

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 41

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 41-Star's POV

Our mouths literally dropped open. Harper took a deep breath.

"Why...what...why didn't he raise us? Where has he been? What the fvck?"
Said Harper.

"Harper!" Said Mia indignantly.

"Sorry, Mom. Sorry! It's just a lot to process in one day," said Harper.

He ran his hands through his long hair and put his head in his hands.

"Oh, Honey! I know, I know," said Mia, coming over to us to rub Harper's back.

I felt a bit shaky but I was...happy. I woke up this morning an orphan and now I had a Dad. One who possibly didn't want me but I would cross that bridge when I got to it.

"Could you tell us a little more while we wait for him?" I asked Marco.

Marco sighed.

"Please," I said, joining my hands together as if I were praying.

"Ok, he wants to explain certain things himself but...sure," said Marco.

I almost squealed with excitement.

Harper looked up from his hands.

Marco sat back in his chair and Mia was looking intently at her husband.

"Your father was the best warrior I had ever encountered. He was unmatched, unparalleled. I was in awe of him from the moment I met him. I went to his pack to specifically learn from him. That was how good he was! He became my friend, my dearest friend, like a brother to me. He found his mate and he was crazy about her! My former player of a friend was wh!pped," chuckled Marco.

Marco had our rapt attention. Harper and I were staring at him with wide eyes.

“He wanted to marry her but she was already engaged,” said Marco.

Harper narrowed his eyes.

I frowned. This sounded a bit...familiar.

“Her family had promised her to someone else and they wouldn’t budge an inch. She continued to see your father in secret and she got pregnant with you two,” said Marco, smiling, as he swivelled his index and middle fingers pointing to the two of us.

A small smile formed on Harper’s face though he looked a bit strained. I smiled too.

“She and your father wanted to elope before her forced wedding could take place. She had been concealing her pregnancy in the meanwhile. Her fiancé was a powerful man. He found out about her secret meetings with Marco, her pregnancy and her plan to escape and he sent fifty of his warriors after them. I was helping them. We were ahead but then your mother began having contractions. Your father asked me to take her and his unborn children to safety while he held them off. He took down all of them, every single one but he sustained some injuries. Your mother had given birth to you, Harper, her baby boy. She named you and she gave you to me and she asked me to take care of you,” said Marco, his voice cracking a little.

A tear escaped down Marco’s cheek. His lip quivered.

“I did that. I took care of you, like you were my own baby boy,” said Marco, sniffing.

“I know, Dad, thank you,” said Harper softly, his eyes filling with tears.

Marco nodded. “There’s no need for thank yous between the two of us,” he said with a small smile.

He continued. “She was worried about your father’s injuries. He was in and out of consciousness. She wanted me to get medical attention for him. The second baby was taking a while to come. She didn’t want to go further and leave your Dad but she needed a midwife or a doctor or something for the second baby and your father needed a doctor too. They couldn’t go back to the pack doctors as things were so she devised a plan. She made me take your Dad to the nearest pack. He had a good reputation there. It was where

they had planned to hide and rest for a bit before they went further. Your father had a few allies there. She went back to her pack, to her pack doctors showing them the blood on her dress and saying she'd lost the baby and she was having trouble with the afterbirth. Her fiancé felt some pity for her and agreed to take her back. She was very special and he didn't want to miss out on such a she-wolf. She had special powers that he knew his offspring would inherit if he was with her. Her father had a title that his future son could also inherit. She summoned her own doctor. An old man. She had known him since childhood and he delivered the "afterbirth," said Marco, using air quotations with his fingers.

"Oh," said Harper. "She got the doctor to pretend there wasn't a second baby and they already thought I was dead!" Said Harper with a gasp.

Marco nodded.

"The afterbirth was the actual afterbirth and you, Hannah, swaddled in a blanket went with the doctor, and he was entrusted with the task of getting a safe home for her baby girl, her Hannah. She had already had both of your names picked out and stitched on little blankets. She didn't even tell the doctor your chosen name. The name Hannah was stitched in little yellow letters on a dark blue blanket. She had stitched yellow stars all over it too," said Marco, tearing up again.

"I had been there back when she made your baby blankets! Your father had said "Dark blue for a girl!,"" exclaimed Marco, doing an impression of a gruff man with a very deep voice.

"Is that what our father sounds like?" I asked excitedly.

Marco laughed uproariously. "Yes, little Star. It's not the best impression but you'll hear his voice for yourself soon."

My wolf was filled with longing and so was I. Would I really hear my Dad speak to me soon? I grasped Harper's hand and he interlaced our fingers and held my hand tightly.

"Now, I'm telling you all this about the doctor taking you Hannah to safety but I did not know this at the time it was happening. I only found out much later. At the time, all I knew was she had gone back to her back to try to have the second baby in secret. I took your father and you, Harper, to the next pack as planned. That pack was run by a lineage of Alphas who prized excellent

warriors and they loved your father. They nursed him back to health in secret. Once conscious, he was desperate to get back to her and the second baby, unsure what was going on with them. Then...we got some horrible news..." said Marco.

Marco took a deep shuddering breath.

"A messenger from your father's old pack told us that...that...that your mother had killed herself. She believed your father dead and in her grief she leapt from the highest tower of the pack's castle into the treacherous icy sea. They hadn't found her body though. The only thing that made him believe it even a little was the fact that her pack held a funeral for her but with an empty casket. There was an obituary too," said Marco with a sigh.

Harper's arms encircled me. I was confused as to why at first and I looked up at him strangely. Then he touched my wet cheek and I realised tears were streaming down my face. I buried my face in his shirt.

"I should stop..." said Marco.

"No, please, continue," I begged though it was muffled by Harper's shirt.

