

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 7

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 7-On Saturday night, I slept between Zaya and Eli in their deluxe private suite at our elite boarding school. Zaya and I had kissed earlier that night and Jonah had honestly seemed a bit jealous. I could not help but be smug about it. Being around Jonah and Noah too much was a little too depressing for me. It felt like I was being rejected over and over again. Thus, on Sunday morning, I told Zaya and Eli that I wanted to return to my normal dorm room with my best friend Jillian. They seemed sad but they allowed it. Eli helped me carry my luggage from the trip from their suite to my dorm. It was so reminiscent of Noah helping me out on the first day. I felt a pang in my chest. Why did Noah hate me all of a sudden? What sort of Alpha was Jonah to not even consider giving his fated mate a chance? He still clung to Angie.

I sighed. Monday had finally reared its sleepy dreary head. I tumbled out of bed, tangled up in my covers. I grumbled to myself as I trudged into the bathroom and slowly showered, brushed my teeth and dressed. I had never rolled up my skirt at the waist before like most of the she-wolves did so it would be shorter and sexier and show at least my knees and some inches of my thighs. I usually wore my skirts as per regulation just below the knees. I wore a loose shirt whereas other girls had their school shirt fitted. I usually had my long curly hair in a bun. No makeup. I did wear perfume though. I couldn't get enough of the stuff. Eli had gotten me a designer perfume on Sunday as a late birthday present along with an iPhone because he wanted us to have the same phone so we could play all the same games and be friends on all the same apps. He said those were "the first two" of my gifts but I had insisted on no more gifts. Zaya had gotten me a yellow gold opal ring with a diamond band that he had insisted I wear on the ring finger of my left hand, essentially my wedding finger. I supposed it was meant to be a promise ring but I was shocked at how fast he wanted to move.

Jillian spotted me. She had woken up late and was scrambling to get ready. She put her strawberry blonde curls in pigtails and hiked her skirt up by rolling it at the waist so it hit at her mid-thighs. Her shirt was fitted and she was wearing mascara, eyeliner, blush and a lip stain. She looked really cute.

"Chet is a lucky guy!" I exclaimed.

"So are the Quads though Jonah and Noah are jerks," grumbled Jillian. "You need my help. We need to make them squirm."

“What do you mean?” I asked, looking at my opal ring sparkling on my finger. Zaya had made me promise to never take it off not even to shower. It was comfortable so I agreed. He claimed he had payed a high witch to enchant it so it would cast a protection circle around me. He was probably just joking. Zaya and Eli joked all the time.

“Just, trust me, ok?” Said Jillian.

I nodded. She grinned.

Jillian made me wear my hair down. She rolled my skirt at the waist so it would be at my mid-thighs. I rolled it back down a little so it would be just an inch or two above my knees. She pursed her lips at me, clearly annoyed. I grinned sheepishly. She fixed the skirt again, making it short. She gave me one of her fitted shirts. Thankfully, she gave me the loosest one she owned which was still fitted but not too tight. I had some wiggle room. She made me change out of my loafers and into some high-heeled Mary Janes. I hoped I wouldn't fall on my face in front of the whole class. Jillian did my makeup similar to hers. I looked in the mirror and smiled. Wow. I actually felt pretty.

“Thanks,” I said sincerely.

She shrugged. “Let's go!”

We were late due to my last-minute makeover. I walked into the classroom to a chorus of whispers. People were talking about me. News that I was the fated mate of the Quadruplet Alphas had spread. Girls stared at me with envy in their eyes. Others smiled and waved as if we had always been friends. Guys who had never noticed my existence winked at me. The seats in class were on rising rows like a movie theatre so that the last row was the highest up and the front row was the lowest. I spotted the Quads sitting in their usual middle row, dead centre of the class. Angie was sitting next to Jonah. He had his arm around her but was staring at me. Noah was staring too or perhaps glaring was the right word. Ugh! What was his problem? Eli and Zaya grinned at me. They had saved me a seat between them in the same row as their brothers, Angie and a few other snotty popular pretty people.

The teacher had not noticed that Jillian and I were late as his back was turned and he was writing on the board. He had not took attendance yet. His name was Mr Damocles. He was the strictest teacher at the school. His wrath was legendary. He was average height for a werewolf which was still a bit tall for humans. He was fit and slender. He had dark hair, hazel eyes and a ruddy

complexion. He covered two sleeves' of tattoos with blazers and shirts. He taught history and he also coached rugby at the school. Jillian quickly and quietly walked up the stairs to the middle row with the Quads and sat next to Chet who was on the other side of Jonah. I started up the stairs when Angie cleared her throat loudly. Mr Damocles looked around, frowning and spotted me. He was livid.

"Late, Miss...remind of your name," he muttered.

"Star," said Angie smiling.

"Thank you, Angie," said Mr Damocles. Angie was always in his good graces. He favoured her.

"Not only are you late, Miss Star, but you are also inappropriately dressed. That uniform is not regulation!" He snapped.

