

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 31

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 31-Star's POV

Shortly after the Quads left, I turned my closet inside out looking for something sparkly to wear for Eli. I found a dress Toby had given me as a Christmas present last year. I had never worn it. It was a blush coloured dress that sparkled with multicoloured glitter all over it. It was rather short but it flared out at the waist and had a sweet-heart neckline and long loose sleeves that were tapered at the wrists. I put it on and admired how it shimmered with every movement. I had never worn it because of how short it was. I just couldn't bend in it, that's all, I told myself. I had just finished fixing my hair and makeup when there was a knock on my broken door.

"Um, who is it?" I asked.

"Ready for your close-up, Movie Star?" Said a familiar voice.

Harper!

"Come in!" I said.

Harper pushed the door open and caught it before it fell flat. He chuckled. He didn't seem the least bit surprised by the door. Did he know what had happened?

"Jonah has quite the temper, doesn't he?" Chuckled Harper.

"You know about what happened?!" I squealed.

Harper pulled me into a tight hug. He massaged my back soothingly. He kissed my forehead gently and smoothed my curls.

"Jonah told me," he murmured.

What?!

"What?! Why?! When?! How?!" I blurted out, sounding like a broken record.

Harper chuckled. He answered every question in order. "Yes, he told me the whole story. Because he wanted me to come get you and take you safely to the show. He told me fifteen minutes ago. It was over mind-link."

I was shocked.

“Ready?! You look the part, Movie Star,” said Harper.

“Yes, ready,” I said. Harper always had this calming effect on me like I’d known him before I even met him as though I knew I was safe with him.

He extended his arm to me and we walked down to the massive theatre at the Academy together. Harper was in all black as usual, a black silk shirt with black trousers. I caught many girls admiring him as we walked past them. My heart almost skipped a beat when I spotted the Quads making their way to the front row to sit near the Principal. Jonah had changed his shirt. Angelique was with them. I wondered if my smell lingered on the younger three. They turned around at the precise moment Harper and I reached them. I tried to steer Harper away from them but as always he did not seem afraid of them.

Zaya stiffened. Eli smirked at my glittery blush-coloured dress, knowing it was for him. I looked down habitually as my cheeks reddened. Eli continued to stare at me with bright eyes. Jonah’s body became more rigid but he did not look my way. Noah looked right at me. He smiled slightly. Angelique looked me up and down as if I’d grown a second head. She was sneering at my dress. She was wearing a red velvet dress that accentuated her cleavage and her hips.

“Angelique,” said Harper smoothly.

“Hey Harper!” Said Angie, smiling more genuinely at him.

“Jonah, Noah, Elijah, Isaiah,” said Harper rather formally.

Zaya nodded and took a deep breath. Eli grimaced. Noah forced a smile.

“Harper, Hannah,” said Jonah stiffly, smiling at us without meeting our eyes.

At least two dozen girls from Harper’s fan club at school were squealing and swooning nearby. His band actually seemed to have groupies. I spotted pictures of him and the other bandmates in their hands. They were waiting for autographs.

“What song will you be performing today, Harper?” Asked Jonah.

“My band, Pariah, will perform the fan favourite, Fated,” said Harper.

The fans overheard this and a few of them screamed and jumped up and down. Others did little celebratory dances. I grinned at them. I wasn't jealous. Harper deserved those fans. He was truly talented.

"I haven't heard it," said Zaya offhandedly.

"You'll hear it soon," said Harper with a grin. "I can't wait to finally introduce the band to my girl, Movie Star," purred Harper.

I blushed.

Zaya looked livid.

"You're just doing one song! A big school talent like you," said Eli.

Harper laughed his silky laugh. "No of course not, we're doing three as a band and then I'm gonna sing one song solo accompanying myself on acoustic guitar. That one is intimate, personal, from me to my Movie Star."

Eli was gripping the arms of his chair with a rather intense amount of force.

"Do you ever sing to Angie, Jonah?" Asked Harper.

I raised my eyebrows.

"We're not so showy. We're more low-key," said Jonah.

"Sure," said Harper dismissively.

Chet came over with Jillian. Jillian squealed and launched herself at me. We hugged. She had slept over at Chet's mansion while I had been with Noah and then Zaya and Eli and then Jonah who broke up the party.

"Harper!" Said Chet. "Good luck! Break a leg!"

