

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 175

Biancha POV

Luna Kylie narrowed her eyes on my father. She assessed him for a long moment and said, "Okay, my warriors are around this house all the time. Don't think of escaping."

"Yes Luna Kylie," he replied. I could sense that he was shaking internally.

I left along with her, with Toren and Kael behind us. When we arrived in the main hall of the manor, Luna Kylie hugged me. "I'm so sorry for how you were treated by your father. He's a scumbag."

I hugged her back, feeling the warmth of being with a mother. It was a wonderful feeling for a girl who was deprived of motherly love for a long time. "Thank you for helping me out, Luna Kylie," I said, pulling myself away. "It means a lot."

She smiled at me. "We'll meet in the evening. Don't go to them even if they call you. I don't trust them."

I chuckled. It's astonishing how people who barely knew you loved you more than those who knew you their whole lives. "I don't have any intentions of meeting them after what happened."

"Good." She kissed my forehead and went inside.

While Kael went to his room, I went upstairs to Toren's room with him following me. "Bia!" he said, grabbing my wrist. But I was so angry with I twisted my hand and pulled my wrist away from his grip.

"Don't talk to me!" I snapped and ran up the stairs. How could he let Ginny and Minnie touch him?

"Please Bia, listen to me." He rushed after me.

I slammed the door in his **face**, but he opened it and came after me. "I don't want to listen to anything from you!" I shouted, blinking away my tears. "How could you-" I just couldn't take it anymore. The weight of what my father did to me and what I **saw** with Toren came crashing **down** broke into sobs. Seriously, I was an unwanted girl. Luna Kylie was doing everything for me out of kindness.

"Bia, there is nothing. Let me explain," he said, touching my shoulder.

I flinched at his touch. Jerking away, I sank to the ground on my knees. "Don't, Toren. **Please**. I don't want to listen to your explanation **because** there can't be any."

He came to stand in front of me and went to his knees. As he faced me, he didn't touch me and I could **see** pain in his **eyes**. "Bia, those girls **are** bloody scums. I went to the other room **because** your father asked and you agreed with him. Your stepsisters handed me **a** small satchel, saying it contains **your** things. **Just** as I **was** opening it to **see** what was there inside, Ginny pounced on me, and **so** did Minnie. I literally shoved them **away**. Then both fell on the floor, crying like victims. **By** that time, I heard you shouting and **so** I hurried out. That's all. I **swear**, I didn't touch them. **Bu am** so sad that I couldn't get **your** satchel."

I looked **at** him with tears in my **eyes**. "They **have** nothing that belongs to me, but I **feel** like **you**-" I sniffled. "Like you **betrayed** me."

“What?” He cupped my cheeks. I could **sense that** he **was** in pain, but he **was also** speaking the truth. “Bia, I’ll **never** betray you. **Never. Rather** than betray you, I would choose to die defending your honor. How could you **even** think like this?”

My chin quivered at his **words. At** the **authenticity of his** words, **of** his intentions. Unable **to** see him **in** so much **pain**, I **wrapped my** arms around his neck and he pulled me immediately **against** his **chest**. I sighed at the **feeling** of my mate. He **wrapped his** arms around me tightly, resting **his** head on top of mine. “Goddess, I love you **so much, Bia**, that I **can’t** fathom it. You are the reason for my **existence**, I **exist** in **this** world because of you. Please never doubt my love and loyalty **to** you.” He kissed the crown **of** my **head, his chest** rising and falling. “Don’t **believe** in those bitches. **The** moment they pounced on me, I knew they **had planned it all**. I **am** going to **teach** them a lesson!”

I chuckled and snuggled more into his chest. **We** stayed like that **for as long as** I **felt** better. Toren **didn’t** move **and** continued to reassure me with **this** soothing words or kisses until I moved **away from** him.

He brushed my hair from my forehead **and** wiped my **tears**. “Astrid and Layla are waiting **for you**.”

I frowned. “**Why?**”

He rolled his eyes. “Shopping!”

“Ohhh!” I smacked my head. “I forgot about it*”

Astrid and Layla were extremely chatty all the way to the market square while I fidgeted with my fingers in my lap. I had never ever done shopping, and I didn’t know what to buy. I mean, I knew about basic necessities. But when you’ve been broke for ages, **you** don’t even know what clothes you **want** or what materials are good. My lack of knowledge about fashion made me feel anxious

Layla lived surrounded by servants and money **and** power. Toren had told me that Astrid had lived in a city, But me—had lived like a rogue, Whar could i possibly shop fort

In the supermarket, I gawked at all the things that they sold. Layla and Astrid would pick up beautiful dresses for themselves and I would get lost. Finally, they both understood my predicament.

“Choose whatever you like, regardless of the price,” Layla said, holding my hand.

“Yes,” Astrid added. “And choose what you like at first glance. That makes the decisions easier.”

I ended up choosing three pieces of clothing for myself—a dungaree and two shirts. As if offended, Layla bought added three dresses.

“That’s a lot!” I rasped.

“Shut up!” Astrid scolded me and walked to the underwear aisle, hooking my arm in hers.

I returned with five shopping bags, which was a luxury for me.

“Why have you bought so little?” Toren asked, bewildered. “Look at Astrid and Layla? They brought tons of bags.”

I smiled as I pecked his cheek. “I am happy with this, Toren. You are doing a lot for me already.”

His brows furrowed. “You are my mate and future wife. This is the least I can do. Please buy more. It will make me happy.”

I laughed at my beautiful mate. “I’m not cut out for this, Toren.”

He stared at me intensely and then pulled me into his warm embrace as if understanding my issue. “It’s fine,” he said softly. “We will stay with each other forever, and I am going to spoil you in that time.”

It was evening, and I knew father would come with Karen. As for Ginny and Minnie – Toren ordered to stay in the house. He had instructed his warriors to arrest them if they stepped out.

Alpha Logan sat along with Luna Kylie in the main hall. Their presence was commanding. My father and Karen bowed to them before sitting on the opposite sofa. I sat on the right along with Toren, while Kael sat on the right with Aiden.

“So what do you have for **us?**” Alpha Logan said directly, without wasting time in exchanging pleasantries.

My father looked at me and said, “She is my daughter and she had run away from us. Now that you’ve found her, please return her to us.”

Alpha Logan narrowed his **eyes**. “She is an adult and you can’t treat her like she is a commodity. Biancha is going to stay wherever she **likes**.”

“No!” my father snapped. “I will appeal to the Head Council. You have kidnapped her!”

“And I’ll file **a case** against you for trying to **sell** her,” Alpha Logan replied coldly. “The witness who will testify against you is in our dungeons.”

My **father** paled **as** Karen clutched his hand tightly.

“It’s better you stop spouting nonsense, Marlin,” Alpha Logan growled. “Tell us where **is Biancha’s** mother.”

My father **glared at** me. “Her mother abandoned her. She **hated** her. She fled with her lover, leaving Biancha with me. I couldn’t take her betrayal and so I left her along with my daughter.”

“Lies!” I rasped. “You **said that** you kidnapped me and took **me** with you.”

“That’s a story I told you!” he said loudly. “**So** that **you** don’t feel **bad** about your mother.”

I blinked my eyes as every memory **that** was built inside **me shattered**,
“**No...** no...”

“That is the truth, Biancha. No one likes you. Your mother
dumped **you on** me! She ran away with her lover. Deal with **it!**”

My vision turned blurry **as** tears ran down my cheeks.

Alpha Logan leaned forward. He asked, “**Is** Biancha **your** daughter even?”