

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 91

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 91-Jonah

I entered into a completely white room. White tiles. White walls. The room was empty. I looked around. Where was the challenge? How did Temperance apply here? There were no temptations for me to resist. I knew I could not ask anyone for help. I tried to mind-link Noah just to be sure. Nothing. Silence.

The white wall directly in front of me and opposite to the door changed suddenly. I glanced back at the door making sure it did not disappear. Black spots appeared on the wall and converged to form words.

Don't shift. Don't leave the room. No matter what. This is Temperance.

What?! The words disappeared. So I had to resist the urge to shift and I could not leave the room. Simple. I remained alert in case something jumped out at me. I began searching the room, looking for more to the challenge than those few words. There was nothing. This was temperance which was basically self-control so maybe I should meditate or something. I sat on the floor and remained calm though there was something unnerving about the white room.

As soon as I sat down cross-legged on the floor, I felt a presence behind me. It made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I did feel like shifting in case I had to fight but I forced myself not to. I turned around and stood up. My heart plummeted at the sight before me. Angelique was standing in the corner with a demented smile on her face.

It's an illusion, I convinced myself. It's part of the test.

"Jonah," said Angelique, stepping towards me.

I realised she was wearing a wedding dress with a long train and veil behind her. She was a mass of white lace. She was barefoot. I gasped at her footprints. They were bloody! Was the blood hers? I sniffed the air. I knew that smell anywhere. Star. The blood smelled like Star.

"What did you do?" I snarled, fighting the urge to shift.

It was not real. I had to keep reminding myself of that. A good Alpha had to be in control of his wolf at all times. I backed away from Angelique so I did not

have to smell the blood. My back hit the wall. The room was not that big. What a macabre task? Star's father came up with this?

"What do you want?" I growled as Angelique continued to take small slow steps towards me.

I made myself look at her face and not the bloody footprints. She did not answer me. She simply began humming the wedding march.

"Angelique! Stay away from me!" I warned through gritted teeth.

She cackled madly. She began to sing.

"Here comes the bride! All dressed in white!" She sang off-key. Her high-pitched voice was grating like nails on a chalkboard.

"Shut up!" I roared.

"Do you wanna know what her last words were?" Asked Angelique.

"This isn't real!" I told her.

The illusion of Angelique began to mimic Star, sounding exactly like her clearly by supernatural means.

"Angie! Please! Don't do this! We're cousins! I've always wanted us to be friends! I never meant to take anything from you! Angie don't! Stop! Somebody help me! Please! Jonah! JONAH!" She screeched in Star's voice.

I covered my ears. It was horrible. I was shaking. The instructions said not to leave and not to shift. Could I attack the doppelgänger in human form then? Something told me that went without saying. Attacking didn't seem like a good representation of self-control.

"Star is alive and she's on the other side of that door," I hissed, pointing to the door.

"You sure? Go see for yourself!" Ordered Angelique.

"I don't need to," I said confidently. "I know she's there. If she were dead, my whole body would be aching. She has my mark."

The thing pretending to be Angelique frowned.

“Well, aren’t you so clever?” It hissed.

It rushed towards me, shrieking as it came closer. I caught a glimpse of its true form. It was some kind of imp or ghou. Its eyes practically bugged out of its head as it flew at me. I put my hands up to block it, shutting my eyes reflexively. Nothing happened. I slowly opened my eyes.

I was in my house! What?! I ran around, covering more distance than the room could have possibly had to see how far this setup extended. This magic was astounding. I had to marvel at it a little. The phone rang making me jump. It was the phone in Dad’s study. That was one of the only rooms in this huge mansion that had a land line. I ran to Dad’s study, flung the double doors open and rushed to the phone. I hesitated to pick it up, suddenly terrified of who or what was calling. I picked it up, took a deep breath and put the receiver to my ear.

“Jonah,” said my father’s voice. His voice sounded thick like he was crying. He sniffled.

“Dad! What’s wrong?” I asked, worried. It was hard not to get lost in here, lost in the narrative. It was all so real.

“Your mother,” said Dad.

“What happened to Mom?” I asked, trembling.