I blew my nose in his shirt.

"Thanks," said Harper sarcastically but he was smiling.

"We have the same DNA. We're twins," I said defensively.

Harper wiped his shirt with a tissue.

"We're fraternal," he said, chuckling slightly.

"Similar DNA then," I corrected myself.

He tweaked my nose.

"Ow!" I complained.

We both turned back to Marco. He was smiling at our exchange. Mia had now gone over back to Marco. She was rubbing his shoulders.

"Your father disguised himself with magic provided by the pack helping him and searched the seashore, the rocks, the icy landscape. He wanted to

search the alleged site of her suicide for himself. There was no trace of her. He feared she was imprisoned somewhere, still alive but this could not be. There had been infighting within the pack. Her fiancé and his relatives had been killed already so there was no further vengeance for your father to take. He became depressed. He cursed at the wind. He asked me to care for you, Harper. Again, someone was bestowing you upon me as your mother had. I was already changing your diapers and feeding you milk as it was so of course, it made sense,” Marco said.

Harper smiled slightly.

“Your father disappeared for a while. He didn’t tell me where he was going. I met my mate and explained why I already had a baby boy. Turned out that made me even more of a catch,” said Marco, chuckling.

“I can’t have my own children,” said Mia softly. “So when my mate came with a baby already, I couldn’t believe it! I was so happy! I loved you from the moment I saw you, Harper!”

Harper’s smile widened.

“Then, your father returned when Harper was a little boy. He didn’t want you to rely on him, Harper. He didn’t want to disappoint you. He was in bad shape. Losing a mate is like a second death. The wolf’s spirit dies with its mate. He loved you though. He still loves you,” said Marco in earnest.

Harper looked upset.

“Your father had found Hannah,” said Marco, grinning. “We were overjoyed!”

I gasped.

Marco nodded. Mia nodded eagerly too.

“Another baby, a girl!” Squealed Mia. “A sister for Harper, a twin!”

Harper grinned at Mia’s enthusiasm.

“Yes, but your adopted grandmother had lost her daughter and her daughter’s mate too so she just couldn’t part with you too,” said Marco sadly.

“Your Dad disappeared again. Sometimes I would be watching you playing Harper and I would catch a whiff of his scent. He was stealthy but I knew his

scent well. He would watch over you. I knew he probably did the same with Hannah. Eventually he found out the story of how Hannah was hidden by the doctor. He tracked down the doctor's son and he knew. That's just about everything I know and can tell. The rest because there is more has to be told by your father," said Marco.

"Why?" Asked Harper.

"Because it's time for you to know why I wanted you both hidden you until you were of age," said a deep voice from behind us.

My heart almost stopped.

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Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 42-Star's POV

When I dared to, I slowly turned around. Harper was already looking at our father. I glanced up at him, a bit nervous to meet his eyes. He had a very imposing sort of aura. He was a little taller than Harper and the Quads at about six foot six inches. He had the same thick, wavy, shiny, dark hair as Harper. It reached his shoulders though it was shaggier than Harper's was. His eyes were dark and intense. He looked as if he were scrutinising us. He had a moustache and beard. He had a very rugged sort of appearance but I was sure if he cared to groom more, he would be classically handsome.

Seeing him, as if earning a corner puzzle piece, made me want to know and pieced together more. Now, I wanted to know what my mother looked like and what her voice sounded like but she was perhaps lost to me. I tried not to feel heartbroken at that when my father was standing right in front of me. The sadness of my mother's passing battled the happiness at finally meeting my father.

"Dad?" I said, unable to remain quiet.

"Hannah," he said in a measured tone as if he were holding back some emotion. He waited for me to say more.

"Father," said Harper stiffly, nodding.

"Son," said Dad with a hint of pride.

“We don’t know your name actually,” I pointed out.

He stared at me without acknowledging what I had just said.

“What’s your name?” Said Harper more loudly, snapping him out of his thoughts.

“Heath,” he said in his deep rough voice with a slight smile. “Though I won’t be called that by my own children,” he said sternly.

Harper looked taken aback.

“You’ve only just met us and already you’re laying down the law?” Asked Harper incredulously.

Heath, our father, was silent. He had returned to staring at me in particular. I stared back at him, wondering what he was thinking about.

Harper grumbled quietly to himself.

“Dad? Dad!” Exclaimed Harper, annoyed and trying to regain his attention.

Dad looked at Harper. Without another word, he grasped Harper by the shoulder and pulled him into a big bear hug.

“I’m sorry,” I heard him say.

I heard Harper sniffle. I could tell my twin was very emotional at receiving this apology from our father after all this time. Dad pulled me towards him after he had relinquished Harper. It was surreal to hug my father. He smelled a bit like Harper.

“You look just like her...just like your mother,” he said quietly.

He kissed my forehead and released me.

When I turned back to the couch, I realised Marco and Mia had left the room. I went to sit next to Harper and Dad sat opposite us in an armchair. Harper linked arms with me. I could tell he was emotional and was trying hard not to show it.

“I owe you both an apology and an explanation,” said Dad in his gruff deep voice.

It was so strange that he seemed so decent but had such a voice. He was an intimidating man but there was a softness to him.

“The apology first. I’m sorry Hannah and Harper. I wish I could’ve raised you. Perhaps, I should’ve but I’ve been living under the radar for the past eighteen years for a reason. Your mother’s people think you are dead, Harper, and Hannah, they don’t know you exist. They think that she had only one baby, a boy who was stillborn. That story has protected you both so that you could come of age without enemies who are still lurking trying to do away with you. All Hesper wanted was for you two to grow up happy and healthy and I tried my best to arrange that without me in the picture so as not to compromise you...” said Dad.

My heart was racing. Did he just say Hesper?

