she doesn't have a wolf?" I said.

“But you aren’t confused even though she doesn’t have a wolf?” Aiden countered. “Your attraction to her **is** very natural. Like Kael has for Astrid, like my **dad has** for mom, like your dad has for your mom.”

He had a point and so I snapped shut my mouth.

He continued, “All I am saying is that I am drawn to her intensely and then the connection snaps so fast, it looks like it was never meant to be. So yes, I am confused and I want to know what’s going on.”

I let out a rough exhale. Honestly, I was happy that Aiden wasn’t a contender for Biancha’s love. Or was he? “That’s strange, Aiden. How are you going to sort this out?”

He scratched the back of his **head** and pursed his lips. “Whatever it is dude, I don’t want to stay in this constant mess of emotions.”

We both **sat** in silence for a while, pondering about it. Eventually, Aiden decided to go to the school to collect all our certificates, and I decided I couldn’t stay **a** minute longer without her. So, after taking a bath, I headed straight to the restobar. I didn’t like that she was working like a waitress **over** there. The **fact** that she **was** sleeping on the benches or on the floor was repulsive. I wanted to give her all the comforts of life. I longed to remove all her suffering and replace it with pure happiness. The ferocious need to keep her safe and make her mine **was** overpowering, and I knew I would be obsessed with her until it was fulfilled. But how do I explain it to her?

I parked the **car** outside the restobar, which showed the closed sign. The street in front was deserted and there **were** no bodies lying. The police had done their job. Since the **detectives** weren’t hanging around the place, I suspected that the employer had taken care of the incident.

I waited for two hours in the **car**, watching the entrance of the restobar. **As soon as** the sign turned to ‘open’, I jumped out of the **car** and walked inside. With bated breath, I sought out the girl I yearned **for**.

She **wasn't** there, and that made me antsy. Clenching my **jaw**, I walked to **a** booth and **sat down**, staring at the **counter**.

"What would you like to have?" a brunette with closely cropped hair asked, pouring water for me and batting her **eyelashes**. "I'm Nina." "**Coffee**," I **replied** curtly to her.

"Anything **else**?" she **asked** with a smile. "**Our** blueberry muffins **are great!**"

"**No.**" I almost **growled** to make her **leave**.

She froze **for a** moment, and then hurriedly left, muttering **curses** under her breath. My **eyes** went back to the counter and

Biancha **wasn't there**. A **group** of **four** homies came in and they went to **sit** on the opposite end. Within a few minutes, I **saw** Biancha emerging, tying the apron on her **waist** and rushing **to** them.

My **heart** skipped **a beat** when I saw **her**. Like the first touch of sunlight, she appeared breathtakingly beautiful and fresh.

The **urge to** be **physically** close **to** her **was overpowering**.

When she smiled at the homies while asking them about the order, **jealousy** stabbed my **heart so deep that** I imagined killing all those **boys** right now. Goddess, if this **happened** to me in the initial **stages, then** what would happen **a few days later?** I would **go moon crazy**.

Biancha's **eyes met** mine when she **was** returning.

She **gasped** and **paused** in her **place as** I **stared at her**. Her lips parted, and she blinked her eyes **as if to ascertain** that **it was me**. A delicious blush **crept** on her cheeks. Adrenalin gushed into me, pooling between my thighs. Fuck. My cock was **so hard that it tented in** my **jeans**.

She bit her bottom lip, **lowered her head**, and **hurried** inside. Meanwhile, Nina came **to** me with my **coffee**. **Biancha** returned ten minutes later with the order and **glanced** at me as she went **to the table**.

“Hey **girl!**” one of the **boys** said. “**You** look beautiful.” He brought his hand near her and touched her **fingers**.

“Thank **you,**” she **said** politely. **I could sense the** tension in her shoulders. I wanted **to break that boy’s fingers**.

“Why don’t you sit with **us?**” the boy said. “We’ll make sure that you eat well.”

“I’ve just had my breakfast,” she replied in a curt voice and was about to leave. But the boy stopped her.

“Hey, at least you can sit with us. We swear, we don’t bite.”

Others started laughing. My vision turned red. I felt like punching his face to a pulp.

Biancha took a ragged breath. “Do you want anything else?”

“We only want you,” the boy said. Suddenly, he grabbed her hip and pulled her closer to him. “How about a quickie behind the building with all of us?”

My vision turned red, and that boy was bathed in crimson. Before I knew, I had crossed the length of the floor and was behind her. A dangerous growl rumbled in my chest. “Do we have a problem?” I asked, as I removed that boy’s hand from her hip in a way that it was painful, but not enough to break his bones.

“Who are you?” another boy asked.

“Her boyfriend,” I hissed. “And if you dare to touch her, I’ll fucking break your bones.”

Biancha turned to me and placed her hand on my chest. “Please Toren,” she said in a low voice. “It’s not worth it.” She held my hand and dragged me away from that place, which was good because my wolf was getting out of control.

She took me to my table. “Toren, please do nothing that would jeopardize my job. I need this job badly.”

“You don’t have to do this job,” I blurted. “I’ll support you.”

Her brows scrunched. “And why would you do that?” she asked, “I have known you for just one day.”

While she was right, didn’t she feel the same attraction that I had for her? “I-”

“Toren, you know nothing about me.”

“I know you aren’t from the Viking Pack,” I blurted again. Fuck.

She gasped, jerking her head back. Suddenly, she turned and walked away from me.

“Biancha!” Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I had made a mistake. How could I accuse her? Damn it. What if she hated me for it? What if she decided not to meet me again? Dread, the size of an iceberg, burned my heart. I slumped on the chair, watching her disappear into the kitchen. How to amend my mistake? As I thought about it, a couple walked in, hand in hand. The man stopped and kissed his girl passionately before they settled. The girl blushed and I couldn’t help imagining what it would be to kiss Biancha. Fuck, my cock was again bloody rock-hard.

Biancha emerged, shot a **glare** at me, and then walked to the couple to take orders. “Our chef is preparing his special chicken wings today. Should I **get** some?”

The man looked at her and stared. He exhaled and licked his lips salaciously. “You’re beautiful,” he rasped, forgetting his girlfriend. Suddenly, he caught **her** hand and pulled her to his lap. Biancha squealed. “I’ll do anything for you!” he breathed as his girlfriend watched him with shock.

What the fuck! Furious, in a flash, I was there in front of him, pulling Biancha out of his lap. I wrapped my arm around her **waist** and pressed her to me, growling at the man. My wolf wanted to kill him like now. Biancha was

surprised as well. She was quivering in my arms. The man got up and, with anger etched on his **face**, tried to pull her from me.

“She’s mine!” he growled at me, pulling her by her hand.

All at once, the four homies that **were** sitting **also came** forward. “She’s ours!”