

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 167

Toren POV

I stared at Aiden with disbelief. “What you are thinking is absolutely ridiculous!” How could Biancha be a siren or a succubus? Those species were extinct long back in the great war **of** supremacy in which the werewolves, Lycans and vampires were left. The vampires had also started vanishing from earth. It was rumored that their race disappeared because they didn’t give birth to babies and they were forbidden from converting others. As for the sirens, succubus, dryads and several other species, they were all wiped out.

Aiden shrugged. “That is the only explanation I can think of.”

“She’s a werewolf,” I said firmly. “And I feel she has been abused so much that her wolf has receded back in a corner.”

Aiden looked out the window. He appeared to be pondering over my words. “What do you know of her family?” he asked.

“Nothing much,” I replied. “And I don’t want to know anything about them as long **as** she won’t speak about them. All I care about is for her.” Aiden looked back at me. “You must talk to her about her family if you want to know about her. If you feel she’s been abused, then there is a lot of shit that has to be dealt with.”

I knew Aiden was right, but talking to Biancha about her family so early was something I didn't want to do. The attraction, the pull between us, was undeniable, but were we close enough? There was a lot that I had to know about her.

Aiden and I discussed it further, but upon leaving his room, doubt took root in my mind. If Biancha was a succubus, then she had to stay inside the room, or she couldn't actually go anywhere for **fear** of being mauled by men. A shudder ran down my spine at the mere thought of it. The only place safe for her was the Nord Pack. I shook my head to shove those ridiculous thoughts away. "No, that species is extinct!" I blurted to myself as I headed to the kitchen to make coffee for me and her.

She came out of her room, wearing the t-shirt and tights that belonged to me and which I had kept on her bed. She **was** looking **so** fucking devastating in my clothes. I think I **was** going to have a hard time all day, all night, with or without her. "Your coffee," I breathed, handing a mug to her.

"Thanks," she replied, blushing for me.

Inadvertently, my hand shot to her cheek to trace her blush. When our eyes met, **we** held each other's **gaze** for some time. "You're **so** beautiful, Biancha." And mine.

She bit her bottom lip. "You too," she murmured.

I jerked my head back. A laugh rose within me, and I chuckled. I grabbed her free hand and took her to the living room, resisting my urge **to** take her to my room, throw her on the bed, and fuck her senseless. But for now, I had to do with small **treats** of holding or kissing or being near **her**.

As we sat on the sofa, I saw Aiden emerging from his room. He looked **at** us. When his eyes dropped to Biancha, he stopped breathing, lust coating his emotions. I growled **at** him, curling my arm around her. **His** reverie broke, and he exhaled roughly.

"I am heading out," he blurted. "**I'll** be back by evening."

“Be careful,” Biancha said to him. “**I got a call** from Nina. The Sheriff came to the restobar, and was asking questions about... us.”

“**I will,**” he nodded curtly and stormed outside the room.

What the fuck was **that?** I couldn’t help thinking about his unusual reaction. This wasn’t the first time he was attracted to Biancha. Taking a **deep** breath in, I turned my attention to her. “**How are** you feeling?” I asked, sipping my coffee.

She covered the **mug** with her hands, warming herself. I wish **she** was **in** my lap. “I’m **better**, thank **you**.” She sipped **her coffee** and **relaxed** a bit. “This whole incident was untoward. I just don’t know why men would do **that?**” **She** shook her **head**. “I guess some are **perverts**.”

I let her words **sink in me**, “Where **are** your **parents?**” I asked, before I could stop myself. “I know you aren’t from the Viking **Pack**. So don’t lie.”

She gasped, giving me another blush. Fuck, **the** room felt like **an oven**. I wanted to **open** my **zipper** and sink my cock into her, I shifted in my **place** to adjust my semi hard erection. “Tell **me**, Biancha. I owe that much, **at least**.”

Pain flared in her eyes and she looked **away**, blinking at them as if trying to blink **away** her tears.

“Hey,” I said, picking her hand in mine and squeezing it a little. “**Trust** me, Please,”

She lowered her head, staring at the coffee. “My **father** is **a** rogue,” she replied in a low voice.

Fuck A rogue. That was going to **create** so **many** bloody complications in our relationship **that** I **didn’t even** want to count them.

“My mother belongs to a certain pack. **She** is **the** daughter of **an** Alpha, but when I **was** younger, **my** father rejected her. The Alpha banished **her** from his **pack**, and out of **revenge**, he **ran** away one **night**, carrying me.”

Goosebumps lined my skin. “That’s horrible!” I rasped.

“Which pack **is** your mother from?” I asked.

She took a ragged breath in. “I don’t remember well. It sounded something like ‘creek. Whenever I asked my father the name of the pack or to return me to my mom, I would get a beating instead.”

Fuck, fuck, fuck. I wanted to kill her father like yesterday. Which trash did that to their vulnerable daughter?

Biancha talked about her family. I encouraged her to open up by rubbing her hand softly. She seemed to calm down in my vicinity and that made me proud of myself.

Her family was shitty as hell. Karen, her father, Dustin, and her stepsisters were on the top of my shit list.

I didn’t realize that it **was** already late in the afternoon. When her stomach rumbled out of hunger, I felt so guilty that I ordered a variety of food for her. Butter roasted chicken, **taco** soup, chilli dogs, fat Darrell sandwich, cobb salad and honey glazed bacon.

“That’s a lot!” she said, wide-eyed.

How could I tell her that the need to feed her was overwhelming? “It’s nothing.” I grabbed a plate for her and loaded it until it was overflowing.

She resisted a lot, but I managed to make her eat everything on her plate. I had to pull her into my lap and forcefully feed her, saying that she was too thin and that if she wanted her wolf, she had to eat well. She laughed and complained, but I swear, her laughter was the best sound I had heard in days. When she was done, I took her to her bedroom. I guess she was too full because she plopped in her bed, groaning that she had eaten like a pig.

My lips curled up as I lifted her legs to the bed and covered her with a blanket. I sat on the edge and brushed away her hair that fell on her forehead. “Sleep,” I murmured, placing a kiss on her forehead.

She stared at me with hooded eyes. "My wolf never talks to me," she said in a low voice. "No matter how much I try, she refuses to connect with me. I am eighteen already and I feel she will never come out."

"Oh, baby." I stared at her, my thoughts going to the conversation I had with Aiden in the morning. She looked so vulnerable and sad that I wanted to wrap my arms around her and comfort her. And so that's what I did. I took off my shoes and slid beside her.

"What are you doing?" she squealed.

"Hush." I pulled her closer to me and enveloped her body in my arms. Goddess, she was so soft and cuddly. Thankfully, she didn't protest it. Her eyes fluttered and soon she was fast asleep. Few minutes later, I was having a raging hard erection. The need to come was **so** intense that I was sure that my balls had turned blue.

Aiden came back in the evening and announced that he had moved into the next room. "I've asked our wolves to check upon the rogues who are looking for her," he informed me.