“Wait! Did you just say Hesper?” Asked Harper.

I thanked my lucky stars for my twin and our twin telepathy.

Dad nodded. Tears filled his eyes but he quickly composed himself. He was still proud. His demeanour was definitely that of a top pack warrior. Stoic.

“Hesper, as in the daughter of the Ice Moon Pack’s last Alpha?”

He nodded.

“And the Winter Queen Faerie’s granddaughter?” I added.

He nodded again.

“Hesper is our mother?” Confirmed Harper.

He nodded.

“And your mate?” Harper asked.

Our father sighed impatiently.

“Do you want that in writing?” He asked.

I had thought he was being sarcastic but he actually pulled some papers out of his jacket pocket. He gave them to us. We leafed through them. There was an ultrasound scan labeled Hesper Hortencia that showed two fetuses.

There were two birth certificates! One for me, one for Harper. Heath Waldron was listed as our father on both and Hesper Hortencia was listed as our mother.

“How did you obtain these birth certificates if you were trying to hide Hannah’s existence and pass me off as a stillborn baby?” Asked Harper bluntly.

Heath shrugged.

“Your mother was a princess essentially, a rich and powerful noble though her father’s family schemed against her...she arranged it somehow without having the records readily available. The records are shut, sealed off somehow,” explained Dad.

I lay my head on Harper’s shoulder. We had discussed our birth certificates in the car. They both said the names of those who we had believed to be our parents. Those must be counterfeit.

“What’s the point of all of this?” Harper said, brandishing his birth certificate.

“I know Hannah’s adopted grandmother told you the story of the Ice Moon Pack. How they wanted your mother to marry her cousin not me. How he plotted against us. How your mother and I tried to escape him. I took down all his warriors but I was injured. Many of my loyal fellow warriors were wrongfully imprisoned actually. Unable to assist me and your mother. And I know Marco told you the other half about the two of you and how your mother hid you but was forced to stay with her pack. They say she thought me dead and killed herself. I don’t know if I believe that but I have searched for her in the meantime. I don’t think a day goes by that I don’t hope to see her face,” he said more to himself than to us. He paused and looked at me. He smiled.

“You’re beautiful just like your mother,” said Dad.

I blushed.

“Thank you,” I said softly.

“Those half-wit Alphas don’t deserve you but who am I to come at this late hour and tell you what to do?” Said Dad with an annoyed look on his face.

Harper snorted with laughter.

“You mean the Quads?” I asked, my heart racing.

How did he know all of that?

My Dad responded as if he had heard my thoughts.

“I’ve been watching over you two. My wolf is white too, like your mother’s so I expected both of you to be the same,” said Dad.

The white wolf on the mountain was my father watching over me! I smiled.

Dad smirked suddenly. “I’m glad when you hear the word half-wit you immediately recognise I must mean your mates, Hannah,” commented my father with a wry smile.

Harper burst into laughter but he stifled it as best as he could when I gave him an indignant look.

I was stunned, staring back and forth between the two of them.

My father smirked again. His lip quivered and then he too burst into laughter but he didn’t stifle his. He laughed openly and raucously.

“Dad!” I whined, shocking myself at how naturally and quickly we interacted.

“What?” He said.

“They’re nice boys,” I said feebly.

“They’re young so hopefully they grow up soon. Forget about them and their melodrama. You have your own pack and titles to worry about,” said Dad sternly.

Harper straightened up in his seat. Dad was very difficult to argue with. He spoke of things as if that was how it was. End of story. I saw where Harper got his brazen attitude from.

“Wait, what do you expect of us?” Asked Harper.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Asked Dad.

“Is it?” I asked.

“You’re spending too much time with those stupid boys. They’re rubbing off on you. You’re usually sharper than this! Come on, Hannah,” said my father impatiently.

He looked at Harper expectantly.

Something dawned on Harper.

“You can’t be serious? You expect me to what...to...march into the Ice Moon Castle and take over their pack as Alpha though the Winter Faerie Queen has put herself on the throne?” Asked Harper.

“The Queen did that out of vengeance on Hesper’s behalf. You will have your twin, Hannah, with you who is a dead ringer for her mother. The Queen will vacate the throne,” said Dad confidently.

“And the people will just accept us? Just like that? Because we have birth certificates?” Asked Harper incredulously.

Our father roared with laughter.

“Documentation is great, sure. But they will accept you because you are you. You are their rightful Alpha. They are wolves, Harper. They will know their Alpha, sense it, smell it. They will know it as one knows one’s fated. Alphas are also fated to their packs in a sense as they are to their Lunas. You will both have Fae powers. They will know,” said Dad.

“We don’t have Fae powers!” Said Harper, annoyed.

“You do,” said Dad simply.

“What? Lie detecting? That’s nothing...” Harper began.

“Enough!” Said Dad.

Harper fell silent.

“Your mother put a spell on both of you to suppress your magic to help hide you. The Fae can sense Fae magic and would be drawn to it. Some traitorous Fae could have revealed you before you were of age,” said Dad.

“How do we take the spell off?” I asked eagerly. My Fae powers could help me fight the curse too!

Dad smirked.

“It will be broken the moment you step into the Ice Moon Castle,” said Dad.

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Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 43-Jonah’s POV

It was torture being away from Star all the time, especially during times like these. Trying times. Pivotal moments when I knew she could use the support of a mate. Most Alphas were able to sweep their Lunas off their feet immediately or within the month of meeting. It came naturally. We craved each other as Alpha and Luna and nothing should be able to keep us apart. In my case, my very love for Star kept me away from her. I refused to be her death sentence. That wasn’t love. Love was more than yearning. Love was wanting the best for the person. My younger brothers were a bit too frivolous to understand that. They were moping about. I could hear them plotting to go see Star. They wanted to go to Harper’s family estate and wait out front.

