

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 176

Biancha POV

My father gaped at Alpha Logan **as** if he had asked an immoral question. “What do you mean?” he said, glancing at me nervously. “Biancha is my daughter!”

Alpha Logan leaned back in his chair, crossing one leg over the other, resting it on his knee. He cocked his head as a smirk came on his lips. “So tell me, are you a werewolf?”

Father seemed to lose his shit, but he clenched his teeth and took a deep breath in. “Yes, Alpha Logan, I am a werewolf. Would you like me to shift to show my wolf?”

“That would be great,” Alpha Logan said, narrowing his eyes.

My father looked at Karen, who seemed like she was utterly confused. When she didn’t respond to him, my father said, “Alpha Logan, would you like me to shift here or in the garden?”

Alpha Logan looked to **Kael**, who nodded. “Please come to the garden with me,” Kael instructed my father.

As I watched my father leaving with Kael with frustration mounting, I couldn’t help but stifle a laugh. I didn’t know where Alpha Logan was going, but I was thoroughly enjoying how it was playing. Luna Kylie stared at Karen

for a while until she was totally uncomfortable. “Do you know anything about Biancha’s mother?”

Karen licked her dry lips and opened her mouth. But she snapped it shut, glancing at me. When she opened it again, she resembled a fish out of water. “I— I don’t know much. Just that Marlin and her mother, Erin, constantly had arguments with each other. They weren’t happy and Marlin couldn’t take it anymore. According to him, it was an abusive relationship. So he decided to run away. But he took his daughter with him.”

“So you’re saying that it was Erin who used to fight with Marlin?” Luna Kylie asked.

“**Yes**, they didn’t go well together at all. Marlin didn’t want his daughter to suffer at the hands of that psycho. Erin’s mental health was deteriorating day by day.”

I couldn’t believe the lies Karen was spouting. “No Karen,” I countered. “I was ten years old when my father took me with him. I remember my mom. She wasn’t mentally unstable. On the contrary, she loved me.” A lump formed in my throat **as** I said those words and **as** I remembered my mom’s face, even though it would emerge from the haze of my mind, even though I didn’t remember all the **features so** well.

Karen shrugged. “Don’t tell me. It’s your father who says those things.”

“The only psycho that I **see** here **is** Marlin,” Toren scoffed.

By **that** time, **Kael** came back with my father. He nodded at Alpha Logan **as** my father went to sit next to Karen, obviously agitated **as** hell. **But he was** suppressing his **anger as best as** he could because he knew he was in the presence of five Alphas.

“So you **are** a werewolf,” Alpha Logan stated coldly. “What about Erin? Was she a werewolf too?”

“**Yes!**” Marlin snapped. “We **are** both werewolves, but unfortunately our daughter, who you **are so graciously** thinking **of** making

a **part of your Alpha** family, hasn't shifted. So she is wolf-less." He looked **at** me with hatred in his **eyes**. "I think this drama **is over**. **Pack** up your things, **Biancha**. We will **leave** now!"

"Not so soon," **Alpha Logan growled**. "**You will stay** here for as long as I ask you to! And if both **of you are werewolves**, how come **Biancha isn't a** werewolf?"

My father's mouth dropped open in surprise. He collected himself, **clenched** his fist, and said, "Alpha Logan, please **return Biancha** to me. She is my daughter and I am her guardian. We **don't** want to **stay** here for another moment."

"Why? Because you **are** telling lies?" Alpha Logan's accusatory tone boomed in the hall.

Marlin whipped his head at him. "**Lies?** Why **will I** lie? What are **you** getting at? I am not telling any lies. Now, **if you will** excuse me, I will **leave**, Biancha is my daughter, and she **will go with** me. I got her from her mother's clutches to save **her** from abuse, and I **will-**"

"**To save** me from abuse or to abuse me?" I shouted. "You **beat** me every other day. When I asked about my mom, you revealed nothing about her. When I asked you to return **me** to her, you **didn't**, and now you even sold me to someone. **If that** is not abuse, then what is it?"

"**Biancha!**" my father shouted at me. "**I was always** guiding **you!**"

"By beating me?" I shouted back.

My father **got up** and strode **to** me, anger radiating **off** him. He grasped **my** hand and pulled **me** up when Toren **caught** his throat and growled, his **fangs** slipping from his gums. "Stay **away** from **her!**" he growled.

Toren shoved him to the ground. "Don't you fucking touch her again!" he growled.

“You can’t-”

Suddenly, a man with thick red hair that was tied in a pony, entered the main hall. He looked at me with his green eyes and a lovely smile came to his lips. Wearing a black shirt with gray trousers, he had a soft demeanor. His face, marked by wrinkles, spoke of wisdom, suggesting he was older than my father.

His eyes went to Alpha Logan, who got up. They shook hands and Alpha Logan invited him to sit. “Alpha Jax,” he said. “It’s an honor to have you amongst us.”

Alpha Jax? That name rang a bell somewhere. I stared at him as he sat on a sofa opposite to me. He looked at me again and gave me a kind smile.

From the corner of my eye, I saw my father turning pale, as if he had seen a ghost. He coughed and sputtered as he got up.

“Hello Marlin,” Alpha Jax almost growled at him. “Long time. Where were you all these years?”

I don’t know why, but my father tried to run away from there, but the warriors stopped him and brought him back.

Alpha Logan looked from Karen to Marlin. “Have you seen him before, Marlin?” he enquired.

My father was shaking like a leaf. He didn’t answer the question. He looked like he had been slapped on his face.

“I’ll tell you where you have seen him in case you have lost your memory,” Logan continued.

“This is Alpha Jax, of the River Creek Pack, whose daughter you kidnapped out of revenge.”

Surprise exploded in my chest as I stared at Alpha Jax. Was he my father? If he was my father, who was Marlin? Somewhere in the restricted area of Yosemite, the River Creek Pack was the last werewolf habitat in the west.

Logan chuckled. "You never married his daughter."

What! My heart started drumming like a drummer gone mad. I grasped Toren's hand tightly.

"Alpha Jax has a daughter, Erin, but she is married to Mason. You were just an omega who had a crush on her and forced her to marry you so that you could become the Alpha of the pack. But she refused and out of spite, you tried to rape her when you found her alone at her home. Alpha Jax's warriors found you when you were forcing Erin to submit. You ran away from there, scared that they would kill you, but you took ten-year-old Biancha with you by making her unconscious."

"No, he is lying!" Marlin replied in a low, shaky voice. "I don't know this man."

Logan ignored him and turned to me. "Biancha, Marlin isn't your father. But having said that, Erin isn't your mother either. Though she loved you like a mother."

My mind went numb, but my **eyes** went to Alpha Jax, who looked extremely concerned.

Logan took a deep breath in. "Alpha **Jax** found you at the border of his pack swaddled in a blanket. Seeing you were all alone, he adopted you."

My throat choked **as I** seemed to have lost sense of breathing. Everything turned blurry. **was** an orphan. Why **was** Marlin so keen on taking **me** with him?

"Biancha," Alpha **Jax** said in a polite voice. "Can I talk to you privately? I'm aware you may have countless questions, but I'm ready **to answer** every single one."

"Who **are** my parents?" I asked through my **tears**.