“It’s your fault!” Snarled Dad.

Dad would never say that. I hung up on him. I rushed to the door and found my Dad standing there physically. fvck!

“Stay away from me! You’re not my Dad!” I told it.

“You told me that curse was broken!” Snarled the thing masquerading as my Dad.

“IT IS!” I roared, getting angry now.

I knew my eyes would have flashed black for a split second. I needed to calm down. I had to keep calm for Star. I took some deep breaths.

“It is,” I said in a much more measured tone.

Dad laughed maniacally.

“I listened to you! I trusted you! Jonah! My firstborn!” Lamented Dad. “I proposed to your mother after all these years,” said Dad, tears running down his face.

“She wanted to elope right away so we did. We found a random chapel open and got married their like love-struck teenagers,” said Dad.

“Throughout the ceremony this noise unnerved me. This...creaking. Coming from above us. Coming from the ceiling. What was that? I figured the chapel was old,” said Dad, collapsing into this chair behind his desk.

I stayed far away from him.

“She said I do,” said Dad with a faint smile.

I stared at him blankly.

“And do you know what happened when she said I do?” Asked Dad.

I shook my head though I could hazard a guess.

“The creaking got louder and louder. I looked up. She was there!” Hissed Dad.

“Who?” I asked, my pulse racing.

“Georgianna, the witch. Sitting among the rafters, high up, swinging her legs as she watched us. Making that creaking noise,” said Dad.

I was transfixed by the horrifying story. I just stared at Dad.

“She descended upon your mother,” said Dad, trembling.

“I rushed towards them but when I reached them the witch was gone. Your mother was lying there. Dead. Her neck at an odd angle,” said Dad, wringing his hands together.

“Do you want to say hello to your mother?” Asked Dad suddenly.

I ran from the room. I would not shift. I looked at the hallway. It was filled with doors! All of them replicas of the Temperance door. There were thirty exits or more. Someone was coming towards me in a wedding dress from the far end

of the hallway. The stairs were gone. The only place to go was out which would ruin the task. The bride dragging her feet as she trudged down the hallway was not Angelique. I recognised my mother's silhouette and her perfume.

"I will not leave this place! No matter what you do!" I roared at it.

I stood my ground.

The thing paused. I breathed a sigh of relief. I had relaxed too soon. It broke into a run, rushing towards me. I shut my eyes.

I'm not leaving and I won't shift, I said to myself over and over again.

I opened my eyes. I was panting. The thing was gone. I was in the white room again. Alone thankfully. I sighed. The original door creaked open. The creaking sound disturbed me a little. I hesitantly approached the door but stopped myself midway. I looked at the wall. Black dots were appearing. They formed a new message.

You are free to go. You have displayed temperance.

I dove out of the room. The door slammed shut behind me. I was panting, my chest heaving.

"Jonah!" Squealed Star, rushing into my arms.

I crushed her to me.

"Someone call my Mom!" I said before I realised how childish that sounded.

"Um, just so that..." I began trying to explain myself but Noah was already on the phone.

"Phones can work in here! But mind-link can't!" Said Zaya incredulously.

"Neither can work in here," said Eli, glancing at Noah's phone.

Noah nodded, putting his phone away.

"No communication with the outside world," said Heath with a strange smile plastered on his face.

“Your Mom is fine!” Said Asriel reassuringly. “It’s just an illusion and you did really well!”

“Did you all see everything?” I asked.

Star nodded. She was crying. She was holding onto me just as tightly as I was gripping her. Heath did not offer any congratulatory remarks. I frowned at him. That had seemed like overkill and to top it off, he was being cold even though I had passed.

“You did amazing,” said Asriel.

“You were so...disciplined. You didn’t break. I’m proud of you. Watching that was maddening! I would have failed. I almost shifted just watching,” admitted Star, snuggling closer.

I held her to me, breathing in her sweet clean smell.

“Way to go, Big Bro,” said Eli.

Zaya clapped me on the back.

Noah was fidgeting nervously. He was next.

