

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 170

Biancha POV

Dread ran down my skin as I looked at the small bottle of potion. It was evident that it was a potion because of the green bubbly liquid it had inside. The liquid of frothing, spitting bubbles as if boiling, even though the bottle was cool to touch. This meant only one thing—the potion was a very strong one.

“I will not drink this,” I said in a quaky voice. “Are you trying to kill me?”

Aiden clenched his teeth as he opened his mouth, but on a second thought, he snapped it shut, muttering curses under his breath. Toren took my hand in his and squeezed it. “Please trust us, Biancha. This is for your own good.”

My forehead bunched up with tension. “What is this?” I asked, skeptical about their approach. “What are you guys hiding from me? The way you are behaving, it’s like there’s a secret between you two!”

Toren licked his dry lips, as if mulling over whether or not he should spill the secret. Taking a ragged breath, he said, “Biancha, Aiden and I read a lot of books about your... condition.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, aghast. “What is my condition? Am I dying?”

“No!” he countered. “Hell no!” He shook his head. “I chose my words wrongly. I mean your species.”

“My species?” My mouth dropped open as the tension got replaced by dread. Once again. Fear of what I could be gripped my mind.

He nodded. “We both believe that you are not a werewolf.”

I stared at him as if he had grown two horns on the sides of his head. “Then what am I?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

“We believe you are one of the last of your kind.”

I was so exasperated by this time that I almost shouted, “Can you fucking tell what am I? I am tired of all this secret stuff going around me. I am tired of living my life like I shouldn’t have existed! And if I am the last of my kind, then what about the person who birthed me? What about my father? He is still out there!” By this point, I was shaking uncontrollably in rage and fear and desperation. “Tell me, Toren. Why are you after me? Why do you want to save me?” Tears of frustration welled in my eyes. “Just fucking stop the car, please!” I shouted. “Stop it. I want to breathe!”

Toren was taken aback by my outburst, but he looked at Aiden in the rearview mirror and nodded. The moment the car halted on the side, I pushed open the door and got out of it. I ran towards the line of trees, a sob exploding out of me. “I hate this world!” I shouted at nothing. Probably I was at the edge of my sanity.

Toren rushed after me, close on my heels. He didn’t stop me, but continued to stay beside me as I ran deeper into the forest. I didn’t run very far because I was panting from all the built-up anger and trepidation inside me. Every breath I took was labored. Unable to run further, I sank to the ground on my knees and bawled. “What is going on?” I asked the goddess. “What have you planned for me? Can you give me some respite?”

He came to sit behind me and gently rolled his arms around my shoulders, softly pulling me into his chest. Resting his head on mine, he tried to quiet me. “Shhh...”

My shoulders shook **as** I cried and cried. “I can’t take it any longer. I’m sick of it. Sick of my life.”

“Don’t **say** that,” he said in a soft voice. “I love you. And I know you love me. We’ll solve it together. Please trust me.”

I leaned into him and closed my eyes, crying, but still feeling better that at least he was with me. When I settled, I said, “Can you tell me what **is** going on?”

“Of course,” he replied. “But can we talk about it in the car? Aiden is waiting for us, and no place is safe for you until we reach my pack.”

I let out a rough exhale before getting up. “Okay...” When we reached the **car**, I found Aiden leaning against it with his arms crossed across his chest. **He** looked tired, but he watched us as we made our way to the **car**. “I’m sorry...” I said to him. Without saying anything, he went to the wheels, and we resumed our journey. I was sure **that** he was upset by my drama, but I couldn’t help letting out my emotions. “So what is it?” I asked Toren.

“**As** I said earlier,” he started. “Aiden and I were reading about all the extinct species and their traits. There was one species we found that had traits resembling yours. I mean, they are matching **exactly** with yours.”

“Which one?” I asked. “I am not a witch.”

He chuckled. “No, you **aren’t** a witch, but we both believe that you could be **a** succubus.”

My eyes opened as wide **as** my mouth as my cheeks burned. The succubus species **was** extinct. They **were** a female demon who seduced men, typically through sexual activity. Their exceptional beauty and allure were accompanied by an irresistible charm. They had features specifically to **attract** and tempt their victims. In the books I had devoured, I read succubi

could change **their appearance** to match **the desires** of the person they **were** seducing. Some of them were so strong that they could enter the dreams of their victims and seduce them.

And the most shocking **part** about succubi **was** that they drained the life force from their victims. In layman's terms, it meant that they lived on the **ejaculation** of their partners. They **sucked** their cocks, which was their only meal.

Breath whooshed out of my body **as** I stared at Toren. I couldn't believe that I was a succubus. I loved to eat normal food. But I wasn't so hungry these days. After I turned eighteen, I **always** felt I **was** missing something. Normal appetite wasn't working for me. Toren would force me to have meals.

Every man I encountered said that I was the most beautiful girl they'd ever seen. Was I unknowingly altering my appearance for them? No, it wasn't possible.

My eyes darted to Toren's jeans and my mouth ran dry, imagining his dick inside it. Shit. I moved my gaze immediately. My eyes went to the rearview mirror where Aiden was watching me closely. He said, "You have mesmerizing blue eyes."

"Blue?" I was shocked. "I have green eyes, Aiden." I blinked my eyes several times.

Toren was shocked. "She has emerald eyes, Aiden."

And now it was Aiden's turn to be shocked. He stared at me again and spoke after a while. "I think she takes the appearance of the woman of your desire. That's a peculiar trait of a succubus."

"What?" I stabbed my fingers in my hair as I stared from him to Toren in stunned shock. "This is absurd!" I rasped.

"This isn't absurd," Aiden replied. "This is what you are, Biancha. We both strongly suspect it. But I guess only your father will be able to answer that question. And because I suspected it, I have bought this potion from a witch

in the black market. She laughed when she heard what I wanted and charged me four times the amount she would normally charge her clients. According to her, the succubi have a trait where they release hormones that impact the men around them. Those hormones are so potent that no one can resist your charm.”

“This is ridiculous!” I snapped, disbelief pricking my chest.

“Do you have a small cut inside your lower lip?” Toren asked.

I didn’t have one earlier, but it had appeared a fortnight ago. And I was popping vitamin B pills for it to go because I was sure that it was an infection. I touched my lower lip with shaky hands, realizing that it wasn’t an infection. “I recently got it…” I murmured.

“That’s where your hormones are released into the air.”

I gasped.

“Biancha, have that potion. It will stop the hormones for a week at least,” Toren requested.

“So you’re sure I am a succubus?”