

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 174

Biancha POV

Some people never change. I stared at my father through blurry eyes, but I blinked away the tears because I didn't want to show him I was weak. When I gazed at Karen, I saw her smirking at me with her **arms** crossed across her chest. She ambled to where my father **was** and sat next to him, crossing her legs over ankles. **They** both looked at me like they owned me and could do whatever they felt like with me. Well, this **was** going to **get** over.

"You can't touch **me** now," I snapped. "**If you** touch me, **I am** going to make sure that you are thrown into the dungeons of the Nord Pack forever?" My chest was rising and falling **with** fury. **How dare they** threaten me?

"What did you **say, bitch?**" **my** father sneered, getting up. "**It** seems you have forgotten your beatings!"

He came to me and lifted his hand in the **air** to slap me, but I caught his hand and pushed him away **from** me. He stumbled and fell on Karen's heels. Shocked, he **stared at** me with wide **eyes**. "You little cunt!" he hissed. "I'm going to make sure that your life becomes miserable. **Wait till** you go to the wolf **I've** sold you to!"

"Shut up!" I exclaimed. "Who can even **say that you are** my biological father? You've always treated me like **an** animal while you treated your two stepdaughters like they **were your** own. I did everything to please you, but I

guess everything was not enough. You were **a** monster who ruined my mom's life and then, in **order** to torture her, you ruined my life." I started trembling with rage. "What did I ever do to you to deserve this treatment? Which father sells **his own daughter just** to make her miserable in life? Which father beats her daughter **all** the time and favors those who are not his? **You** are not my father! **You are a** monster, **a** demon, who has no heart. I wish I had run **away** from you long back! I'm so embarrassed to call **you** my father."

Both Karen and my father looked at me, stunned. "Just because you are with Toren, you **are** speaking like this to me?" he growled. He got up and stepped towards me like he **was** going to kill me. "You are nothing but **a** whore he has kept to please himself. He is an Alpha's son and you **are** so beneath him he will discard you like junk the moment he has fucked you!"

"Father!" I shouted. "You are so mentally imbalanced that you don't even know how to talk to your daughter?"

From the corner of my **eye**, I saw Toren coming into the room with Ginny and Minnie following him. They came to stand beside him as if they owned him. Jealousy ripped my heart.

"Toren," Ginny said in a honeyed voice. "Come in, please. We have something to show you." She softly grasped his forearm and tried to tug him back in, but he snapped his hand away from her, scowling. Ginny gasped and lowered her face with tears forming in her **eyes**. "Sorry, Toren," she said. "But I only wanted to speak with you and show you something Biancha has made."

Toren's brows furrowed. "What do you want to show?"

I was surprised because there was nothing that Ginny had, which I had made. What was she trying to do? When Toren went inside, **my** father resumed, "I will give you until evening to pack your bags. After that, you are coming with us. Do you get it?"

I clenched my **jaw**. “I am not coming with you today or any other day. Alpha Logan invited you to talk to him. I suggest you talk to him and leave!”

“You fucking bitch!” Father lifted his hand to strike me again. But the doors of the apartment opened and Luna Kylie walked in with Kael.

“Malin Fraser!” Kael’s voice boomed in the room, making my father flinch.

“If you want that arm to be removed from your body, touch her!”

Toren came running out of the room with his top shirt buttons open. Red hot jealousy surged inside me and I averted my gaze from him, feeling horrible. Minnie came running after him, looking salaciously at me and then at him. She rubbed her lower lip and giggled. Toren gritted his teeth and walked towards his brother.

Luna Kylie shot him a glare and then turned her attention to my father. “So what were you saying, Marlin?” she said as she crossed the room and **sat** on the sofa next to me like a queen. Goddess, her presence was so commanding.

My father seemed to shrink in his space. He stepped back as if scared to even move. Karen got up from her **place** and stood behind him. “L–Luna Kylie!” My father rasped. “I–I wasn’t expecting you.”

Luna Kylie tilted her **head** and narrowed her **eyes** at him. “So, what were you saying?”

My **father** licked his lips as he glanced at Toren and Kael, who seemed to **have** sucked up the air of the room. In **a low, cautious voice**, he **said**, “I **was** asking Biancha to **pack** her bags. I mean, for how long will she be your guest? Now that you’ve called us, we will **take** her **back** with us.”

“Biancha is not going anywhere,” Luna Kylie said in a very calm **voice**.

My father blinked his **eyes** once and then twice **as if** comprehending **what** she had just said. Karen placed a hand on his shoulder, **encouraging** him to **speak**. “Luna Kylie,” he said. “With all due **respect**, you **can’t** keep my daughter hostage. She is my **daughter** and her **place** is in **my** home, not yours. She will come **back** with me.”

“**Really?**” Luna Kylie cocked an **eyebrow**. “How old **is** Biancha?”

My **father** took a ragged **breath**. “She is eighteen.”

“**In that** case, she is an **adult** and **can** make her own decisions. And the last I **knew**, she **ran away from** her house, which **means that** she **doesn’t** want **to** live **with you**.”

I **couldn’t** have **stated it better**, and I was **so** indebted **to** Luna Kylie **at** the moment that I had no **words**.

“**You** don’t **own** her, Luna **Kylie!**” my **father** snapped.

But the moment he **snapped**, Toren and Kael let **out a** menacing **growl** and he stepped back.

“**You can’t** intimidate me,” my **father** said. “I am the rogue king, and if I want, I can **wage** a war on the Nord Pack with thousands of **rogues** backing me **up!**”

His words made me shiver. Would he **wage** a **war**? And thousands **of rogues**? I bit my **lower** lips **to** stop myself from trembling. This **was** going to **be a** catastrophe.

Kael looked like he could wage a war right now. “You dare threaten us?” he said in a heated voice.

Luna Kylie raised her hand up to stop him. “Marlin **Fraser**, you **are** a self-proclaimed rogue king. I hope you know what happens to the **rogues** when they threaten Alphas. And as we speak, the little rogue pack that you have formed is being raided by my warriors. You are nothing but a speck of dust in my **eyes**.” While my father’s **eyes** widened in horror, Kylie turned to me and then back to him. “**We** know that you have already taken money from the wolf **you** sold **your** daughter to. But guess what?” She clapped her hands twice. The door opened and two warriors entered. They shoved a man to the ground who was all bloodied up. He looked at Kylie with fear in his eyes.

“I am sorry, Luna Kylie. Please forgive me!” he said in a shaky voice.

“Was this the man who you had sold Biancha to?”

My father froze in his spot. Karen paled, and so did Minnie and Ginny.

Luna Kylie chuckled. “Do you know who he is?”

My father gulped. Finding his voice, he coughed. “He is from the Gator Pack.”

Kylie laughed. “No, he is also a rogue, just like you. But he is Karen’s cousin. It was Karen who brought him to you. It was her and her daughters’ idea to sell Biancha. Now guess why would Karen do this?”

My father snapped his head to look at his wife. Shock etched on my face. I just couldn’t fathom the conspiracy that ran so deep. And why? For money?

“I don’t know him!” Karen protested weakly.

“Cousin, why are you saying this?” the man whined. “You asked me to buy Biancha just so we could sell her to a higher bidder. You convinced me she was going to be the best whore the world could see.”

“What? No!” Karen moved away from my father. “He’s lying!”