Holly

I searched through the darkness. I was not a wolf so my eyes would not adjust to this impenetrable darkness. I sighed. I kept searching. I was crawling on my hands and knees on a cold hard surface. It was not smooth enough to be tiles or marble. It was rough. Concrete. Stone. A dungeon?

I felt something soft. I pulled on it. Fabric. I rubbed it between two fingers. Denim. Someone’s jeans. Heath always dressed pretty casual though I did not remember exactly what he had on. I crawled along the side of someone’s body, presumably Heath’s. I felt the planes of the person’s face. A strong jaw. The angle of the nose and cheekbones were familiar to me. This was definitely Heath. Harper looked just like him so I knew his features anywhere. I felt his neck. I found a pulse. I put my hand on his chest. It moved up and down. He was breathing and he had a pulse. I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Heath,” I whispered fiercely, not knowing if someone was lurking in the darkness, watching us.

“Heath!” I called a little more loudly.

I put my lips closer to his ear rather than speak more loudly. I did not want to alert Holden in case he was still nearby and Heath with his wolf eyesight would be able to tell.

“Heath!” I hissed directly in his ear.

He jumped, startled.

I imagined, his eyes opening.

“Where are we?” I asked quickly.

“Some kinda dungeon,” he muttered. “That bastard!” Roared Heath, lashing out.

He must have struck the bars of our cell because I heard the clanging of metal.

“Can we fit through the bars?” I asked.

“No they’re too close together,” said Heath, sounding defeated.

“Can you break them down?” I asked.

“I can try,” he said softly.

He struck the bars again. I heard the clanging following by a hissing sound this time.

What is that?” I asked.

I smelled something like burnt skin and flesh. I quickly scurried across on my hands and knees to the bars and felt them.

“What’s that burning smell?” I asked Heath.

He struck the bars again and the burning smell intensified.

“STOP!” I shrieked. “Those bars are silver, aren’t they?” I asked.

“Yeah, so,” grumbled Heath.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” I asked.

“We need to get out of here. I won’t let him destroy Harper’s life like he did mine. I won’t let him hurt you,” said Heath.

Heath did not want his son to experience the pain of living without his mate. Heath struck the bars again and again.

“Please don’t! It’s no use. Let’s try another way!” I said.

I quickly searched my pockets to ensure that I still had the Lotus. I didn’t.

“He took the Lingering Lotus,” I said, close to tears.

I took a deep breath. I had to compose myself. I felt the bars Heath had been hitting. They were still much too close together. It would take hours to escape this way.

“Can you mind-link anyone?” I asked.

“I’m trying but it isn’t working,” snarled Heath, frustrated.

I knew his frustration was not directed at me. I did not want to tell him that his mate was alive and had been alive all this time because I did not know if she would still be alive by the time we got out of here. Speaking of Hesper, I needed to intercept Holden before he got to her. I could still possibly save her and expose the imposter at court if I could get out of here.

“Harper should realise you’re missing soon enough,” said Heath.

“And Star and the Quads will know that you’re missing! They’re waiting on you to start the four cardinal virtues challenge, right?” I reasoned.

Heath nodded.

Noah

“Next in birth order and in this challenge is Noah who will demonstrate Prudence,” announced Heath with a taunting smile.

I was terrified but I did not want to show it. Star’s father seemed to be enjoying this too much. It was weird. He did not like us that much with the exception of Eli but he certainly did not hate us. I could not imagine him enjoying our

suffering. Watching Jonah's challenge had been horrible enough. Now I had to enter the arena myself. I remembered how amused Heath had been while watching Jonah.

"Oh, one more thing! Try to move quickly boys!" Instructed Heath. "The creature in the arena is a shapeshifting ghoul. It has not fed on flesh for the day. The hungrier it gets, the harder the challenge will be so each task will be harder than the last."

"Great," said Zaya sarcastically. "So glad I'm last then."

"What happens if someone fails a task? Shouldn't you feed the ghoul so it won't be actually dangerous? Won't it try to eat us, especially if we fail," questioned Eli.

"We'll get you out of there in time if things go south," said Heath.

"You were supposed to feed the ghoul right before we started!" Hissed Asriel in Heath's ear.

"You said you wanted it sated to safeguard the boys," said Asriel.