"Break both," muttered Zaya.

Harper chuckled.

"You're gonna be amazing! I love Pariah!" Said Jillian enthusiastically. Chet frowned.

“Hannah, what’s your favourite Pariah song?” Asked Noah, expecting me to not know any of them.

“Luna,” I said, the song not me.

Noah frowned.

“That song is amazing! But I like Fated better,” said Jillian.

“How do you guys know these songs?” Muttered Zaya incredulously.

“You don’t like music, Zaya?” Asked Harper.

“I’m very particular about my music!” Said Zaya.

“So is Movie Star,” said Harper, kissing my forehead and pulling me close to his side. “She made sure I had my song for her just right.” Harper nuzzled me.

Zaya looked like he was going to shift or faint. I wasn’t sure which.

The head girl, Madison Fong, got on stage. “Please take your seats, everyone. Five minutes till the start of the show!” She said.

I liked her a bit now for not busting me last night during my sleepover. I was sure she had heard or smelled what was going on during her patrol. I also respected her for not being afraid of Miss Hitch, our scary Vice Principal.

Harper led me backstage.

“Excited to meet the guys?” He asked.

“Yeah!” I said. I really was.

Some of the other performers were nervously practicing or anxiously staring in their mirrors, adjusting their outfits and costumes. He walked me over to a group of extremely calm guys.

“This is Chester,” said Harper as he clapped a guy on the back.

Chester was tall, lean and pale with long auburn hair literally down to his back. He had one blue eye and one brown one. I stared at him until I realised how rude I was being and looked away. Chester grinned. He was strikingly handsome but in a very unusual sort of way.

“He’s our drummer,” said Harper.

“What’s up, Leading Lady?!” Said Chester. He had a sleepy way of speaking, like he was groggy and had just woken up. His long hair was lustrous and thick but tousled as though he had in fact just rolled out of bed. Even his ripped jeans and Tee shirt were crinkled but he smelled nice, sort of spicy, so I knew he had probably gotten ready. Grunge was just his preference.

“Nice to meet you,” I said excitedly shaking Chester’s hand. Instead of shaking my hand he pulled on it spinning me around. The other band members cheered. I giggled.

“This is River,” said Harper, nodding in the direction of a wavy-haired blonde guy. He had green eyes that reminded me of the Quads. He had high-cheekbones and a dimple on only one side.

“Come through, Movie Star!” He said with a grin.

They were being so nice to me. Did they know I was only a fake girlfriend? These guys were very popular at the Academy though somewhat unfamiliar as they rarely attended class. I was used to popular rich kids being so mean but they seemed genuinely thrilled to meet me.

“Hi!” I said shyly to River with a wave. He beamed.

“You play ba.ss guitar right?” I said, trying to make conversation.

Harper had told me a little about each of them on the way here because I told him I was nervous to meet the band.

“Guilty,” said River with a wink.

“And this is Brink!” Said Harper.

I almost fell over. My safe word.

Brink was the tallest guy in the band, probably six and a half feet tall with medium brown skin, hazel eyes and long dreadlocks. He was incredibly buff. He suited his name.

“Is your name really Brink?” I asked softly.

Brink laughed and so did the others.

“His name is Clarence,” said sleepy Chester.

“Clarence Williams the third,” added River.

“Shut up, Sleepy and Drippy,” said Brink laughing but rolling his eyes.

His friends cracked up even more.

“Please call me Brink, Star!” Insisted Brink.

I wasn’t about to say no to him. He was built like an alpha.

I nodded eagerly.

“I don’t really see you guys around much. I wish we had some classes together,” I said.

They all roared with laughter.

“Movie Star, we have like every class together!” Said Harper.

“What?” I said, shocked. “So you go to...none of them?”

They were almost in tears.

“Our parents paid off the principal. We have perfect attendance!” Said River.

Chester nudged him. “Don’t admit to that!”

“Who cares?” Said Brink pulling out his lighter to light a cigarette for a cheerleader nearby.

I heard that high-pitched nasal voice that I recognised so well.

“Moon! You’re performing?! Backstage is only for performers,” Angie said as she strutted over, holding her cheerleader uniform on her way to change.

“Are you on the security team? That’s a weird uniform your patrol squad has,” said Brink, looking at Angie’s cheerleader uniform.

