

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 3

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 3-I was not about to let Noah boss me around. I was going to the Cabin. Jillian would be there and it was her mate's cabin so I felt safe enough.

After classes, I showered and dressed in a mini black dress with puff sleeves over black stockings and high heeled Mary Janes. I actually took the time to do my makeup. Cat eyes and red lipstick. I felt a little strange with it on.

"Wow!" Exclaimed Jillian.

I smiled at her. We went down to the foyer where Chet was waiting. I was sad that Toby wasn't coming. It would just be me, Jillian, the Quads and Devilique.

"Excited for your birthday tomorrow?" Asked Chet while he lifted my suitcase into the trunk of his car.

No.

"Yes," I lied.

"You might find your mate soon," commented Chet.

Hopefully not.

"Hopefully," I said.

I really didn't need some guy rejecting me right now when I was already dreading this school year. Things at home had become abysmal financially. Granny told me not to come home for Halloween or Christmas because she couldn't afford to feed me and she was too proud to ask the pack for help even though the pack leaders gave money to less fortunate members all the time. That's what the pack was for. It was supposed to be like a family. I had nothing really to offer my mate besides love and my company. I sighed. I got in the backseat and off we went.

Chet drove his car really fast to impress Jillian who squealed in delight, enjoying the wind in her hair. I spotted two other sports cars. One was being driven by Jonah and Angelique was in the passenger seat. I felt nauseated again. It was a Maserati according to Jillian. The other car was a luxury vehicle I did not recognize but it was gorgeous. It was matte black. Noah was

driving it and Elijah and Isaiah were in the backseat playing on their phones. Noah was racing Chet and grinning but then he spotted me in the backseat of Chet's car and his whole demeanour changed. He frowned.

When we got to the Cabin. I was scared to face Noah. The "Cabin" was a huge vacation home in the woods with a dock and a private lake. It had three stories not including the attic and the basement. It was decorated in warm colours: creams, mustard yellows, antique golds, chocolate browns and muted reds. The colour palette was reminiscent of Fall. The kitchen was bigger than my entire house. There was a huge living room, a television room with a huge flatscreen television and comfy sofas, a games room with a pool table and another big television with game consoles, an indoor pool and jacuzzi, an outdoor pool and jacuzzi with a patio and brick oven, seven bedrooms and eight bathrooms.

There was a housekeeper named Lana, a middle aged woman with a heart shaped face and a no-nonsense tone that did not suit her face. She gazed disdainfully at Jillian and me. Certain staff members of the elite families hated to wait on poor friends of the aristocracy. A maid in the Alpha's house ranked higher than most low-ranking members of the pack. Staff like that also seemed to dislike rich guys accepting girls with no family money as their mates. Lana was definitely the type.

"Careful! That crystal vase is extremely expensive!" said Lana patronisingly.

"It says it's for her," I said indignantly.

The vase contained three dozen long-stem pink roses and the huge heart shaped tag read "For Jillian, my mate, my love, my life."

Lana scowled at the note and said, "I wasn't talking to you dear heart. Know your place."

Whoa. Before I could angrily protest, Noah came into the kitchen. Lana beamed at him. "Oh, Alpha..."

"Just a moment, Lana," said Noah quickly and to Lana's outrage, he grabbed my hand and marched me into the pantry shutting the door behind us.

"I told you not to come!" snapped Noah.

His eyes were black. This was ridiculous.

“Jillian is my best friend and Chet is her mate,” I said simply. “You’re a stranger who won’t even admit that we spoke once! Why should I listen to you?”

Noah frowned as if truly upset by my words. He quickly recovered.

“I’m your alpha!” He said.

Oh yeah. There was that. He wasn’t officially Alpha yet though.

I sighed, tired of being scolded by everyone.

“Ok, Alpha, I’m sorry. It won’t happen again..”

Noah’s expression softened. He grabbed my hand, his thumb was stroking my wrist. He sighed.

“You don’t have to call me alpha,” he murmured.

“But I have to obey you so I may as well start now,” I said fatigued.

Noah got annoyed. “Fine! Suit yourself!” He snapped looking me up and down.

He licked his lips. He stormed out of the pantry. I sauntered out, sighing to myself already not looking forward to my birthday tomorrow. I knew I would not get any presents. Granny was flat out broke. Jillian might get me something even though I told her not to waste her time or money on me.

I could hear screams and giggles outside. Jonah, Noah and Angelique were playing in the lake. The boys were in their swim trunks, their perfect abs were on display and glimmering in the sun. Angie was in a sparkly gold bikini. She was so skinny like a size zero. I had to admit I was envious. I felt self conscious about my body. I wore a size six and was curvy. Jillian who was skinny too, maybe a size two, always lamented the fact that I had boobs and hips that she wanted. I would trade honestly. I had always been teased and people sometimes insinuated that I was fat though I had a normal weight for my height.

I changed into my bathing suit, a black bikini with puff sleeves and high waisted bottoms. I put a kimono on over it and sat at the window seat on the landing of the stairs. I could see the dock and the lake from here. Angie was

on Jonah's shoulders and Jillian was kissing Chet while they cuddled in a beach blanket on the shore. The water and lakeside were gorgeous and pristine like something from a post card. Noah splashed Jonah and Angie with water and then he splashed Jillian who retaliated. I couldn't go out there like this. I sighed.

"Why so glum?" Said a voice. I looked up. Isaiah. Ugh. The meanest of the Quads. I ignored him.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" He said.

I was compelled to look at him. "Didn't you tell me to fvck off the other day?"

He smirked and chuckled a little as though that were funny.