Heath frowned. "Must have slipped my mind," mumbled Heath, seemingly not concerned.

"Can't you feed it now?" Asked Star, alarmed.

"No," said Asriel sadly. "Not once the challenge has started. It would be seen as cheating to placate the ghoul during the actual challenge. If we don't uphold the integrity of the challenge, we might as well cancel it."

"No!" I said. "I'll be quick," I promised. My younger brothers and Star were counting on me.

Without looking back, I went up to the doors. I knew which one was Prudence instantly. It showed a wolf hunting for fresh healthy prey rather than eating from an old carcass nearby, likely to be diseased and putrid. Prudence was about discerning the appropriate action in a situation. The best choice wasn't always the easiest one. I knew that all too well. I stepped into the arena.

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Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 92-Holly

“Mind catching me up to speed in the meanwhile? What the hell is going on here exactly. You seem to know a lot more than you’re letting on,” said Heath, his gaze and tone accusatory.

I nodded reluctantly, wondering how I was going to omit the very vital detail concerning his mate being alive somewhere.

“I...suspected something was amiss so I came here to try to catch the false Queen in the act,” I said simply.

“And you just...suspected this randomly?” Asked Heath, furrowing his brow.

“Well, not exactly,” I admitted.

“Well,” he said slowly. “Tell me exactly how you came to suspect that.”

I paused, deliberating for a few moments and then deciding that a bit of the truth was better than none of it.

“I...my grandfather was the doctor who bundled Princess Star up in a blanket, passing her off as the afterbirth, on Hesper’s instruction, so that she could be hidden somewhere until her eighteenth birthday,” I confessed.

Heath raised his eyebrows, widening his eyes. His eyes were exactly the same shade and shape as Harper’s, and heavily lined with thick long lashes, just like the Prince. I hoped he would wake to find me missing, find it strange and come searching for me.

“I found my grandfather’s journal,” I continued. “It documented his suspicions about the evolving situation at the Ice Moon Castle at that time. He did not believe that Hesper would kill herself knowing she had two living children out there even if she thought you were dead,” I said.

“Well, obviously, Holden pushed her and then made up that story,” snarled Heath. “When I get out of here, I will rip his head from his shoulders!” He roared.

He began pacing the cell. He was getting increasingly frustrated. He tried bending the silver bars again. I could hear the hiss of his flesh as it was

singed by the silver. I grabbed both his wrists and yanked them away from the bars.

“Please, don’t!” I beseeched him.

“You have any other ideas,” he snapped.

I sighed.

Harper

Helena took me to the highest tower of the Ice Moon Castle. I noticed the window there had been flung open.

“Did Holly enter through here?” I asked.

Helena snorted, a shower of golden dust puffed into the air, indicating a yes. I entered the tower and looked around. There was no other sign of Holly save for the open window.

“Wait right here for me,” I said to Helena, who could barely fit her snout through the floor-length window but that hadn’t stopped her from trying.

She nodded. I descended a staircase. This top floor was the Queen’s quarters. I had never actually visited her quarters before. Few came up here. I found myself in a long, wide hallway lined with paintings of dragons. I picked up a faint whiff of Holly’s scent near a table. I looked under it though her scent wasn’t nearly strong enough for her to still be there. Of course, no one was under the table now but her lingering scent troubled me. It meant she had had cause to hide her from someone or something. If she was hurt, I would kill everyone responsible. I walked down the hallway. There were double doors at its very end. This was the only place she could have gone. I found the double doors locked. fvck. I shook the door but it would not budge. I banged on the doors in frustration. I just knew she was in there somewhere. Perhaps, I did not need to open the door. I had been practising my Fae magic with cousin Asriel whenever I got some free time. I closed my eyes and focused on myself instead of the doors, imagining feeling light as air. I concentrated on just subliming into thin air, being shapeless, formless, free. I opened my eyes and stepped straight through the door as though I were a ghost haunting the castle. Once inside, I made myself solid again.

“Holly!” I called. “Holly!” I hissed.

“HOLLY!”