Angie was dressed the same way, as was Jillian and around ten of the fifteen girls in class today.

"Do you enjoy making a spectacle of yourself, MISS STAR, hmmm!" He bellowed making me tremble. The room was silent and tense. I held back tears.

"Clearly, you like attention!" He growled, slamming his long ruler on the desk and making me jump.

"I'm...s-s-sorry, M-mis-," I began.

"SPIT IT OUT!" bellowed Mr Damocles making me flinch and shut my eyes tightly.

"That's enough," demanded Jonah, the eldest alpha. No one dared to defy him not even teachers. Only the other three younger alphas could ignore his commands

Mr Damocles stiffened, shocked at Jonah defending me. The class actually gasped in unison. Angie scowled. She was seething. Even I was extremely surprised.

"Let's move on," said Mr Damocles curtly. "Take your seat, Miss Star."

I still hesitated a little, not sure if I wanted to sit with the Quads as my cheeks burned with shame. I spotted Zaya and Eli motioning for me to come up the stairs.

“You know what, never mind, Miss Star, kindly leave my class,” said Mr Damocles.

Everyone gasped. All four of my mates stiffened.

“That’s bullsh!t!” Said Zaya.

“Excuse, me, future Alpha Isaiah. Would your father approve of this behaviour and language?” Asked Damocles.

Before I could hear the rest of the argument, I just left the class, sighing. I went to the nearest girls’ bathroom to cry. I felt so embarrassed. There was a knock on my stall door. Huh. I opened it hesitantly.

Jonah?

“Hey,” he said, gazing at me intensely. He took a handkerchief and dried my tears.

“Damocles is a j.erk, ok,” said Jonah.

So are you! “Ok,” was all I mumbled out loud.

“You ok?” Asked Jonah.

I shrugged.

“Did Zaya get in trouble?” I asked.

“No, Damocles isn’t crazy. Zaya is Dad’s favourite actually,” Jonah said matter-of-factly. He did not seem bothered by that fact.

“Zaya is your favourite too, huh?” He asked. Now, he sounded really jealous.

His green eyes darkened a little.

I moved to walk away and he grabbed my arm pulling me back to him, flush against him.

“Hey!” I said furiously. “Go aw...”

He silenced me with his lips. They came crashing down against mine. I squealed in surprise but my wolf was elated. I moved my lips against his instinctively. He grabbed the backs of my thighs and lifted me easily, hurtling back into the stall and pressing me into the wall. Heat was coursing through me. I could feel his muscles hard and taut under his shirt. I could feel the huge bulge in his pants pressing against me. He nipped my bottom lip making me gasp so that he could slide his tongue into my mouth. I came to my senses. I kneed him in the groin. He dropped me and stumbled backwards.

“Argh!” He yelled. “What the fvck, Star!”

I slapped him, like those girls who got kissed by cowboys in westerns. His face barely moved an inch but he flashed me angry black eyes.

“I’m the Alpha! And the eldest! How dare you?” He snarled.

“How dare you kiss me without warning like that and while your girlfriend, my cousin, is back in class waiting on you?” I shrieked indignantly.

He was a gross person but he was a great kisser honestly. He smirked.

“As if you don’t want me,” he said. Ugh!

“I really, really don’t!” I snapped, brushing past him.

“You’ll regret walking away from me,” he warned.

“I’m no one’s sidepiece!” I snapped.

“Star,” he protested, looking hurt. “You’re not my sidepiece. You’re my mate.”

“So how come Angie gets to be your real girlfriend and all I get are scraps?” I yelled.

“Because I don’t really care about her,” he mumbled. “It’s a douchebag move but I can’t be public with you. You’ll get hurt.”

“Yet your younger brothers accept me,” I muttered.

“They don’t know what Noah and I know. You can’t have all of us until...”

Huh.

“Until what?” I asked.

I couldn't have all of them? Regardless of what the issue was, there was no need for him to flaunt Angie in my face.

“Excuse me? Until what?” I asked sternly.

“Don't you ever slap me again. And keep your voice at a reasonable volume when you talk to me, understood, Mon ciel étoilé!” Said Jonah in an indecipherable tone. I had no idea if he were serious or not, angry or playful, displeased or pleased.

“I won't slap you so long as you don't grab me like that,” I said softly, wanting to let bygones be bygones.

I knew the Quads' mother was French. I wondered what the French he had used meant. It sounded like a term of endearment. My heart fluttered and my wolf was excited. I felt disgusted with myself.

“May I go now?” I asked.

“Yes, Ma Louloutte!” He said, gesturing with his hand as if to say after you. “Après Vous!”

That definitely meant “after you” but I wasn't sure about the other word. It sounded like yet another term of endearment.

I stormed past him and opened the bathroom door to find myself face-to-face with Angie. She spotted Jonah just behind me. I glanced at him and realised there was some lipstick on his mouth and the collar of his shirt. I gulped.