The cheerleader Brink had lit the cigarette for laughed and so did a few others. Angie smiled faintly. She forced a laugh.

“Movie Star is my Muse!” Said Harper theatrically. Several cheerleaders swooned at this. “She is part of the Band!” Explained Harper. “She inspires me by her very existence. Her life is her performance as a Muse.”

His bandmates nodded as if that were the most profound thing ever said. I heard a cheerleader whisper, “Wow.” They were in awe of him. Angie was pissed but trying to hide it rather than seem uncool even for a second.

“Of course,” said Angie. “A-Muse-ing.” Angie laughed.

The bandmates were quiet.

“Humour is not your thing, Babe,” said Chester, leaning back in his chair.

Everyone laughed even the cheerleaders though Angie was their captain. She glared at them and they quickly stopped.

“I need to go change,” said Angie with a fake smile.

“Safety first,” said Chester.

A cheerleader snickered but quickly shut up when Angie fixed her with a murderous stare. The cheerleaders left. The last one to leave was the one with the cigarette. She glanced over her shoulder at Brink, winking at him. He smirked at her.

“Is that your mate?” I asked, curious about the two of them.

The bandmates roared with laughter.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 32

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 32-Star’s POV

“No, twinkle-twinkle-little-star, she’s not!” Said Brink.

“She’s so innocent!” Commented Chester. “What’s she doing with you?”

“Getting corrupted,” said River.

They laughed but Harper didn’t. He surprised me. He spoke to them in another language I didn’t quite recognise. They all clearly understood him and

stopped laughing. They didn't make anymore suggestive jokes with me but they remained friendly and lighthearted for which I was grateful.

The show started. The Principal, Eric Sanderson, schmoozed during his introductory address, mentioning several prominent families, name-dropping a few famous past pupils and acknowledging that our future alphas were with us and that the pack's alphas have always attended this Academy since its inception.

The Vice Principal, Miss Megan Hitch aka Mega b***h stood to his left and was as intimidating as ever. She sneered at a few overly loud students when they cheered too much. She caught sight of me standing in the wings and raised her heavily penciled eyebrows at me. She turned away from me with a huff. Her black pantsuit with its sizeable

Molly Summers, our young Dean and Principal Eric's alleged daughter, was all smiles, flipping her hair and waving at each student who hailed her out. Dean Summers looked amazing honestly in a fitted turquoise turtleneck and micro-mini matching skirt. She could pull off anything.

"On a sombre note, the faculty and pupils alike were so saddened by the untimely passing of our very own Mr Damocles," said Eric, sighing into the mike. "We'd like to have a moment of silence in his honour now."

I saw Angie in the opposite wing of the stage, folding her arms, looking sad at the mention of Damocles. She had been one of his favourites. I felt sorry for her. It must have been even more awful for her having the premonition dream of his death as she cared for him. She caught me looking at her and made a face as though horrified that I was there. I sighed and looked away.

After the moment of silence, there were a few more introductory remarks and some more b.uttering up of people who had donated funds to the Academy. Finally, Madison Fong came back to announce the first act.

"This next girl and her squad put the sass in sassafra!" Said Madison.

Excuse me, what?!

"Give it up for the Viper Moon Cheerleaders!" Cheered Madison.

The cheerleaders were up first! I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. I watched from backstage. They were good! Angie was good. I had to admit it. They

danced to two different upbeat pop songs in their tiny sparkly green, black and white uniforms. They were called the Viper Moon Squad after the pack and the Academy. I could see VMA for Viper Moon Academy emblazoned on the front of their crop tops while their names were on the back. The crowd went wild for them especially the guys. Some of the male students were howling like wolves and wolf-whistling. I peaked out a little, trying to see Jonah's face. I spotted him looking down at his phone smiling. What was he smiling at? He didn't have a third girl around did he?

(Author's Note: I picture Angie and her squad dancing to these two K-Pop songs that I love, doing basically a cheerleader version of the same dances in the music videos: Get It by Pristin V and Me by CLC.)

The cheerleaders ended their dance on a high note, posing and freezing like that while the audience cheered. Many of the guys gave them a standing ovation along with a few catcalls. The girls seemed thrilled. They strutted off the stage. Brink was standing behind me. He and the smoking cheerleader made eyes at each other. He lit another cigarette for her now that she was finished performing. She puffed it and walked away slowly.

