

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 2

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 2-The day that dawned was grey and bleak with an overcast sky. It was the first official day of classes. After the Quads had told me to fvck off last night, I had tried to find Toby to drive me home but he had been chatting up some guy. Jillian had been in this rich guy's lap. She had introduced him to me as Chet. He was actually best friends with the Quads and their next door neighbour. He was tall with olive skin, black wavy hair and dark brown eyes. He had dropped us both back to the boarding school in his corvette.

I sighed as I dragged myself out of bed. I had brought a bucket to Jillian's bedside because she kept vomiting. She had been drunk last night and was still hungover this morning.

"Who was that guy, really, Jillian?" I asked, sweeping her strawberry blond ringlets out of her eyes. She had been too drunk last night to explain properly.

She shot up into a sitting position making me jump.

"What?" I squealed.

"He's my mate" she said softly. "Last night, I met my mate!"

She squealed then frowned. "But I was so drunk I hardly got to talk to him. What happened?"

"He took us home," I said smiling. I was happy for her even if it meant I would have to see the two-faced Quads more often now.

Jillian hugged me.

"Chet is so wonderful, Star! I can't wait for you to find your mate and then we can double date!" Exclaimed Jillian.

I smiled. Truth be told, I could not picture myself having a mate. The way werewolf guys doted on their she-wolf mates. I just could not fathom any guy liking me that much. I knew that probably sounded pathetic and hopelessly insecure but it was true. I really could not picture it. I sighed.

Our first class of senior year was Lupine English Literature, one of my favourites. I sat in the front and listened with rapt attention. I had to keep my

grades up as I was on scholarship and my grandmother really could not afford this place. My parents had been killed by rogues when I was little and Granny Hella had raised me. We were really close. We didn't have much but we had each other.

The Quads walked in late with the same four girls from the hot tub the other night. I made sure to not lock eyes with any of them though I could feel their eyes on me. Jillian was next to me, grinning widely. I looked up and immediately regretted doing so as I locked eyes with Noah. His expression was impassive. Chet was next to him beaming at Jillian. Chet came and sat next to Jillian, wrapping his arms around her.

"You ok?" He murmured practically pulling her onto his laugh.

Chet and Jillian had both turned eighteen over the break so even though they had never realised each other's existence before they were joined at the hip now. The Quads were eighteen as well but had yet to find their mates.

Angelique strutted into class in impossibly high heels that were not regulation. We had to wear uniforms, knee-length grey pleated skirts, grey blazer, white shirts and grey bowties. The guys wore grey blazers and pants with white shirts and regular ties. We all had to wear black, white or grey flat shoes and socks. Angelique's heels were red stilettos paired with shimmery fishnet stockings. Jonah whistled at her which made my heart contract painfully. Ugh. Why was I so jealous of stupid Angelique all of a sudden? She sat between the Quads with two of them on either side of her. She was keeping their attention with some long ridiculous story about being asked to model in Paris but turning it down to go model in Milan instead.

I could feel Noah's eyes on me. If I'd been a b.raver girl, I would've told him off. He was acting so strangely, nice one minute, then mean the next. I would rather he just ignore me. It occurred to me that Angelique was eighteen already too, meaning that the Quads were definitely not her mates as she would've felt the mate-bond already. I smiled at this but then stopped myself. Why did I care?

"...Friday at 9pm. You're gonna love it!" Said Chet as class had just finished.

Jillian nudged me. "Aren't you excited?"

Huh. I hadn't been listening to the teacher and I hadn't been listening to Jillian and Chet either.

“My parents cabin, in the woods,” said Chet. “We’re gonna spend a weekend there. We’ll be back by Sunday night!”

“Saturday is Star’s birthday!” Exclaimed Jillian.

“Awesome! There’s no better place to celebrate!” Said Chet.

“That is coming with us to the lake, Chet,” said Angelique.

Jonah stifled a laugh. Noah just frowned at me while Elijah and Isaiah sneered.

“If Star isn’t welcome then I have no business being there,” snapped Jillian defending me. My heart soared. Noah smiled a little.

“I was just kidding, Jillie-bear!” Exclaimed Angelique.

Jillie-bear? I almost vomited.

I was on my way out of class. Angelique and three of the Quads were ahead of me along with Jillian and Chet who were holding hands. Suddenly, someone grabbed my hand. Tingles shot through my arm. I looked up. Noah had me pressed into the wall of one of the school buildings. The others disappeared from view. For one intense split second I thought he was going to k!ss me but he didn’t.

“Don’t come to the Cabin this weekend!” He whispered fiercely.

My heart throbbed.

“Why not?” I whispered trying to not sound so broken.

“Because Angelique will just use this as an opportunity to humiliate you and Jonah will go along with it,” he snarled as though that were obvious.

“Why does Jonah hate me so much?” I asked, feeling helpless and hopeless all of a sudden.

“Jonah?” Inquired Noah frowning. “He doesn’t hate you. He just laughs at all of Angelique’s antics. A better question would be why does Angie hate you so much?”

“Oh, she’s my cousin. My Dad and her mother were brother and sister,” I said.

“Were?” Asked Noah.

“My Dad’s dead,” I said softly.

He loosened his hold on me a little.

“Sorry to hear that,” he mumbled.

“It was a long time ago,” I said.

“So Angie doesn’t want you to tell people you’re related?” Asked Noah.

“Why?”

“The same reason you didn’t want anyone to know you helped me with my luggage...ashamed of me I guess,” I snapped and tried to brush past him. He gripped my arms and really pinned me to the wall this time with one knee between my legs, his hips pressed against my tummy as I was considerably shorter than him. His palms were on either side of my head and his nose was buried in my curls. He sniffed the top of my head and I shivered. I squirmed, wanting to escape but me fighting him was like a butterfly raging against a bear, nonsensical, pointless. I sighed, relaxing in this weird embrace. He seemed satisfied when I became limp in his arms, submissive. He finally stepped back.

“I expect to not see you there! Don’t disobey me!” He ordered.

I glared at him. “It’s for your own good, Hannah,” he said softly and walked away.