I tried to mind-link with her but I couldn't. The Queen's room looked just like I had imagined. It was opulently decorated in snow-white and ice-blue with gold and silver accents. The room looked like Winter personified. It was beautiful but it had this unmistakably unsettling atmosphere to it. I felt like an intruder though I probably had more claim to these chambers than the Queen herself. They were originally meant for the Ice Moon Alpha and his Luna. The Queen was nowhere to be found. I looked everywhere while my anxiety grew steadily. I looked under the bed, searching for a trap door of some kind. I checked all the books on the shelf in case removing one of them opened a secret doorway. I did the same thing with the ornaments on the mantle place in case that was a hidden door. I looked on every surface for a snow globe. I just knew Holly was nearby. I could feel her but I could not link with her telepathically. I searched the adjacent bath room. It was technically a bath house with stone steps leading down into a massive pool for bathing. There were many different faucets and each one emitted a different liquid. I turned each one in case one of them opened a hidden room. All I succeeded in doing was adding warm water, milk, honey, Fae dust and various emollients and cleansers to the water. I wanted to scream in frustration. I felt like an i***t checking every faucet and book, hoping for a secret entrance way that probably did not even exist.

I went to the only other set of doors in the Queen's room besides the bathroom doors. and the exit. I tugged on them but they were locked. I stared at the doors. This should be a walk-in closet. All the royal rooms had a walk-in closet and private bathroom. Why would she lock her closet? I did my Fae spell again and walked through the door. I grinned triumphantly once inside. I found a couple dozen heavy gowns in showcases with crowns in shorter glass cases in front of them. It looked like a museum. I scrutinised everything but it was to no avail. I slid down the wall, slumping over on the door, feeling defeated.

Holly, where are you? I moaned to myself.

I covered my face with my hands.

Where could she be?

I took another look around. I did not have time to waste like this. Holly could be in grave danger. I noticed there were a few mannequins at the back of the large closet. They had obviously all been specially commissioned to look just

like the Queen. The mannequins were all identical except for their gowns and one other thing. One of the Queens had her eyes closed and her arms down while all the others had their eye open and their arms raised as though welcoming someone with open arms. I went directly to that one and tugged on her arms. They moved in unison like a lever. The mannequin's eyes snapped open and there was a low rumble like a stone sliding across concrete. I gasped. A hole had opened up in the floor before the awoken Queen. It seemed like a considerable way down. I was half werewolf too so I should be able to land on my feet. I took a deep breath and jumped down into the darkness.

Noah

The arena was just a simple dimly lit room with grey walls and grey tiles on the floor. There were snow globes everywhere. Were there actual snow globes or portals? A white splotch appeared on the wall. It began to take the form of words. I scrutinised the message. It said:

One snow globe will take you back to the other side of the door. The others will take you elsewhere. You have four tries. This is Prudence.

I started on one side of the room, examining the snow globes, working my way around anti-clockwise. The snow globes usually show the landscape of the place it led to but these had completely random objects in it. Each object was probably representative of where the respective portal led to. I had four tries and there were at least forty snow globes. Those were terrible odds. I had to choose the best option to demonstrate Prudence.

I decided to start by the process of elimination. I began putting the snow globes that were probably not the correct choices on one side of the room. I put the possibly correct ones on the other side. I kept adding to the not pile, interpreting the symbolic meaning behind the objects chosen. For example, I figured the snow globe containing a single red rose could be correct as roses signified romance. There was a small broken mirror in one of them. I put that one in the incorrect pile as cracked mirrors are associated with bad luck or misfortune. There was a fire burning in one of the snow globes. I could hear the magical fire crackling. Possibly yes. Fire represented destruction but also passion, a fiery romance. There was a diamond glittering magnificently. Yes. Engagement maybe? It could represent how precious Star was. There were toe shoes for a ballerina. That had to be wrong. It did not seem applicable to us. There was a crown. That could be right. Star was royalty. By the first sorting, I ended up with, twelve in the yes section and thirty-six in the no

section. I was pleased with the first sorting but I still had eight to eliminate. The twelve yes symbols I had chosen were the red rose, the fire, the diamond, the crown, an infinity symbol, a puzzle piece, a beating heart, an umbrella, a balanced set of scales, an empty crib, a cocoon and off course a star.