"Maybe if you like her a lot, you should encourage her to quit?" I asked hopefully.

Brink snorted with laughter. I flushed. That was such a dorky thing for me to say! I really didn't like smoking though. My grandmother's human friend had died of cancer all the while refusing to quit. She was honestly a kick-a.ss granny to the end but I wished she would have just quit. Werewolves thought they were invincible though so they were even less likely to curb any bad habits. I felt a pang when I recalled that my "grandmother" wasn't actually my grandmother. I would deal with that later. I wanted to see Harper perform first.

"Star is Smoky the Bear!" Chortled Brink.

"Only you can prevent forest fires!" Exclaimed Chester, coming up behind us.

I rolled my eyes but made sure they didn't see.

"Star is just concerned. She's sweet," said River.

I smiled at him and he winked.

“Star is trying to salvage the backstage at least cause we’re about to burn down the main stage!” Said Harper.

His bandmates cheered. A few groupies squealed nearby. How were they allowed backstage? Angie had made a big deal about me being here. Maybe they were the other guys’ Muses.

After the cheerleaders, there was a break-dancing group. They spun on their heads and did some cool tricks. I was amazed at all the talent at school. I usually didn’t come to the talent show or any show put on by the school. It was always more trouble than it was worth and I had been more afraid of Angie and her reign of terror back then.

There was a ballerina next. Zaya seemed really impressed by this routine which made my she-wolf snarl. As the ballerina neared me while she came off stage, I recognised her as one of the hot tub girls from Angie’s party with the Quads. I glared at her which was unlike me but I couldn’t help it. There was something fierce arising within me. A stage-light above us sparked suddenly. A few sparks fell on the ballerina, singeing her tutu. The girl jumped, startled and scurried off.

“Whoa! Star’s right! Fire is dangerous guys!” Said Chester.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 33

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 33-Star’s POV

It was finally time for Pariah to perform. I squealed with excitement. The guys took the stage. The crowd was screaming. The shrill screams of the groupies rang out over all the rest.

“Go Harper!” I cheered from the wings.

“Hey guys, we’re Pariah!” Said Harper into the microphone eliciting a deafening chorus of more screaming.

He grinned and signalled to the band. They played my favourite song, Luna, first. Their sound was alternative rock. Harper’s unique voice was so alluring and his onstage presence was captivating. All eyes were on him. Even the disgruntled looking Quads were staring at him. Harper played lead guitar and sang. Brink also had a few guitar solo segments. River’s bass guitar and Chester’s drumming kept the tempo. The song was infectious.

They moved smoothly into playing the fan favourite, Fated. The girls were dancing and singing along. The guys' theatrics on stage were quite amusing. I couldn't look away. They finished with the song Rejected which was a slower, more sombre song requiring a greater vocal range. Harper sang it flawlessly, belting out the notes. They finished on a high note and the screams shook the theatre. The girls continued to scream mindlessly as Pariah the band left the stage.

Harper returned to the stage with his acoustic guitar and sat on a stool. The spotlight was just on him. A hush fell over the theatre as he began to strum his guitar, playing a beautiful melancholic song. He sang just as sweetly as he had last night. The girls were swooning. This was the song he had ran by me, The One. Everyone listened intently. He played the last few chords and as the music stopped, the spell of silence he had cast on the spectators was broken. Another round of shrill screams longer than all the others rang out. I screamed too and jumped up and down. He had done brilliantly. I had edged close to the side of the stage and was within view of the Quads who noticed me squealing over Harper. I was met with four frowns and eight narrowed green eyes. I stifled a laugh and slipped further back into the wings so that I was obscured from view.

"I just wanna dedicate that performance to my Movie Star, Hannah," said Harper to the cheering crowd. His declaration was met with aww's. He ran towards me in the wings and scooped me up, spinning me around. I giggled. He hugged me tightly whilst my feet were still lifted off the ground. He released me and kissed my forehead.

"What did you think?!" He asked.

"Absolutely amazing! I loved it! Both the band and the solo song!" I said.

"Thanks, Movie Star!" Said Harper.

Harper nuzzled me again and then touched his forehead to mine. For some strange reason, this made me emotional. I flung my arms around his neck and he held me tightly.

What's wrong, Movie Star? He asked in my mind.

Mind-linking Harper was always so seamless, as easy as breathing.

