

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 165

Biancha POV

Chaos swirled around, making it **hard for** me to think clearly as I tried to **grasp** desperately for anything solid to anchor myself. And my stability in the **tempest was** Toren, who **was** holding me from behind, my back pressed against his chest. I **was** shivering, feeling panicky, feeling like a wave of anxiety crashing **over** me.

Toren's chest vibrated with a menacing **growl**.

Why **were** all these people behaving madly? And what did they mean by saying that I **was** theirs? Their eyes were full of lust, their demeanor feral. **It** was as **if** they all wanted to pounce on me and take **a** flesh of me, or pin me down on the table and take chances fucking me.

"You take one **step** more and I'll fucking rip your throats off!" Toren said in an animalistic **voice** that would have frozen the shit of a normal human, but the men in front of me **were** still looking **at** me with desire. Toren took a step back with me. From the corner of my eye, I **saw** my employer, James and Nina come out. They **sensed** the situation was going to turn **nasty**.

"**What** is going on?" James' voice boomed in the air. "**If** you don't fucking **leave** now, I am going to call the police!" he shouted. "And don't fucking mess with me!"

The homies looked at him, and then back at me, but the man who was with his girlfriend didn't even blink an eye **as** he continued to stare at me. **Sweat** lined my skin. I saw that most men gritted their teeth. They glared at Toren as if they would tear his head off to take me from him. Nothing made **sense**.

Suddenly, the man stepped forward and grabbed my wrist. I yelped in **fear** and twisted my hand to **release** it from his grip. Toren practically snarled at him, and I **was** sure that he showed his sharp canines.

"I said, **get** out!" James shouted. But no one budged.

The homies spilled out of their seats and came to stand in front of us. "Come with us, girl," a boy said. "This **bastard** behind you will fuck you brutally for another notch on his bed. We will at least fuck you and pleasure you."

Toren spun me and shoved me behind his back, and with a feral snarl, he attacked the boy. I screamed, grabbing Toren's shirt to stop him, but his shirt tore and came in my hand. The man lunged at me, but before I could get to him, I saw a fist flying and connecting with his **jaw**. The man tumbled to the ground with a groan and blood dripping down his nose. I whipped my head to see that it was Aiden. "Quick," he shouted. "Run to the **car**!"

I **was** shaking so hard that I didn't know if I could run. The whole bar turned into a fight arena. James punched another boy who was trying to **get** to me. Toren pummeled the first boy and then he turned his attention to the two boys who were coming for me. With a brutal force, he seized their collar, yanked them back, and slammed their skulls together. With a loud, painful grunt, the two dropped to the floor, their hands on their heads. The girl, who had come with her boyfriend, screamed and ran out of the restobar.

Within a few minutes, the whole **place was** quiet, with just the four of us looking at the bodies lying in pain around us. James looked from Toren to Aiden **to** me and then back to Toren. "Take her away right now!" he seethed. "I'll get the boys to clean this mess."

I didn't know which boys he was going to get, but Toren held my hand and dragged me out of the door with Aiden following us. **It** all looked like I **was** transported back in time, when people would fight around me and then my father would beat me severely. I didn't know what was my fault then, and I didn't know what was **my** fault now. Totally clueless and helpless, I just allowed him to beat me. And if I protested, Karen would hold me **from** behind while he beat me.

"Wh-where are you taking me?" I asked panicky, wriggling my **wrist** to get free. He gripped it firmly and **just** continued to drag me to his **car**. Aiden opened it and he shoved **me** inside. He rushed to the other side and revved up the engine. As the car **sped** out of the **street**, I glanced at him. **His** knuckles had **turned** white out of **rage** as he tightened them around the wheel. **"Please, where are you** taking me?" I **asked**, shrinking **away** from him. "Don't-" abuse me. Don't beat me. **"Please** drop me **here**." Please. The world **was** closing around on me. I **just** couldn't handle more emotional or **physical abuse**.

Except **these** boys only **protected** me. **If** they wanted, they could've abused me any time. **However**, they only **protected** me, **made** sure that I **was** safe. It was like they **were** there when I needed them. My **eyes** welled with **tears** as they drove me into an unknown future. Would James allow me to **work** back in his **restobar**? How will I survive now? This was my only hope left. Where would I go from **here**? So many thoughts swirled in my mind that a sob worked its **way out**. I lowered my head, **slapped** my mouth with my hand, and cried silently.

We came to a stop in front of a hotel where Toren **screeched** the **car** to a stop. He jumped out and was there to **open** the door for me. As soon I **was** out, he **caught my** hand and pulled me with him with Aiden following. Their gazes **darted everywhere** as if to see **if** anyone was watching us. This **was a scandal** in the making. I was sure **that** boys and **that man** would complain to the police, and the **detectives** would come looking for us. What

they had done was **a full**-fledged crime. **But** it **wasn't** their fault. Those boys wanted **to rape** me. So was it my crime?

No, it wasn't. Yet guilt overwhelmed me.

Toren stopped only when he reached his room on the **top** floor. **Aiden opened** the door and the moment Toren was inside **the** room, he slammed the door shut. He pulled me to his chest, spun me and pressed me **against** the door with his body. I stared into his eyes, not confused, but scared. He wedged his thigh between my legs, his **hips** pinning me to the door. He banged his fists on my either side, caging me. His chest was rising and **falling** as he continued to stare **at** me, like he would **reach** my soul.

"You are not going **back over** there. **Ever,**" he **growled**, which came out **as a** command. And his Alpha aura spilled, making me wince, **making** me submit to him. **Surprise** blasted in my chest. **Toren** had Alpha blood. Was he an Alpha **of a pack** or **was** he the son of an Alpha?

"That's the **place** I work," I said, my voice barely audible.

"I said, you **aren't** going **there**. **Because** if someone tries to touch you again, **I'll** bloody kill them!"

I blinked my **eyes** once, then **twice**. "Wh-what?"

"You heard me," he **growled**.

From the **corner of** my **eye**, I saw Aiden shaking his head and disappearing into a room, leaving us alone. "You can't command me," I blurted.

"I **don't** know you, you don't know me, **so-**" My mouth snapped shut, not because he let out a dangerous growl, but because he slammed his lips on mine with a dangerous **growl** that reverberated through me, its heat pooling right between my legs. Toren kissed me like a man who had found an **oasis** in the desert. He forced **open** my mouth with his tongue and delved it inside, exploring my mouth with abandon. And by goddess I loved it.

I opened up for him like a flower to sunshine. **As** if on instinct, my hands pushed against his chest. Those muscles rippled beneath his taut skin **as** he chewed my bottom lip and then again forced his tongue inside my mouth. I could feel his urgency, his desperation to **fill** me, to feel me. His cock hardened in his jeans painfully, tenting them. He took my hand to his cock and wrapped it over it, and covered my hand with his. The pool in my belly turned into **fire**. I needed something. I needed him. I needed him to need me. Things **were** getting out of control.

Was this a dream? No. This **was** reality. This **was** my first kiss.

We **were** both out of oxygen when we pulled away. He rested his head over mine **as** we both gasped for air. "Fuck!" he rasped.

Yeah. Fuck. What **was** this? And what happened back in the restobar?

"You aren't going back there again, Biancha," he said, now pleading.

"She can't go," Aiden said, checking his phone. "I got a call from James. We **have** to keep her hidden for a few days until this incident fades."

Toren's lips pulled up in **a** smirk. "Now you have to stay here."