“None of you are going anywhere,” I said bluntly, interrupting their plans.

“We should be there to support her,” said Noah softly.

“This is our opportunity to meet her father,” said Eli.

“And impress him!” Added Zaya.

I had mind-linked Harper to ask how Star was doing and he had informed me that they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of their father. He was alive and on his way to them. I had made the mistake of sharing this information with my younger brothers. Now they wanted to barge in on Star’s family reunion.

“He won’t be impressed by us, not the way we’ve stressed out Star and if he finds out about the curse, he will drive a wedge between Star and us,” I said.

“You’ve done a good job of that all on your own,” muttered Zaya.

I sharply inhaled and exhaled. I would not be incensed by Zaya.

“Let’s give them this time together. Tomorrow morning we can all talk with Star about it,” I reasoned.

Zaya shook his head.

“I feel as though she won’t be at school tomorrow morning. I don’t want to be there tomorrow morning either. I want to be wherever Star is,” grumbled Zaya.

I sighed. I wanted that too.

“We can’t get slack now. You three already undid some of the hard work we’ve done with your debauchery. Let’s just be thankful that our efforts are not in vain. The curse seems to be confused. Star didn’t have a second premonition dream for the Vice Principal’s death but Angie did!” I exclaimed.

My brothers gasped.

“When were you going to tell us that?” Asked Eli, annoyed.

“I only just found out myself! Angie called me. She had another nightmare like the previous one. She saw that stage light fall on the Vice Principal the night before it happened,” I informed them.

“Wait, then why didn’t she warn the Vice Principal? I understand if she didn’t believe the first premonition dream but after that one came true, she would know by now how serious they are!” Said Zaya.

Even though Angie was in the dark about the curse itself, Zaya had a point. If I had dreamt of someone’s death before it happened once, I would take any further dreams of death extremely seriously.

“Warning Hitch wouldn’t have necessarily spared her from the curse. Maybe the death was inevitable one way or another,” said Noah.

“And maybe, just maybe, Angie is so evil she could know the hour and cause of death of someone and still not lift a finger. How difficult would it have been to ask Vice Principal Hitch to not do any announcing? Or she could have distracted Hitch as much as necessary and made her miss all her cues?” Explained Eli.

I shrugged. I wasn’t sure why Angie hadn’t tried to warn Vice Principal Hitch especially since Angie was one of the only students who had gotten along with the crabby Vice Principal.

I pulled out my phone. I smiled at my wallpaper. It was a picture of Star in front of her birthday cake at Chet's Cabin. Just before she had blown out her candles, I had felt compelled to capture the moment. That was mere moments before the full mate-bond had taken effect. Whenever, Angie was not around, I made that picture of Star my wallpaper. I changed it whenever I was expecting to see Angie to a picture of Angie and me from that same day but from earlier, by the lake. I sighed. I hated living a lie like this but it was necessary. I felt guilty. Angie wasn't what most people would consider a good person but she wasn't completely heartless and soulless. I wanted her to make it out of this in one piece also.

"So, since the plan to confuse the curse seems to be working...are you gonna propose to Angie?" Asked Noah hesitantly.

"Do I have any other choice?" I said, shrugging.

"Has father located Alto's body yet?" Asked Eli.

"The pack historian said he would be in the Alpha Mausoleum on the zenith of Mount Viper," said Noah offhandedly.

"Well, as soon as Jamie finds out where Georgianna is buried, we can bring Alto to her," said Eli excitedly.

"Hopefully no one else is taken by the curse in the interim," I said dryly.

"If the curse thinks Angie might be the Luna, then won't getting engaged to her provoke Georgianna even more?" Asked Eli.

"Yes, but we might need Georgianna to be provoked again," said Noah.

"What? Why?" Asked Zaya.

"Because Jamie is having trouble locating Georgianna's tomb. Last time, she summoned Georgianna, she, Star and Jessie all saw something, like a flashback of Georgianna's life, her memories," I explained.

"So maybe it's not Georgianna's memory we need to access to know where she is buried," deduced Noah.

"What do you mean?" I asked, intrigued.

“We just need to make contact with literally anyone who attended Georgianna’s burial,” said Noah.

Jessie’s POV

“Why are we here again?” I asked an already disgruntled Jamie.

“You know why, Jessie,” answered Jamie. “This is the coven house of Georgianna’s old coven. They took forever to track down.”

“Why though? Isn’t that sort of information readily available? In Ambrosia, everyone knows where the coven house is,” I said, feigning innocence.

I already knew what she was going to say because she had explained this to me several times but I liked teasing my beautiful wife and Luna, Jamie. I also liked listening to her explaining witchy things. It was hot.

Jamie told me the story again, describing how Georgiana’s coven members had faded into the shadows after Alto’s death. Although Alto’s last command as Alpha provided protection for Georgiana, the same could not be said for the other witches and wizards in the area. They had been under considerable strain as the death of Alto increased every manner of vitriol against them from werewolves. They had felt unsafe and thus had decided to conceal their coven house with powerful enchantments. Jamie had been trying to find out if the coven in question still existed today. We had both been surprised to learn that they did in fact still exist and continued to reside on the outskirts of the Viper Moon Pack lands. Jamie had cast every revealing spell she knew until she uncovered the current whereabouts of the coven.

We were standing before a dilapidated looking mansion with its stone pillars crumbling and its garden overgrown with weeds. The grass on the estate was waist-high in places and chest-high in others even for me. We waded through the green sea of grass as the long blades bowed to the wind. We stood at the foot of stone steps leading to large double doors. All the windows and doors had been boarded up. There were cobwebs in every corner and archway. Vines covered the walls and crisscrossed across the roof. Jamie offered a white rose as a symbol of peace, resting it on the doorstep of the house. She began to chant.