I have to have a very difficult conversation with someone I love very much very soon, I said, meaning my grandmother and my parentage.

That's a lot of very's! Exclaimed Harper.

I giggled.

I felt so...complete, whole despite everything that had happened in a short space of time.

"What the fvck do you think you're doing?!" Yelled a familiar voice.

Zaya.

I jumped, startled. I removed my arms from around Harper but he kept his around me protectively. He looked at Zaya with a bored expression on his face.

"This whole thing is supposed to be charade and yet I find you embracing in a dark little corner where no one can see?!" Hissed Zaya, stalking up to us, his eyes black and his canines bared.

He was right. It did look suspicious, but it really wasn't. I just didn't know how to explain it to Zaya.

"Zaya, please, Harper is just a close friend," I said, feeling close to tears at the thought of them fighting.

"Get the fvck away from him!" Snapped Zaya.

"Not if you're going to charge at him!" I said.

Zaya roared. He was shaking. Oh no! I heard the sound of fabric ripping and bones breaking as he transformed, growing larger and sprouting fur. Zaya's wolf was massive, light brown in colour with his same piercing green eyes. Most werewolves retained their eye colour in their wolf forms and their hair colour usually became their fur colour.

Deviations from these rules were exceptionally rare and usually held great meaning. Despite the gravity of the situation, my she-wolf marvelled at her strong beautiful mate. Harper quickly placed me behind him. He shifted too in mere seconds just as quickly as the youngest alpha. My jaw dropped. Harper's fur was snow white.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 34

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 34-Star's POV

Harper's snow-white fur was reminiscent of the wolf on the mountain side the night of Angie's party but that wolf was even larger than Harper's. I was sure of it. They weren't one and the same but they were exceedingly similar. Did Harper know the identity of the white wolf? Harper and Zaya charged at each other. My heart threatened to cleave in two. I felt like I was at war within myself.

"STOP!" I screamed.

I heard the buzz of electricity as a surge of current shot through the overhead lights. Sparks flew everywhere. Thankfully none of the sparks singed either of the beautiful wolves. The lights flickered on and off as they ran towards each other. They paused mid-charge, both glancing at me, sensing something.

I felt woozy. I swayed on the spot. The ground came up to meet me.

"Star! Star!" Came a familiar voice.

"Huh," I murmured.

I was lost in darkness. It was warm and cozy rather than cold and uncomfortable like I thought it would be. I groaned. I slowly opened my eyes. Bright lights made me close them again, turning my face to the side. I slowly opened them again. Harper.

"Hey, Star," he said.

I smiled.

"Baby, I'm so sorry," murmured another voice.

I looked to the other side. Zaya! He had my hand in both of his.

"I'm sorry I frightened you," Zaya said softly.

"What happened?" I asked. "Where am I?" I added, realising this place did not look like the wings of the theatre.

“You fainted, Princess,” said a voice. Eli. He was near the foot of the bed. His hand clasped one of my ankles. He squeezed it.

“You’re in the infirmary at the Academy,” said Noah. His voice sounded strained. He was at the foot of the bed also.

“Where’s Jonah?” I asked. My wolf had begun to nudge me immediately.

“I’m right here,” said Jonah softly. He looked pale and tired.

I was pretty sure I had terrified the Quads when I fainted.

I tried to sit up but it was difficult. My body felt so heavy. Harper sensed what I wanted to do and helped me. Zaya helped too. They propped me up on a pile of pillows.

“Please, guys, don’t fight,” I mumbled. “I can’t take it.”

“I’m sorry,” whispered Zaya.

Harper was quiet.

“Is she ok?” Asked someone behind Harper. It was Brink. River and Chester were behind Harper too.

“Star!” Squealed a voice. Jillian!

“Star! I just stepped out to use the bathroom! You’re awake! Thank goodness!” Said Jillian, launching herself onto the bed and hugging me. I heard Chet chuckle.

“Are you ok, Movie Star?” Asked River.

“No more doing your own stunts ok? We’ll get you a body double,” said Chester.

I smiled at the bandmates. “I’m ok, guys, thanks.”

“Zaya, Harper and I are...” I paused, realising Harper’s bandmates might not know we were a fake couple. I didn’t want to reveal Harper’s acting job. It was supposed to be a secret. I had been about to say Harper and I were just friends but I couldn’t mess up the charade so openly. Zaya and Eli had already called me Baby and Princess in front of the bandmates but perhaps

they thought those were more nicknames like Movie Star. They certainly hadn't reacted to the terms of endearment strangely.