I kept staring at the star as it twinkled but it seemed too obvious. Jonah's task had been extremely difficult. They were supposed to get worse. Why would the answer be so obvious. I felt that the empty crib could be a bad omen so I eliminated it. The red rose was not that specific to our situation so I put that aside too. The umbrella seemed to represent shelter to me but I wasn't so sure about it so I got rid of it too. The puzzle piece seemed like a cliché. The scales did not match that well either. I ended up with the fire, the crown, the infinity symbol, the beating heart and the star. I had one symbol too many but I could not delay choosing something any longer. I didn't want Eli and Zaya to deal with a ravenous ghoul. I knew that thing was getting hungrier as I hypothesised.

We had gone through all of this so we could be with Star forever so I picked the infinity symbol first. I held the snow globe and flipped it over so I could read the inscription on the bottom. I felt my stomach lurch as I hurtled through a dense darkness. I found myself lying on a cold stone floor, the skin of my cheek sweaty and stuck to the floor despite its coolness. I struggled to my feet. A chill went through me. This was definitely the wrong choice.

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Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 93-Noah

I scrambled to my feet and backed away until I was against the wall. I was panting. My heart was racing. I pressed myself against the wall as if I could somehow sink through it to get back to the snow globe room. The infinity symbol had not represented Star at all. I was back in that castle in that chamber with Georgianna. She seemed worse than before. Her hair was a mass of tangles, her skin was paper-white. There were dark circles under her lifeless eyes. She crawled towards me. She moved slowly but I leapt at werewolf speed to the other side of the room.

"But we fixed it...we...we helped you! It's over!" I shouted. "We broke the curse, remember?!" I pleaded.

My mind cleared a little. I reminded myself this was the ghoul and Georgianna had in fact let me go once she had met Alto in the afterlife. This was a fear of

mine. An eternity with Georgianna. An eternity away from Star. Something worrying dawned on me. There was one symbol in that room that represented the exit and my future with Star but all the others probably represented my fears.

Harper

I found myself in a darkness so dense I could barely see anything even with my enhanced vision. There was movement in the distance. I walked over to it cautiously. My footsteps seemed to echo in this seemingly endless, high-ceilinged room. While my eyes adjusted to the almost pitch-dark room, my nose was working perfectly fine. I smelled two scents I recognised. Three actually. Holly! And...my Dad? And the smell of burning flesh!

I broke out into a run. This dark room was impossibly vast. It seemed to stretch on and on. I could just make out two figures moving within some contraption. A cage! Burning flesh? I got it. The cage was silver. I put two and two together immediately.

“DAD STOP!!!” I yelled, running towards the cage at werewolf speed now.

My Dad was inside, gripping the bars, slowly widening the gap between them, using all of his strength, as his skin and flesh were burnt by the silver. Holly was standing behind him, trying to stop him also. At the sound of my voice, he paused. He stumbled back a bit but found that the flesh of his palms were now stuck to the silver bars.

“Oh my God! Dad!” I cried.

I grabbed the bars.

“Don’t! Harper! No!” Yelled Dad.

“Harper!” Shrieked Holly.

I did not listen to either of them. I touched the silver and just as I suspected, nothing happened. I was half Fae and half Werewolf. It looked like I had lucked out with some immunity where it counted.

“Holly! Help me! Can you conjure some water?!” I asked.

She focused on my Dad's hands, understanding what I meant for her to do. She managed to make some droplets condense on the silver bars. More and more droplets appeared until a stream of water ran down the two bars, helping me to slide my Dad's hands off instead of prying them off which could have ripped his flesh. My Dad had done most of the work already. The bars were wide enough for Holly to slip through but not for my Dad. I gripped the bars and pushed them further apart. Holly got back into the cage and helped me to turn my father sideways and pulled him out of the cage. We had each of his arms flung over our shoulders as we supported his weight. He was breathing heavily. Silver was toxic to werewolves. I put him to lie down on the cold floor. I grabbed his hands on focused on healing them, detoxifying them as best as I could. My magic was powerful but my harnessing of it was poor. While I was trying to fix his hands, I noticed his hair grew a little longer. I hadn't meant to do that.