“Sacred charms of anonymity,

Spells of stealth and secrecy,

Reveal what you've concealed from me

Revelare

So mote it be!"

There was a high-pitched hissing sound reminiscent of how a kettle sounds right before it begins to whistle. All the wooden planks nailed to the windows and doors crumbled to dust before our very eyes. Meanwhile, the crumbling pillars were rebuilt and reformed. The vines shrunk away from the house and the spiders un-wove their webs, moving in reverse. In mere moments, the mansion was restored to its former glory.

"Awesome, my Luna! What now?" I asked, looking at her in amazement.

She grinned at me. She stretched her hand out and simply knocked on the door.

Harper's POV

"Do you have the portal in your possession, Hannah?" Asked our father, gazing at a nervous Star.

She nodded and revealed the snow globe where the icy storm raged on outside the magnificent gleaming castle.

"How comfortable are you two with the cold?" Asked Dad.

Star and I glanced at each other. We shrugged.

"We're going there, right away?" I asked incredulously.

Dad looked at me strangely.

"We've waited eighteen years. You want to wait some more?" He replied in the same incredulous tone.

I looked at Star.

"What about the guards that appear to be patrolling outside the castle?" I asked him.

There were tiny guards marching about the wintry landscape. I spotted some of them in wolf form and others in their human forms. I even noticed a few guards who had pointed ears and somewhat iridescent skin. Their skin seemed to glow from within in a most peculiar way. They were undoubtedly magic beings.

“Are some of the guards...Fae?” I asked hesitantly as I gazed at the globe.

“Yes, indeed, a few are,” said Dad offhandedly.

“How will we get past them? They had magic! Our magic doesn’t come in until we set foot in the castle, right?” I clarified.

“Yes, you must enter the castle to activate your full powers as your mother specified when she first told me of the spell,” said Dad. “But I will be with you to help you fend off the werewolf guards...”

“And the Fae ones?!” I reiterated.

Dad had a knowing smile playing about his lips.

“Your mother’s favourite cousin, Prince Asriel, has agreed to help you evade the Fae guards as well. In fact if all goes as planned, you may not even need my brute force, only his stealth. He means to conceal us all as we traverse the perimeter of the castle,” said Dad.

“Prince Asriel? He’s Fae?” Star asked.

“Naturally,” said Dad.

I had to admit that my father had at least given this plan some thought. However, I still didn’t like the way it was sprung upon Star and me. There was one other thing I wanted to do before I went to the Ice Moon Castle. Star was being rather quiet, her expression concerned.

“When do you intend to do this?” I asked.

“As soon as possible, tonight even!” Said our father.

“And where is Prince Adriel?” I asked.

“He is to meet us here soon,” said Dad with a smug smile.

“Might I propose a test run then?” I asked.

My father raised his eyebrows.

“So that Star and I may see for ourselves how stealthy we actually can be with his help?” I asked.

My father did not look too eager.

“Surely you wouldn’t have our very first instance with Fae magic be the storming of the castle. We should at least have some practice first,” I said.

Star smiled slightly. She knew exactly what I meant.

“Where do you intend to practice sneaking into?” Asked Dad, furrowing his brow.

“The Plastique Estate,” I said without hesitation.

Star bit her lip but she did not protest.

You ok with this, Movie Star? I asked, to be sure.

I think it’s a brilliant idea! She replied mischievously.

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Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 44-Star’s POV

Prince Asriel was completely not what I had been expecting. I had anticipated that a Winter Fae Prince would be the very picture of elegance and sophistication. I had expected him to be punctual, arrogant and immaculately dressed. Asriel showed up a half hour later than the time given, wearing artfully ripped jeans with paint splatters on them and a rock band Tee shirt. His light blonde hair was down to his waist and had been streaked with grey and purple. He had pierced ears. I kept staring at his earrings. They were tiny hanging skulls that spoke. One skull earring whispered snide comments and the other was very complimentary and polite. He jokingly introduced the skull earrings as Asshat and Asshole but their names were actually Erin and Rein with Erin being the kind one and Rein being the abrasive one.

"I'm so happy to learn you're a fellow artist!" Said Asriel immediately to Harper with no prelude or verbal introduction whatsoever.

Asriel pulled Harper into a hug.

"Awesome! Can't wait to hear your material," said Asriel.

"I don't want to hear it. I'm bored already with him. Let's go," demanded Rein.

"I'm a huge fan of Pariah! Will you sign my mandible?" Asked Erin.

Harper was so confused by the skull earrings that he just stared at Asriel. He was left totally speechless. I had no idea how even Erin, the kind Fae skull earring, knew about Harper's band, Pariah.

"Righteous," said Asriel to a dumbfounded Harper.

"Come here, Hannah," insisted Asriel.

He bear-hugged me, literally lifting me off the ground with such ease.

He was very tall like Harper but more lean than muscular so I was surprised at his strength. His face was symmetrical perfection. It almost hurt to look at him. That was the face I had expected of a Fae Prince, fantastically handsome in a refined way. He placed me delicately back onto my feet. He held me at arms length and cupped my face, turning it from side to side and up and down, admiring it from every angle.

"Astounding! Amazing!" He said more to himself than me.

"Isn't she just?" Agreed Dad.

I felt so shy with all eyes on me.

"A perfect likeness," said Asriel.

"Your mother was my father's favourite cousin so I hope we will be best friends as they were," said Asriel.

I nodded eagerly. He kissed my forehead.

"You look exactly like Hesper," he said.

“You met my Mom?” I asked curiously.