"Harper!" I exclaimed suddenly.

Everyone looked at me, including a surprised Harper.

"Yeah, Movie Star?" he said softly.

"Um...your wolf...it's white," I said.

"Yeah, that's quite rare," commented Jillian, eyeing Harper and then me with interest. I wondered if Jillian remembered the white wolf from the night of the party. I had been with her and Toby. I had told them about it.

"Yeah," shrugged Harper.

"I never knew you had a white wolf," said Jonah.

"Harper never knew he had a white wolf either!" Joked Chester.

His bandmates laughed.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Harper brushed a curl out of my face tucking it behind my ear to the chagrin of all the Quads.

"He only shifted for the first time this month," Brink said.

"He's the youngest one in the band though he acts like the eldest," teased River.

"By a few months only," said Harper rolling his eyes.

"When did you turn eighteen?" I asked quickly, my heart racing.

"On his birthday," said Chester.

River smacked Chester on the forehead playfully.

"Dude," said River, "As opposed to when."

“She means when is his birthday, Chester,” said Brink.

“I know,” said Chester. “I was just kidding.”

I wasn’t sure if Chester had actually been kidding but I turned back to Harper who was looking at me intently.

“September 12th, Movie Star,” said Harper with a wink. “I’m a Virgo.”

“Yeah, he’s a virgin,” said Chester, clapping Harper on the back. Harper rolled his eyes again.

My heart was beating so fast. Noah was staring at Harper like he’d never seen him before. I could practically see the gears in Noah’s mind turning.

That was my birthday too. That meant Harper had not been the massive white wolf on the mountainside because neither Harper nor I had shifted yet on that day before we both turned eighteen. Harper wasn’t the white wolf but what if he was...

I pushed those thoughts from my mind. I had so much to do to get to the bottom of things. I had to find the white wolf and I had to have a chat with my grandmother. I didn’t have time to be lying around. I sat up and swung my legs out of the bed.

“Hey!” Said Harper and the Quads and the bandmates in unison.

“Chill out, twinkle-twinke-little-star, you’re not going anywhere!” Said Brink sternly.

“Don’t tell her what to do!” Barked Zaya.

“Star! Get back into bed!” Added Zaya.

“Harper, are your parents white wolves?” I asked.

“No, actually,” said Harper.

“So you don’t know any other white wolves?!” I asked.

Harper shook his head.

“Are you the only white wolf at school?!” I asked.

Harper shrugged.

“Most likely,” said River.

“Star,” chuckled Jillian swatting my arm.

“What?” I yelped.

“He’s not the only white wolf at school, silly!” Jillian said.

Everyone gasped and turned to her.

“Don’t you guys know?” She asked incredulously, eyeing the Quads.

“Oh, that’s right! You only saw her after she shifted back! I was the only one who ran out to look just as you ran out the cabin after we cut the cake together!” Jillian said.

“What are you talking about?” I asked, getting frustrated.

“Star! Didn’t you even look at yourself in the lake or notice your own paws or anything when you shifted?” Jillian asked.

I shook my head.

“Star! You’re a white wolf too!” Said Jillian.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 35

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 35-Harper’s POV

My eyes snapped open. I had fallen asleep practising the guitar on my bed in my private suite. In just a few hours I needed to be fully ready to rock n’ roll. I would be playing at the fundraiser talent show with my band Pariah and then I would play my solo song for Star.

I sighed. I had so many conflicting feelings about Star. She was literally the girl of my dreams though I wasn’t sexually attracted to her. I found her beautiful but I found myself wanting to ensure that she remained innocent, untouched. I was kind of glad she turned down my kissing practice offer.

The day I met Star, I had not intended to audition for Toby's play but I had tagged along with some of the other drama club wolves to watch the audition. Then, I spotted her, sitting between Toby and another girl. My jaw dropped. It was her! The girl from my dreams. I had dreamt about her countless times. She would always be the same age as me in every dream. I felt as though we had grown up together in my dream world. I couldn't believe I'd met my "dream girl." I had known then and there that I needed to audition and get that part to get close to her. Thank goodness I knew how to turn on the charm. My answers undoubtedly impressed her because she picked me. Toby and the other girl were there on the panel but I just knew it was her. She had to have made the final decision.