"I was really drunk when I said that!" He admitted. That was no excuse. He sat on the sill next to me. I felt his eyes trailing over my form. I instinctively covered up before he could insult my body.

"What're you hiding for?" He asked.

"I just...I know you guys don't want me here but I came to support my best friend ok. She's always been there for me and she's really excited to find her mate," I explained.

"I never said I didn't want you," Isaiah said.

"Here?!" I added the missing word for him.

He didn't say anything in response to that.

"You're turning eighteen tomorrow. We gotta stay up till midnight and ring it in," said Isaiah matter-of-factly.

"Um, ok," I said cautiously, remembering what Noah had said about Angie using this opportunity to try to humiliate me.

"Ok," said Isaiah getting up and holding out his hand.

I tried to shake the hand but he hoisted me up and pulled me out of the house.

"Hey, n-no please I can't swim!" I cried.

Noah looked up worried. Angie looked pissed off to see me actually here encroaching on her quadruplet time. Jillian cheered when she saw me and Chet grinned. Isaiah pulled me along the dock. The dive from here would be into very deep water. He pulled me right in with him. I screamed and swallowed mouthfuls of water, spluttering. Before I could thrash about too much, Isaiah had me in his arms, bridal style, while he treaded water with me. I kept my arms around his neck holding on for dear life. Noah was staring at me, his eyes displayed anger and something else...

“Put your legs around me. It’ll be easier,” said Isaiah.

I did as I was told without thinking too much about it. I faced him with my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. He swam with me this way quite effortlessly. I was staring straight into his green eyes.

“I like your bathing suit...how it has little frilly sleeves,” chuckled Isaiah.

“I don’t like my arms,” I blurted out. “So I always wear sleeves.”

“What’s wrong with your arms?” He asked.

“They’re huge!” I cried. Why was I telling him all these things? How was I comfortable with the meanest Quad?

He snickered. Here came the insult.

“You’re tiny. You’re insane what’re you talking about,” he chuckled.

The insult wasn’t very insulting. Tiny? Was he insane?

I suddenly became aware of his body and mine. I was a foot shorter and he must have weighed at least a hundred pounds more than me but it was all lean muscle. He was broad shouldered. His biceps and triceps were bulging. I could feel his rock hard abs against my soft tummy under the water. His chest was hard. He caught me staring and laughed. He flexed his pecs like those male exotic dancers did and I blushed deeply. His arms were around my waist. I wiggled in his grip a bit. That was when I felt it a huge hard bulge poking me nestled against my bikini bottoms. I gasped and Isaiah smirked.

“See I’m not lying,” he said. “I like what I see.” His voice was husky. It made my stomach clench. Heat ignited in my lower belly.

Isaiah rocked his hips against me a little.

“Don’t,” I protested weakly. He stopped immediately to my relief. I didn’t wanna be used by him and his brothers and go back to school on Monday feeling like a stupid slut.

“May I ask why?” He said rather politely.

I said the only thing I could think of. “I’m saving myself for my mate.”

“So you’re a virgin?” He said, his green eyes darkening.

“You knew that already. Can’t you smell it?” I asked.

Alphas and other powerful wolves could smell if a she-wolf was mated or unmarked.

“Yeah I can smell it,” he said softly.

Water splashed in my face. I squealed. I had been so engrossed in my strangely captivating and intimate conversation with Isaiah I had forgotten we were here with others. Angie has splashed me. She tossed her head back laughing.

“Clingy much?” She said snidely at my embrace of Isaiah.

He was still holding me in the deep cool water and didn’t seem willing to let me go anytime soon. He had me thinking all kind of dirty thoughts I usually didn’t think, like what would he say about my other body parts. What part on me would be his favourite? Which part of him would be my favourite? I already had a strong contender making itself known as it continued to poke against my bikini bottoms. My core started to get wet in anticipation of him. Oh no. This was embarrassing. Everyone would smell my body overreacting to Isaiah’s touch. I bit my lip.

“Hey! Come on, come over here, we’re having a splash war,” said Angie, just as bossy as when we were kids. She knew I couldn’t swim.

“She can’t swim!” called Isaiah.

“So both of you come here then!” Angie practically growled.

“fvck off!” Called Isaiah eliciting laughter from Jonah.

Maybe that was his catch phrase or something. I had taken things so harshly the other night.

“Sorry,” I whispered to him, blushing.

“For what?” He asked, looking truly confused.

“For spoiling your fun,” I said sheepishly, frowning.

He had to babysit me because I couldn’t swim. He chuckled.

“You are my fun, you little i***t,” he said.

“Hey!” I squealed at being called i***t.

“What?” Growled Isaiah making me tremble as he pressed his nose against mine and allowed his eyes to turn black.

He edged even closer, his eyes half-closed and his lips parted,

“Don’t kiss me,” I whispered.

“Why not, Star?” He whispered. He knew my name.

“I’m saving it all for my mate,” I said, using the same excuse.

“Damn, that’s one lucky mate!” growled Isaiah playfully.

I giggled. I stayed like that for a very long time just holding onto Isaiah, enjoying the water and the feel of his body. Something hit me. How did I not think of this before?

“Hey you probably have a girlfriend?” I said sadly.

“No,” he chuckled.

“What about Angie?” I asked.

“She’s Jonah’s whatever the hell they are. They don’t use labels or whatever,” he muttered.

Huh, so she did not have a claim for all four of them. She was barely holding on to her claim of the one. I smiled. I didn't care what Noah said. I was already here and like Isaiah said I should ring in my birthday and have some fun!