“I’m a lot older than I look,” he said with a huge grin.

Asriel looked about twenty-one at the most. I wondered how old he was.

“Let’s rock n’ roll!” He commanded.

He marched outside. Dad followed him. Harper and I scrambled after them.

“What’s the plan?” Asked Harper, getting into his car. I got in too.

Dad and Asriel stood outside the car, staring at Harper and me until we simply vacated the car again and stood awkwardly in front of them.

“Right,” said Asriel. “The car is evidence!”

“Evidence?” Asked Harper.

Asriel grinned. “You wanna break into the Plastique house? Don’t you? Yeah, evidence!”

Harper and I were shocked. We had not explained our plan or mentioned the Plastique house yet.

“How did you know that?” Asked Harper before I could.

“These guys!” Said Asriel pointing to his earrings.

“We’re not just good-looking, we know a lot of things!” Said Erin.

“You’re not good-looking, Erin!” Said Rein.

“I’m gorgeous! I was Mom’s favourite!” Said Erin.

“That’s awesome!” Said Harper excitedly, peering more closely at the earrings.

“Are they all knowing?” I asked in amazement.

“Oh! Aren’t you the sweetest!” Coos Erin.

“Of course not! Are you sniffing glue?” Muttered Rein. “We know certain things!”

“Desires and intentions...” said Erin.

“Lottery numbers...but only the human lottery and that money is useless in the Fae world. It’s only paper!” Complained Rein.

“Will Rein and Erin be...um...quiet when we get to the house?” Asked Harper tentatively.

“Anything for you, handsome!” Said Erin.

“He just told us to shut up! He doesn’t even have a post officially yet and he’s giving orders!” Yelled Rein.

Asriel laughed, tossing his head back.

“What’s the holdup?” Asked Dad, annoyed.

Asriel was still laughing. “They want to know if my earrings will be quiet when we get to the house!” Chuckled Asriel.

Dad looked elated all of a sudden. “They’re like their mother, you know. They have it! They definitely have it!” Said Dad.

“Have what?” I asked.

“Fae magic!” Said Dad. “I can’t hear anything.”

Asriel nodded. “Only the Fae can perceive Fae magic. These earrings are motionless normal skull earrings to everyone who isn’t Fae,” explained Asriel. “So the Plastique family won’t hear them bickering!” Asriel added in a dramatic whisper.

Harper looked like he wanted a pair of those earrings ASAP. I was fine without them. They seemed like a headache. They quarrelled nonstop.

Asriel took a small vial from his jeans pocket. It was filled with silvery dust. He blew it into the air and it surrounded us. I felt tingly all over for a moment and then the feeling faded.

“What just happened?” I asked.

“You’re invisible now!” Asriel informed me.

I took my compact out of my little crossbody bag and looked at myself. I smiled at the nothingness reflected there. I only saw the tree behind me in the mirror.

“Will we be able to do stuff like that?” I asked hopefully.

“Eventually,” said Asriel.

“You just discovered you were part Fae five minutes ago! Why are young people always in a hurry?” Asked Rein.

“She’s eager to learn! She will make a marvellous princess! I can envision the halls of the castle filled with suitors already!” Whispered Erin conspiratorially.

“I have mates,” I said to Erin.

“Yuck! Those four. Four of them and not even one likeable one! Now that’s just ridiculous!” Said Rein.

“Yes! I almost forgot! Jonah, Noah, Eli and Zaya. Oh, I love Zaya! I like Eli too. Noah and Jonah are...great also!” Said Erin.

I felt like Erin struggled to say the word great when referring to the elder two.

“They a’ight,” said Asriel.

He snapped his fingers and we were surrounded by darkness. My stomach lurched as if I had fallen suddenly. I held onto Harper to steady myself. Dad seemed used to this method of travel. I had so many questions for him. Did Mom used to travel via Fae magic like that? Did Mom take him to Fae places? What was she like? What was he like? My Dad was a stranger to me still.

We arrived at the Plastique residence in less than a few uncomfortable seconds.

“Wow,” said Harper softly.

I knew he meant the magic.

“Wait,” I said. “How come we didn’t...um...poof inside the house?” I asked out of curiosity.

Asriel chuckled.

Dad smiled.

“We are Fae. We must be invited inside. Once invited, we can return as we please. You two were let in earlier. I was not. This is where I leave you for now. You’re invisible. Go in and retrieve what you seek,” said Asriel with a knowing smile. “Your Dad can go with you. He’s a werewolf. He doesn’t need an invitation!”

“Not like vampires and faeries,” barked Dad, laughing to himself.

“You’ll wait here for us?” I asked, not ready to part with cousin Asriel.

He winked. “I’ll wait forever if I must,” he said dramatically.

“He’ll wander off to the nearest fast-food joint for a bean burrito if you take too long,” said Rein.

“Forever and ever, Princess Hannah!” Chimed Erin dutifully.

“He’ll come back. Snarf down the burrito. Stand here and act like he never left!” Added Rein.

“Until the mountains crumble to dust and the stars fall from the heavens!” Erin practically sang.

“Thank you, Erin! You’re a real one! Rein, you’ve got jokes. I admire that too,” said Harper.

Rein was stunned into silence by Harper’s compliment.

Erin promptly began praising Harper and Pariah again. He then started asking Rein and Asriel to look for a pen so they could all get autographs.

Dad, Harper and I went around the side of the house, searching for an easy way in. Dad spotted an open window on the first floor. He and Harper were good climbers. I was not. They helped me shimmy up the drain pipe and climb into the first story window. I tumbled onto the floor. Dad quickly picked me up.

Are you ok? He asked over mind-link.

I nodded. He released me. I followed him and Harper around. Harper seemed to know where he was going. Harper went into a study. He searched all the drawers. I looked through a cabinet.