When I found out about the fact that there was no play and I'd just be hanging out with Star, I was thrilled. I played it cool though. Asking for more money was a nice touch. It made me seem reluctant. Eagerness was usually a turn-off in a situation like this. I would seem like a weirdo doing this without reservations so I had to pretend I had some. I had said I was worried about the Quads trying to fight me. I truly didn't give a fvck though. Yeah, there were four of them and one of me but I had...special abilities...let's call them that.

My cellphone vibrated. It was near my pillow. Toby again?

"Hey Man!" I said calmly. I yawned. "What's up?" I asked.

I knew what was up. He kept hara.ssing me about the weekly salary we had agreed upon ever since I had decided I didn't want it. I had lied and said my parents had cut me off. I needed some dumb excuse. After Toby wire transferred the first payment, I just sent it back. He had called right away to make sure I hadn't left Star hanging. I had reassured him that that was not the case. I just didn't want the money. I never did.

I made him swear he wouldn't tell Star I was doing this for free though. That could potentially creep Star out. I managed to fend off Toby by saying I would take cash when he got back to the Academy because I didn't want my parents noticing the deposits. That lie would work for now. I didn't want Toby becoming suspicious of me and alerting Star.

Star. She was a mystery to me. Why did I feel so at ease with her? Why did I feel so...complete when I was with her? She was practically still a stranger to me. Why did I feel so drawn to her? In my dreams of us, we loved each other but it was never r0mantic. We were playmates as children then best friends as teenagers in my dreams.

I was restless this morning. I usually wasn't nervous about performing but I felt jittery now. I called my Dad. We were pretty close. I had been meaning to ask him a few things, man to man.

"Son! What's up? Everything ok?" He asked, the concern evident in his voice.

"Yeah," I said slowly. "Dad...can a she-wolf be my...soulmate without being my fated mate?"

Dad was silent for a moment. "Why do you ask? You think you've found your mate?"

"No, she's definitely not my mate but I feel a deep connection with her all the same. I feel this weird urge to protect her, to be around her. My wolf really likes her. He might...he might love her but he's not in love with her ..." I trailed off, not sure if I was making any sense.

"What's her name?" Asked Dad, his tone cautious.

"Star, well it's Hannah technically but..."

I heard a sharp intake of breath on the other line followed by a heavy sigh.

"Dad?" I asked.

"We need to talk, son. Face to face as soon as you're able to come see your Mom and me!" Specified Dad.

"Ok, yeah," I answered.

"When will you come?" Asked Dad.

"I'll try to come after the talent show tonight!" I said.

"Ok, great!" Said my father, though he didn't sound as though this was great. He seemed anxious.

"You ok, Dad?" I asked.

"Me...oh...yes...I'm...wonderful!" Said Dad, sounding completely unconvincing.

"Ok...how's Mom?" I asked.

“Great! You’ll see her tonight too,” Dad said.

“Dad, can’t you just tell me what you want to tell me now?” I asked, feeling a bit anxious.

“No, no, it’s nothing to worry about...it’s just better said in person. You know, um parental advice!” He said. He was lying. I always knew when someone was lying. Just like I had known that the reason Star hired me was a lot more than just making her mates, the Quads, jealous. I enjoyed making those a.ssh0les squirm though, especially Jonah. He was the eldest Quad, meaning he had been an a.ssh0le the longest.

“Can I talk to him?” Said a feminine voice. It was Mom.

“Hey, Honey!” She said.

“Hey, Mom!” I said brightly.

“I miss you!” She cooed.

I chuckled. “I miss you too!” I’d never admit this to the bandmates or Star or anyone for that matter but I was kind of a Momma’s boy. When I wasn’t at the Academy or playing shows, Mom and I hung out together a lot. I considered her my best friend outside of the band.

“Honey, make sure that you...are um, taking your time with this new friendship with Hannah, ok!” She said.

“I am, yeah, of course,” I said.

“I overheard you and your father talking...about how special she is to you...it’s easy to confuse one feeling for the next when you’re young especially when you don’t have all the puzzle pieces. You’re a teenager and you’re still figuring things out! There’s no need to-,” she began lecturing me.

“Mom, it’s ok,” I said, cutting her off. I knew what she was worried about. “Hannah and I aren’t hooking up.”