"Let's do it together!" Suggested Holly.

I held one of my father's burnt hands in my hands and Holly put her hands over mine, eliciting tingles that ran through me. She helped me to focus. The hand began to heal slowly. My Dad was so diaphoretic, his shirt was drenched with sweat. I was sure he had a fever. I looked at him anxiously.

"Close your eyes," instructed Holly softly.

I listened to her. In a few minutes, the burnt flesh formed a thick scab that soon peeled off while we continued focusing on it. Underneath the scab was delicate pink new skin. I grinned at Holly in gratitude and disbelief.

"We did it!" I said.

"You did it, Fae Prince. I am not nearly as powerful as that," she said, looking at me in awe and then gesturing to the healed hand.

My father's quick shallow breathing had become more even. He was sweating a bit less but Holly still ripped her sleeve off and conjured some water to make it damp so she could use it wipe his forehead. She left the cloth on his forehead to help cool him down as we focused on the other hand. We managed to fix this one much more quickly than the last. Holly marvelled at the new skin.

"He might not be pleased with his baby soft hands but he's alive," I said breathlessly.

Holly giggled. Dad gr0aned and slowly opened his eyes. He sp0tted me. He sat up at lightning speed, startling me.

“Harper!” He said, grabbing my hands and turning them over, looking at their dorsal and palmer surfaces closely.

“I’m ok,” I said in earnest.

He pulled me into a h.ug. I could hear him sigh with relief over my shoulder.

“I figured I might not be allergic to silver,” I explained.

“How could you have known for sure?!” Snapped Dad. “You still have to be careful! I’m glad you’re not hurt!” He said, in a rare show of raw emotion.

He cupped my face in his hands. He sniffled.

“This dusty place...my allergies,” he mumbled.

The place was sp0tless. Darkness personified but sp0tless.

“I knew I probably wasn’t allergic because I had never been allergic to iron either,” I said offhandedly, pretending not to notice him crying quietly.

“Oh!” Said Holly in amazement. “Iron burns Faeries and Silver burns werewolves and you’re not allergic to either of them!” She exclaimed.

I nodded.

“Where is this place?” I asked. “And how did you two get here?”

“We don’t know,” said Holly softly, her eyes downcast.

Huh.

“How could you not know?” I asked, confused.

Holly and Dad exchanged a glance.

“I had my suspicions about the Queen’s ident!ty,” said Holly hesitantly.

I knew Holly was a mysterious sort of girl and I was eager to finally learn more about her. I waited with bated breath for Holly to continue her story.

“Holly?” I said after she was quiet for too long.

My Dad huffed impatiently.

“Holly’s grandfather is the doctor who smuggled your sister away from here by passing her off as the afterbirth and Holly has his diary or something like that,” said my Dad quickly, getting to his feet.

I scrambled to feet too, grabbing his arm in case he was not steady yet.

“So Holly thought the Queen was an imposter also based on her grandma’s writings,” said Dad.

“Grandfather. My grandfather’s journal,” corrected Holly.

“Right,” said my Dad, his eyes half-closed.

He was still a bit droopy. He would still need proper medical attention to make sure all of the toxin came out.

“So the Queen really was an imposter then?” I assumed. “And she threw you down here?”

They nodded. My heart plummeted. I knew it was silly of me but I felt devastated like I had lost another relative.

“Yes, he was an imposter. He’s impersonating your great grandmother,” snarled Dad.

“Who is?” I asked.

“Holden,” said Dad as if it pained him just to say the name out loud.

I looked at him blankly.

“Who’s Holden?” I asked, wondering if I had missed something.

“Your mother’s cousin. The fiend who tried to marry her eighteen years ago,” growled Dad.

My eyes widened.

“So where is my real great grandmother? The real queen?” I asked.

“We do not know,” said Holly with a sigh.

She caressed my cheek gently. I held her hand there. I closed my eyes and let the tingles from my mate’s touch sooth me. I sighed.

“Ok, what now? How do we get out of here?” I said, looking up.