What are you hoping to find? Dad asked us.

A will from Hannah's adopted Dad! Said Harper.

You won't want for money, said Dad, confused.

It's the principle behind it all! Insisted Harper.

Harper became frustrated and stole out of the room into the hallway. He edged along quietly, moving stealthily though we were invisible.

This invisibility spell wears off in about a half hour, ok, kids so hurry! Said Dad.

What?! I pictured Asriel telling me he'd wait forever. I rolled my eyes. He knew his spell only lasted thirty minutes! I needed to start paying closer attention to Rein's comments.

Harper tiptoed into a dressing room of sorts where there was a vanity overladen with creams, perfumes and other beauty products.

Harper! How do you know the layout of this place so well?! I asked privately.

Harper grinned sheepishly.

I'm not proud of this but it was before I met you and saw how Angie treats you! Angie cheats on Jonah and their situation-ship all the time. Before you came into the picture. They've been a sorta couple a year now, said Harper to me only.

I felt sick thinking about where this was going.

You hooked up with Angie?! I asked outright.

Our Dad was leafing through some drawers nearby unaware of our exchange.

Yeah, said Harper, avoiding my gaze.

I stormed out of the room.

Dad came after me.

What are you doing? He asked.

Leaving, I said.

I found the window, climbed out of it and almost screamed when I slipped. My feet were dangling in midair. I looked up and Dad was holding me by the hood of my jacket. He pulled me back inside.

We can't leave your brother, he said in a tone that did not allow for protests.

He gave me a stern look that I knew meant "stay put" and went to get Harper. Harper came hurrying out.

Star! I know you hate me but I got it! I got it! Said Harper excitedly. He practically leapt out the window, landing easily, crouching on his feet and standing up smoothly.

Why couldn't I do that? Dad helped me climb down and Harper waited with his hands stretched upwards to help me too. I avoided Harper's help and began walking towards the front.

Asriel was there. He hastily put away an empty burrito wrapper. He looked alarmed at my expression.

"What's wrong, Honey?" He asked softly, putting an arm around me.

I sighed.

"She hates me now," said Harper quickly and dismissively. "But that's ok! Because I got it!"

"What?" Asked Asriel with a smile.

"You know what!" Said Rein, annoyed.

"The will!" Shrieked Erin.

I almost shushed him before I remembered anyone only those who were Fae could hear him.

Asriel snapped us back to Harper's house in a flash.

“And it says Hannah is the beneficiary!” Continued Harper as if nothing had happened.

“What?” I asked.

“You know what!” Snapped Rein.

“Yay! We’re rich!” Cheered Erin.

“We’re already rich! We belong to a Prince! You act like you’ve never been anywhere! We should start leaving you home,” said Rein to Erin.

Harper chuckled. He handed me the will. I reluctantly took it. My heart still stung so badly. Why were Angie’s claws all over everyone I loved all the time? My mate. My twin. My...inheritance. I gasped. I had always thought my father had been exempted from his parents’ money but that was apparently not the case. My adopted Dad had listed me as the sole heiress to his fortune, his billion dollar fortune. I fainted.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 45

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 45-Star’s POV

When I came to, I was greeted by the anxious faces of my Dad and my twin brother along with the calm face of my cousin.

“She’s fine,” Asriel announced as he finished sprinkling me with a shimmery dust that made me sneeze a shower of glitter.

Asriel wiped some glitter sneeze spray from his shirt.

“Hannah, how’re you feeling?” Asked Dad, patting me delicately on the head.

“I’m ok,” I mumbled.

I sat up slowly. Harper tried to help me but I scooted away from him. I was lying down in a bed in an unfamiliar but welcoming setting. It was a spacious bedroom with cream-coloured walls and a hard-wood floor. The drapes were a chocolate brown and the bedding was lily-white. The room was simple yet luxurious. Where was I? Harper guessed what I was wondering.

“We’re at my house again,” said Harper.

“How is she feeling?” Whispered Mia as she peaked into the room. Marco was just behind her.

“I’m ok, thank you,” I said to her. “Sorry to alarm everyone,” I added.

“Will she be ok enough to go to the castle?” Asked Dad.

He was looking at Asriel who nodded.

“The castle?” Said Harper incredulously. “But we need to confront Angie’s Mom first! She stole Hannah’s inheritance!” He said indignantly.

Asriel stroked his chin, thinking it over. The earrings were quiet. In fact, they appeared to be sleeping. I leant a bit closer to Asriel to observe them. Erin was sleeping soundly and Rein was snoring softly.

“Shouldn’t a lawyer handle that? Look at the will,” grumbled Dad in his deep voice.

Everything Dad said sounded gruff even if he did not mean it in such a way. It was the ba.ss of his voice and his entire demeanour. He was intimidating without even trying.

Marco agreed with his best friend. “Your father is right! Don’t worry, Harper, I’ll have my lawyer look at the will and make an inquiry,” he said firmly.

Harper reluctantly agreed. “Ok,” was all he said. He was looking to me to object further.

“Ok,” I said.

I was still so upset over Harper’s history with Angie. I wasn’t sure how to process it. When had he been planning on telling me? Would he have ever told me? I knew it was before he had even met me but it was so frustrating that Angie seemed to have marred every aspect of my life in some way.

“We’re going to the castle right away?” I asked as the butler set a tray with a bowl of soup on it in front of me. Steam rose from the spicy-smelling liquid. I sipped a few spoonfuls carefully after blowing on them. The warmth filled my tummy. I began to feel better.

“We’ll go within the hour. Better to go as soon as possible,” said Dad.