I heard her breathe a sigh of relief. With any other girl, I’d be in a rush to get them all hot and bothered but it just wasn’t like that with Hannah. The thought of her being with the Quads disgusted me though. It wasn’t really jealousy...it was more complicated than that. I didn’t want anyone touching her like that

including me. It was weird. I'd never quite felt so fiercely protective of a girl before not even ex-girlfriends.

"Mom, Dad, I'm gonna go ok! See you tonight!" I said.

"Love you Harper!" Coed Mom.

"Love you, Mom," I said.

I had told Star I'd meet her at the theatre but I was going to go get her and walk her over there. I wanted her backstage with me anyway where she wouldn't have to mope over seeing that devil's spawn with her mates. While I was getting ready, I heard a voice calling me.

Harper! Harper.

Huh.

It sounded familiar. I turned the shower off. I stepped out. It sounded like a guy's voice.

Harper! You there?! It's Jonah!

Jonah? I rolled my eyes. What the hell did he want?

Yes? I asked curtly.

Noah visited Star after hours last night, said Jonah.

I already knew that but why was he telling me this?

And Zaya and Eli went to visit her this morning. We're supposed to be um giving Star her space right now so I was a bit angry with them not with Star though. When I went over there I ripped the door off its hinges so watch out for that. I'm having it fixed though, don't worry!

What the fvck?!

So I was wondering if you could do me a small favour. It's something that would benefit Star also! He added quickly trying to sweeten the pot.

What is it? I asked.

Escort Star to the theatre please! Meet her at her room. I don't want her being alone at all right now, said Jonah.

I had been about to do that anyway but I wasn't going to tell him that.

I'll have to hurry up and finish getting ready but fine, I said in an exasperated tone.

Thanks Harper! Said Jonah, sounding genuine.

You owe me one! I said, pretending like I really was doing him a favour.

I met Star at her room and was careful with the broken door. She looked absolutely radiant. I told her a little bit about my three best friends and fellow bandmates: Chester, River and Clarence. Clarence was nicknamed Brink but I didn't tell Star that, hoping she would call him Clarence to his face. He would hate that!

She met them and they seemed to be hitting it off. Angelique came out of nowhere and insinuated that Star shouldn't be backstage because she wasn't a performer. Ugh. Couldn't she mind her business for once? I let her know Star was part of the band as my Muse. My bandmates agreed and even the other cheerleaders on Angie's squad seemed to like the idea of Star being my Muse. Girls ate that stuff up. My Movie Star actually was my Muse though. I was glad to see Angie go.

Star spotted Brink lighting a cigarette for the cheerleader he'd been banging and immediately assumed they were mates. That right there was the innocence I was trying to protect. The guys made a suggestive joke about Star, something about me corrupting her.

"This one is off-limits! You're not to disrespect her even in jest!" I said in Arabic, flashing them my black eyes so quickly I knew Star would miss it. They spotted it though. The guys had grown up with me in Dubai where my father was from. We had all lived in the same rich neighbourhood and our parents all went back and forth between there and the Viper Moon Pack lands where my mother was from.

Finally it was showtime. We knocked it out of the park. The crowd was on its feet cheering for Pariah. I mellowed the audience out with my ballad for Star afterwards. It wasn't exactly a romantic song but it wasn't friendship either. It

was something else. I felt like we were the same person in a weird way. I spotted my little Movie Star cheering in the wings for me.

She was so cute. Those Quads needed to start acting right if they expected to be with her. They also needed to pack Angie's bags and send her on her way. I dedicated the performance to my little Movie Star. I went over to her in the wings while the crowd was still screaming. I loved the sound of screaming fan-girls. Now that was music to my ears.

I picked Star up and spun her around. I bear-hugged her. I kissed her forehead and then nuzzled her and pressed my forehead against hers. Nuzzling and forehead-touches were signs of great affection between two wolves. Zaya spotted us with our arms still around each other. He seemed pissed. I didn't get what the big deal was. Where was all this animosity towards Angie?

They were so hypocritical. It irked me. I wasn't backing down. Zaya shifted and so did I. I wasn't going to hold back. I was about to go for the jugular when Star became lightheaded. I felt it as it happened. I felt the darkness encroach upon her like it was me who was fainting. Zaya felt it too as her mate. We both shifted back and caught her before she hit the ground.