

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 168

Biancha POV

Lying down with Toren provided all the **solace** I needed in this world. He **was so** warm and huge that he wrapped me up in his arms and I instantly went off **to sleep**, his scent washing **all over** me.

I hadn't **slept so well** all my life. A mattress **was a** luxury for me, and on top of it, sleeping with Toren soothed my senses. When I woke up, I stretched my body with a **yawn**, feeling fresh and rejuvenated. A smile spread on my lips and I rose from the bed. As I walked out of my room, I heard Aiden and Toren talking about something regarding species. Intrigued, I stopped at the door and leaned my ear against the wood.

"This book **states** the **species** that are extinct," Aiden said.

A pause **later**, I heard shuffling **of** pages. "Man, the **list is** long!" Toren sighed.

"Yeah!" Aiden gritted, as if frustrated.

Why **were** they reading about extinct species? Finding it strange, I stepped out of my room and walked to where they were sitting. They were both surprised to **see** me. Toren closed the book immediately **as** he looked at me with wide eyes. A faint blush crept on his cheeks. "Biancha?"

“Hi!” I tucked **a** strand of my hair behind my ear, embarrassed that I had intruded on something important. “I’m sorry.” Turning around quickly, I muttered, “Sorry for intruding!”

“Hell, no!” Toren replied. “Come **back**. We could use your help.”

I turned back to look at him. As I glanced at Aiden, I found him pursing his lips. “Yeah, you can help us,” he murmured.

For the next two hours, all of us **researched** about the extinct species of Lore. “Why are we researching it?” I asked, feeling slightly irritated.

“Are you bored?” Toren asked.

I let out a rough exhale. “I am!”

His lips curled up. “Would you like to have coffee?”

When I nodded, he jumped up and rushed to the kitchen, leaving me with Aiden. I gave him a tight smile and continued reading my book.

“Can I **ask** you a question?” Aiden’s words broke the chain of my thoughts.

“**Sure!**” I looked at him with curiosity.

He licked his lips **as if** wondering whether he should **ask** about it. Then he sucked in **a** ragged breath and asked, “**Has** this **ever** happened to you **earlier?**”

“What?” I said, my **brows** furrowing.

“Men getting **attracted** to **you**? Even strangers getting attracted to **you?**”

His **question was so** off-putting that I clenched my jaw in anger.

He **corrected** himself immediately, sensing my anger. “I’m sorry, Biancha,” he said. “But **there’s** no other **way** of putting my question to **you.**”

I looked **away**. “**No**, it hasn’t. This **was** something pretty unwarranted. People **are** just perverts!”

Aiden nodded. “Thanks, Biancha, but I **may ask** more in the future.”

When I **stared at** him, he **stared back**. Lowering his voice, he almost **growled**, “Toren and I **are** cousins. We have each other’s **backs**. I don’t know why Toren is so invested in **you**, but he is completely **head over** heels in **love** with you. The surprising part **is** that he fell for you the day **you** met him.

But **that day, even** I felt **an attraction** towards **you**, like **all** the men out there at the **restaurant**. **Now-**” he looked over his shoulder **to** check if Toren was coming. He looked **back at** me and continued, “I don’t want **Toren’s** heart to break. He is loyal to T. **If you** have him in your clutches because of whatever **magic you are** churning **out**, then let me **tell you**, once the magic **breaks** and this thread between you and him **snaps**, I’ll hunt you from the depths of hell and wring **your** neck! Do you understand?”

My mouth fell to the floor as I **gaped at** Aiden. His **fury was** evident in his **eyes** that flashed amber. And **Toren** loved me? What kind **of** insta-love **was** this? I had feelings **for** him which **were** indescribable, but **love**? Did I **love** him **back**? How **could you love someone** who you’d just met? Or was he my **mate**? The thought made my **head reel**. **Mate?**

Aiden didn’t stop. “You **are** wolf less and so **there’s** no way **you can** say that he is your **mate**. Then **explain** to me this weird attraction! Even though I feel attracted to you sometimes, **my** attraction is nothing compared to Toren’s. **So tell me**, what is **it you’re** doing? Are you some sort **of** gold digger? **Are** you trying to force your **way** through his **heart?**”

I didn’t have words **to** answer him, so I snapped my mouth shut. What he said hurt a lot. **Tears** welled in my eyes. “I’m not **a** gold digger,” I said in a **gravelly** voice. “**And** I didn’t **ask** you to give me **space** here. **It was you** people who wanted me to stay here.” A tear rolled out. I wiped it. “I’m equally puzzled by what **occurred at** the restaurant **because** I didn’t know any of them. All I can **say** is that some men are perverts. Maybe a group of perverts came to the **restobar** and decided to behave like this with me? I don’t know!”

Aiden **stabbed** his **fingers** through his hair, gritting his teeth. He shook his head and closed his eyes, **as** if trying to unravel a mystery. “Look, I just don’t want Toren’s heart to break. You **are** wolf-less, and so your mate bond is not manifesting. But Toren’s strong attraction is undeniable. And so I believe that you’re not **a** werewolf.”

Once **again**, shock and surprise washed **over** me. My gaze drifted to the books about various species they were reading about, and suddenly it occurred to me what they **were** trying to ascertain. “I’m not **a** witch!” I blurted. Turning my hands around, I said, “I don’t have magic. I am a **werewolf**. **Maybe** I’m a **late** bloomer.”

Aiden raised his eyebrow and opened his mouth to **say** something when Toren came in with three cups of coffee. He gave one to me and sat down **beside** me with **a** big smile on his **face**. Aiden looked at us and took a ragged breath. Toren cocked his eyebrow. “What?”

“Nothing!” Aiden huffed. He picked up his coffee mug and walked out of the room.

“Is something wrong?” Toren asked me.

How could I tell him about the conversation? All I could do was stay away from him. So I got up, smiled at him, and walked back to my room, carrying the book in my hand. Toren watched me leave with doubt and anger. I closed the door a little more forcefully than required to stop Toren from following me. Feeling horrible, I **sat** on the bed and spread the book in front of me. I wasn’t the one who asked Toren to love me. He followed me. Yes, his attraction- our attraction was gargantuan, but it wasn’t my fault. Tears ran down my cheeks. My little euphoria came to an end. Anger bubbled inside my chest, and all I wanted was to go **away** from here.

When Toren opened my door, he was holding a plate heaped with rice and chicken. “I thought you would be hungry,” he said with a soft face.

Looking at him was enough to melt my anger. I nodded. “**Yes.**”

He chuckled and came to me. "I knew." He watched me eat. "Do you want to go out?"

"I want to!" I exclaimed. I needed a change. "But with-"

"Ah, don't worry," he cut me off. "I'll take you to a secluded spot where no one **can** see you."

The idea was fantastic. "Great! **Let's** go."

Toren stopped the **car** at the base of a grassy knoll outside the town. It **was** so beautiful that I couldn't help gasping. The velvety night sky stretched **over** the knoll with stars twinkling and the waxing moon shining between them. "It's breathtaking!"

"Hmmm..." he said, looking **at** me. "No one will come **here.**" He caught my hand and pulled me up with him. When we reached the top, I almost **squealed as a fresh** cool breeze hit my skin. We both **sat** there together, watching the night sky.

This **was** bliss. I leaned my **head** over his shoulder **as** he curled his **arm** around my waist. Our connection **was** soul deep. **It** couldn't **just** be a lewd attraction. **I could feel** it.

"Ooooo, **lovers!**" a **nasal** voice reached my **ears**. I whipped my head to the left to see three boys standing a **few feet** away and studying **us**. No, watching me.

Not again!