He was in such a hurry for us to claim our birthrights. I supposed he had already waited eighteen years so he was entitled to be a bit impatient now. I was eager to claim my Fae powers. They could be of great use against the curse. Surely, a magical luna would not be as susceptible to a curse. I hastily drank the soup and used the accompanying glass of water to take some painkillers. I had a throbbing headache. I got to my feet and put on my shoes.

“Let’s go!” I said.

Harper looked at me disapprovingly but did not object. Dad and Asriel grinned at each other. It dawned on me that I should alert my mates before I left the pack lands.

“Take these!” Instead Marco, handing a coat to each of us.

“Oh, wait I-,” I began but Asriel had already muttered a few words whilst holding the snow globe portal.

This method of travel was smoother than the previous one. We seemed to glide through a kaleidoscope of colours for less than a second. After the whirlwind of colours, I found myself in a wintry landscape surrounded by blindingly white snow. The blast of cold air prompted me to put on my coat. Everyone else donned theirs also. I blinked as my eyes adjusted to the light and the glare. My shoes crunched through the fresh snow. Snowflakes were falling from above steadily thickening the white blanket of snow beneath us. The castle could be seen in the distance. Asriel put another invisibility spell on all of us. I took a deep breath. I couldn’t believe how my life had changed so suddenly. I was about to meet the Winter Faerie Queen, my own great-grandmother.

Dad held my hand and helped me meander through the rocky, snowy expanse. Harper kept holding out his hand to me also but I refused it each time until he gave up. I felt a pang of guilt for being so hard on him but I pushed that aside. My mind was already swirling with dozens of thoughts. What would the Fae Queen think of me? What would she think of Harper? Would she relinquish the pack to him? Would the pack members themselves accept us? Would Angie’s Mom be found guilty for anything regarding the will? Would the money actually come to me? How would the Quads react to the news of my inheritance being stolen by the Plastique family? Particularly Jonah! How would they react to me being a Princess?

Erin and Rein snapped me out of my thoughts. They had woken up.

“It’s so cold! Where’s my coat? You selfish Fae you, Asriel!” Grumbled Rein.

“Wow, look at this winter wonderland! Isn’t it a dream come true, everyone! Who has watched the human movie Frozen? Shall I sing the song from it?” Asked Erin.

“Please don’t! I’m miserable enough as it is!” Yelped Rein.

“LET IT G-,” began Erin but Asriel promptly shushed him.

“The Fae can hear you two, remember?” He chastised them.

They were silent.

“There,” whispered Asriel.

I gasped. A huge grey stone castle loomed before us. Now that we were closer, I could see how magnificent it really was. It was a colossal maze of towers with pointed domed roofs and stained glass windows. The stained glass reflected their colours onto the nearby snow making the scene all the more brilliant. The castle was surrounded by a grey stone wall. There were walkways high up at the top of the wall like floating bridges. I could see guards in full armour patrolling them. A piercingly loud and fierce screech almost made me fall over in shock. I looked further upwards until my eyes found it. At the highest tower was a dragon. He was curled around the dome like roof. His scales looked like they were made of ice. He was almost translucent and he sparkled brilliantly in the light. He seemed excited about something. He emitted another screeching sound as he stretched out his wide wings. He had to be at least one hundred feet long from snout to tail, perhaps larger.

He senses you two, said Dad over mind-link to Harper and me.

Dad seemed thrilled.

Shouldn’t we be worried? Won’t he attack us? Asked Harper.

No! He was your mother’s dragon! Said Dad.

My mother had kept a dragon for a pet!

If Mom had a dragon, how was anyone able to cross her and you, Dad?
Demanded Harper.

Dad sighed.

That was eighteen years ago! He was a hatchling then! He is about the same age as you two!

What's his name? I asked eagerly.

Haven, said Dad.

Haven raised his magnificent head, snout facing the sky. He opened his wide jaws and roared. A fountain of ice sprang from his mouth forming an icy curved bridge from just above the tallest tower descending outwards all the way down to the snow before us. I marvelled at it.

Haven is helping us! Exclaimed Dad. Hurry! The guards will be suspicious now but the bridge will be the fastest way! Shift! NOW!

I shifted without a single thought about my coat or clothes. I shredded through them as my form changed shape, growing. I looked down at my white furry paws, really noticing my coat properly for the first time. There were two other white wolves before me. Harper and Dad. Asriel motioned for us to follow him as he ran lightly up the ice bridge. We scampered after him. It was slippery but Harper and Dad grasped the scruff of my neck carefully with their jaws whenever I slipped. We were still invisible but a guard suddenly leapt onto the ice bridge midway, blocking our path. He peered into the thin air, swiping his hands out at nothing. He was onto us. Haven suddenly sent a blast of ice his way, knocking him off the bridge. Guards began to swarm the bridge but after a few more ice blasts from Haven, they became very reluctant to investigate the new bridge. Many scurried off of the bridge, clearing our path. We reached the very top where there was a jagged edge hanging in midair.

I could see the pointed tip of the domed roof below us. Asriel blew silver dust downwards forming a rope bridge that resembled a glistening silvery spider's web. We gingerly crossed it. We crashed straight through the stained glass window of the highest tower, tumbling across the stone floor. We were in the castle! We had made it! I looked over at Harper's white wolf, his fur dotted with pieces of coloured glass. He seemed ok. I couldn't shift back without clothes. I looked at my father's wolf and at Asriel who wore a wide triumphant grin on his face.

Before I could ask either of them what to do, a chill crept through me. My body was bathed in light as was Harper's. A surge of energy coursed through me. I

opened my mouth to scream but a howl escaped me instead. A tornado of shimmery dust swirled around my twin and me, faster and faster. Something was rushing through me, changing me. I was disoriented but I did not feel unwell. I felt...powerful.