

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 169

Biancha POV

Toren **got** up, his **chest** vibrating with **a** menacing growl. **He** shoved me behind him and hissed **at** the boys. “What do you want?”

The **boys assessed** him. Toren had an intimidating presence with his tall, muscular and lithe frame. Yet, the boys didn’t seem to take that into consideration. They constantly **peeped** over his shoulder to look at me.

“We know you love her,” said one of them lewdly. “How about we all share her?”

“Fuck off!” Toren gritted. “**Go away** before I kill you!”

They started laughing. “He thinks he can **take** the three of us,” said the one who talked about sharing me. Suddenly, he took out a knife. “My knife hasn’t tasted blood in a long time. How about we kill you and take the prized possession?” he said, glancing at me with lustful eyes.

Toren’s rage was like a volcano that just erupted. Before I could stop him, he charged at the boys. He twisted the hand of the first boy who had the knife, fracturing it. The boy screamed in pain **as** he looked at him. Toren wasted no time. He kicked the second guy in his belly, sending him down the knoll, rolling and crying in pain. I suspected his ribs were broken. And in the end, Toren took the third boy who he picked up from the ground and tossed him

against a tree on the foot of the knoll. The boy grunted in pain **as** he slumped unconscious, breaking branches and bones. The third boy looked **at** us in horror. He backed a little and then ran away.

Toren caught my hand and took me back to the car, muttering curses under his breath. As I passed the two boys, I couldn't help feeling that this **wasn't** the **last**. The realization that I **was** the primary cause of trouble **was** sinking in. The incident left me shaken. Toren gripped my hand as he drove back to the hotel in silence and barely kept the rage.

"I should've killed that bastard!" he growled.

I remained silent, wondering what to do now. This was becoming repetitive, and I had no answers. When we reached the hotel, he didn't leave my hand and went to his room holding me. **As** soon **as** we were inside, he pulled me to his chest and hugged me tightly, dipping his head in my neck. I could sense that he needed an **assurance** that I **was** near him, with him, because even I needed this assurance.

Were we mates? The question nagged my mind like a thorn that I wanted to weed out. The notion that I was his mate **was** overwhelming. And the notion that I wasn't his mate **was** crushing. Like I couldn't breathe.

"Toren," I murmured in his chest. "What **is** going on?" Fear started taking roots in me.

He pulled **back** and cupped my cheeks. "Nothing... just don't worry, okay?"

But how could I not **worry**? This **was** the third time he had put himself in jeopardy. I needed to know **a** solution **to** end this. And the only solution **was** to **go away as far** as possible from him. Realization crashed heavy on my shoulders that I loved Toren. I hated when he **was** injured or when he had to fight every single **person** to keep me **safe**. How many men was he going to fight?

Cupping his hands **over my** cheeks, tears welled in my **eyes**. "I want to go," I said in raspy **voice**. "I want to **leave**."

His brows **furrowed**. “**No, you won’t!**” he **said so** firmly that his alpha aura spilled. “You are not going anywhere. You get that?”

I shook **my** head. “**But—**”

He placed his finger on my **lips**. “No! We are going to find **a** solution **to** this problem, but promise **me** you **won’t leave** me.”

His chest was rising and falling **as** he **said** those **words** to him. But I had decided. “Okay...” I said.

For the next two **days**, I was holed **up** in my room. With nowhere **to** go, I devoured the books that Aiden had **got**. At the end, only one question came to my mind—was there something different about my **genes**?

Nina called me on the third **day** and informed me **that James had** hired a new waitress. “I’m so sorry, **Bia**,” she consoled me. “**I didn’t** know that he would hire someone so fast. But he said **that he** would take you back **once** this shit **is over**.”

“No,” I said through my **tears** of losing the only job I ever **had**. “How could **he** not hire **again**? I’m aware of the **heavy** workload.”

Nina took **a** deep breath in. “**You’re lucky that** someone is **helping** you, **Bia**. Else I don’t know where you **would** have been.”

“Yeah!” I rasped. I couldn’t **talk any** further, so I disconnected the **call**.

Picking **up** a pillow, I crashed it on my **face** and sobbed. **Toren** and Aiden weren’t there in the room and so I cried till I couldn’t. This was the end of my **life** in Cedar town, I knew James would never take me back.

It was 11PM and the perfect time to escape. So I **packed up a small** bag with some clothes, stashed the cash in my **wallet** and did what I had to. I booked a bus ticket to the farthest location I could find from Cedar. Perhaps I was going **to be** safe over there. And if not, I’ll become **a** nun. At least I’d be **safe in a** church.

I gripped the **strap of** my satchel on my chest **as** I walked out **of** the room. I wanted to **leave a** goodbye note to Toren for helping me, but if I did that, I knew he would start finding me immediately. If I wanted to vanish from his life, I had to have some time in my hand. He had grown incredibly protective of me recently, so I doubted he would handle it well.

Slipping out of the hotel was **easy, since** it was dark. There were very few people in the lobby. I wore a hoodie and a mask over my mouth so that they didn't **recognize** me. The Uber I had called **was** waiting for me. Looking around to check if the boys **were back**, I jumped in the car. "Bus terminal," I instructed the driver, who gave me wary looks.

We reached the terminus in less than half an hour. I handed him the **cash** and headed to the bus. Thankfully, there were very few people inside. I rushed **to** sit in the **last**, my heart full of misery for leaving the only man who loved me in all my life. But I was leaving this place so that he was safe. I stifled another bout of tears and **sat** down in the corner **seat**.

Ten minutes later, the driver came and started the bus. **It** soon rolled on the highway, and I took a deep breath in as I looked at the town that I had **grown** so fond **of**. The town where I met Toren. Could I ever forget him? I don't think so. A hole the **size** of the town **was** carved into my chest and I couldn't stop crying silently. Suddenly, the bus screeched to a halt.

"Heyy!" the people inside shouted. "What the fuck are you doing?" a man grunted to the driver. But the driver sat in his place, frozen. Blood from his **face** had drained as he **stared** at someone or something in the dark. "Who the fuck **is** there?" the man shouted.

The driver's **face** morphed from shock to anger. "A boy **is** standing in front of the bus," he shouted, getting up. "Do you want to die?" As he pressed the button to open the door and stood up, I heard heavy footsteps approaching inside.

My **eyes** widened in stunned shock as I saw a furious Toren coming my way. "Toren!" I breathed.

“I told you to **have** faith in me!” he growled, pulling me up by my upper arm.

“You don’t understand!” I protested.

He dragged me out of the bus, much to everyone’s surprise.

“Lady, you need help?” the driver asked.

“No!” I didn’t want Toren to be another controversy because **of me**.

He **dragged** me to his **car** and shoved me inside it before coming next to me. Aiden **was** already on the wheels. He revved the engine, and we sped into the darkness. “We are going to my pack,” Toren announced. “**My** spies have caught your father and his family, and they are waiting for you.”

No, no, no.

Aiden tossed **a** small potion bottle to me. “Drink this.”

What **was** going **on**?