

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 166

Biancha POV

My heart drummed in my chest as I looked **at** Toren. “I—I can’t **stay** with you,” I said, glancing at Aiden. “I mean-” I licked my lips. “I don’t have enough money to afford this hotel. So, I’m gonna **stay** with my friend Nina.”

Toren’s face darkened. “You think I’m going to let you live with a girl who **is** reckless about her own security? And I know she stays in a neighborhood teeming with drug addicts, prisoners on bail and rapists! There is no **way** you’re going to stay there. You will live here with me!”

His words fell like a command in my ears. Toren’s alpha aura spilled again, making me submit. “Toren,” I protested weakly. “This is an expensive **place**. I can’t-”

“You won’t go anywhere!” he growled, pinning me to the door like he would never release me.

“But it’s a lot of money!” I tried to argue.

He narrowed his eyes. Tilting his head, he opened his mouth to **say** something, but snapped it shut. Aiden poked his tongue in his cheek, as if stopping himself from saying anything stupid. Toren took a deep breath in and in a low voice said, “Okay, how about this? You stay here for as

long **as** it is necessary and consider this as a loan. If you like, you can repay any time.”

I blinked my eyes at him. “Repay?”

He nodded. “Yes. I’ll take the money from you.”

That felt better. Requesting that I reimburse the hotel expenses didn’t affect my self-worth. “But that is going to take a lot of time. This place is expensive as hell!”

“No, it isn’t!” he blurted immediately. “We have a membership and it practically costs us \$10 a day.”

“That’s it?” I asked, amusement pulling my lips up. \$10 a day was something I could easily afford. “Then I can stay!” I chirped. “But I won’t stay in this room. Is it possible that I get a separate room?”

Toren scowled at me as Aiden let out a quiet laugh. “No, we can have only one suite for that much money in this hotel.”

“Oh!” My mouth remained in an O shape for a while and then I chewed my lips. Pushing him away from me, I studied the room where we were. It **was** an opulent living **space**. The spacious large living area that had plush seatings opened into a formal dining **area** with a large table. There were three doors on the left, and a main one right in front of me.

“There’s a fully equipped kitchen,” Toren informed. “You don’t have to go anywhere to buy food.”

“In that case, I’ll make meals for you,” I said, trying to add value to my living with them.

Toren chuckled as he came beside me. “There’s a pool on the deck, which you can use anytime.”

I **lowered** my head, blushing in embarrassment. “I don’t know how to swim.”

He raised his eyebrow. “Oh... k... but I can teach you. It’s really simple.”

“I don’t **have a** swimsuit.”

He pressed his lips to stop a smile. “I know, Biancha. Don’t **worry** about it. The butler is going to arrange for one.”

“**You have a** butler **as** well?” I asked, bewildered.

He shrugged. “Every presidential suite has **a** butler.” He **caught** my hand and took me to the master bedroom. My jaw dropped, seeing the lavishly decorated room with a king-sized bed, premium linens, and luxury bedding. “This is **where** you’ll sleep.” His clothes **were** strewn across the bed and floor.

“But you live here,” I pointed.

“So?” he asked, like my words **were** the weirdest he had **ever** heard.

“I **can’t** stay with **you!**” I gritted. “I’ll sleep **on** the couch outside.”

He jerked his head back in repulsion. “Hell no way!” He **clenched** his teeth as if **trying to** contain his **anger**. Then he closed his eyes and sucked in a sharp breath to calm down. “Okay, in that **case, you’ll** sleep **in** the **adjacent** room.” He took me **to** the room **next** to his, **which** was designed with high-end furniture and décor. “This is where you’ll be staying until the impact of **the** incident dies, **okay?**”

I scanned the small room. There was a **queen-size** bed in the center, **with a** plush rug below it. **A** small door on the left led to the bathroom. This **was** the most luxurious place I’d ever seen. The bed was nothing less than an indulgence to me. Sleeping on the floor or wooden benches was my only option, and occasionally I would be sent outside to sleep as a punishment.

“Thank you,” I murmured.

He came in front of me and cupped my cheeks, his expressions softening and his initial tension dissipating. “No, thank you,” he murmured. His **eyes** went to

my lips. **He** lowered his lips and mine and kissed me softly. “I’ll get your clothes and other things here in a while.”

“I have nothing much,” I said to him, butterflies fluttering in my belly. “I got my salary yesterday and so I was planning on buying things today. So you don’t **have** to go back.”

A crease occurred in between his brows. “I **see**. You don’t have to **go** anywhere. It’s risky. I’ll ask the butler to buy clothes for you.”

I contemplated his words and realized that he was right. “Okay, thanks.”

“Do you have anything **special** in mind?” he asked.

I dug into my pocket and took my wallet out. Handing him half of the money, I said, “I’ll make a list for him?”

Toren looked at the six hundred dollars in his hand. His Adam’s apple moved up and down. “Sure,” he said. He turned to leave.

“Hey wait!” She called me. “I’ll write the list now.”

When I gave him the list, he kissed me again and walked to the door. “You can take a shower if you like.”

I needed a shower so badly, so I nodded vehemently. As soon as he left and closed the door behind him, I walked to the bathroom.

Toren POV

I wanted to buy the world for Biancha, and she gave me six hundred dollars. That was half of what she earned. I wrinkled the bills in my hand and brought it near my chest. Emotions swirled inside me. There were girls who would only ask for gifts and more gifts from me. They wouldn’t hesitate in asking me to give them expensive stuff like diamond earrings, but my

innocent Biancha- she had a lot of self-respect. A lump of emotions formed in my throat as I closed my eyes. I loved her so much that it hurt.

“Toren,” Aiden’s words cut through my feelings.

I opened my eyes with a jerk and found him staring at me with curiosity. His gaze went to my fisted hand. “What’s that?” he asked.

I shook my head as I fished out my phone and called the butler to buy dresses for my love according to her list, and then some more. Then I went to my room, put her money in an envelope and hid it in my wallet.

“There’s something very important I wanted to talk to you about, Toren,” Aiden said, entering the room.

“What is it?” I asked, my shoulders tensing. Jealousy reared its head, and I felt like killing him if he mentioned Biancha in a romantic way.

“Relax!” he scoffed **as** he plopped on the bed. “It has nothing to do involving me and your lady-love.”

I narrowed my **eyes**, assessing him.

He rolled his **eyes** and **sat** down. “I am just curious to know about her. She is different from a normal werewolf. Have you noticed? I mean, **is she even** our **species?**”

“What do you mean?” I growled at him. “She **is** clearly not human.”

He pulled a **pillow** from behind and squeezed it in his arms. “She isn’t a human, but also not completely a **werewolf**. I mean, which **werewolf is so irresistible** to men that every man she encounters on the **street** is instantly attracted to her? And your Biancha-” he emphasized on the word ‘your.’ “Like **a beacon**, she captivates **every** randy out there. Did you **see** how that human **got** dangerously attracted to her even though he was with his longtime girlfriend, and even though he **had** seen Biancha for the first time?”

“**Maybe because** she is the most beautiful girl **in** the world?” I offered my explanation.

Aiden **deadpanned**. “Shut up.”

“Look Aiden,” I **said**, sitting **at** the edge of the bed. “The explanation **you’re** considering **is** simply not **feasible**. **Sirens** and succubus **are** extinct!”