I could not see a source of light. There should be something to indicate the point from which I jumped.

“We don’t know. We were unconscious when that son of a b***h put us down here,” grumbled Dad.

“Well, I was conscious but I did not see anything either. Just darkness. He used magic to transport us here,” said Holly.

Alarm bells went off in my head.

“Magic! He knows magic?!” I asked.

“His father cheated on his mother with a witch and that union resulted in his birth. The she-wolf raised him as her own because she was barren and wanted a child,” explained Holly.

Oh. Holden was half wizard, half werewolf, similar to Star and me in a way.

“How did you get in? That would help us get out,” prompted Dad. “We shouldn’t stand around here. Star and those pea-brains could be in danger!” He said anxiously.

I snickered a little. There was a bit of affection in his voice even though he called the Quads “those pea-brains.” They were growing on him, winning him over.

“Helena alerted me to the fact that Holly was missing. She flew me to the tallest tower of the castle. I entered and descended to the Queen’s chambers. No one was in there. I ended up checking everywhere I could think of including the walk-in closet and one of creepy mannequins in there was posed differently. I fixed it to look like the others and that opened a trap door in the floor. I jumped down directly into here,” I explained.

Holly and Dad were listening intently, the gears in their minds turning.

“But...I can't see the exit from here,” I said worriedly as I craned my neck looking up, searching for a light. There should be light streaming down from the room above.

“It is some strange expansion enchantment among other enchantments,” said Holly.

“Let's try to teleport out of here,” she suggested.

“Before Harper came, you told me your magic was working well down here. Holden was blocking it somehow,” muttered Heath with a sigh.

Holly smiled brightly.

“What?” Asked Dad.

“Harper and I used magic to heal you just now!” Exclaimed Holly.

Dad looked at his palms as though he had only just really noticed them.

“But...” he began, turning them flipping his hands back and forth as if expecting the result to be different eventually.

“Harper's presence allowed me to evoke magic and Harper had no trouble at all from the time he arrived,” said Holly, beaming with pride.

My heart leapt a little at the sight of her smile.

“So what does that mean?” Asked Dad., finally turning away from his palms.

Holly smiled slyly.

“It means...” she said pointedly, “...that Harper is much more powerful than Holden already even if he can't harness it properly yet.”

Noah

I could not keep just scrambling away from Georgianna as she crawled after me. She moved so strangely as if she was a contortionist and every joint in her body was double-jointed. She seemed to move more and more quickly the more I ran away from her. When she got to her feet with a jerky movement, I heard a loud crack as she straightened out her own bones so she could stand. How did I get out of here and back to the snow globe room to pick a different

object? I was still inside the arena technically. This all had to be an illusion. So all of this was Prudence. What was the right decision to make now?

I looked around the room. I could not believe I had missed the fact that the bodies of Georgianna and Alto were lying motionless in the canopy bed at one end of the chamber. I was so busy scrutinising the bodies, I momentarily took my eyes off of Georgianna's spectre. She charged at me, tackling me to the ground. Her putrid breath made me nauseated. She smelled of rot. Her fingers were almost down to the bone, the flesh hanging off, the tips digging into my arms. I shoved her off of me and dove across the bed to the other side of the room.

I came here with a snow globe portal. So where was it now? The snow globe itself had just vanished. I looked back at the bodies. They looked like they were peacefully sleeping. The beautiful lifeless Georgianna was worlds apart from the rotting depiction of her vengeance that was tormenting me. The thing cackled and began to creep towards me slowly again. It was playing with me. I shivered.

Eternity, I thought to myself.

Georgianna and Alto had been meant to spend eternity together just like Star and me. I pulled down the covers and looked at their hands for their wedding bands. The corpse-like Georgianna roared in anger at this, charging at me again. In reality, Star had married them but in this illusion Alto was wearing his wedding band but Georgianna wasn't. A chill crept through me. I turned back to the corpse who was almost upon me with her hands outstretched, intent on grabbing my throat. There on her finger was the wedding band. I knew what I had to do.

I let that thing knock me over and clasp its tattered hands around my throat. It was surprisingly strong but I was an Alpha. I could knock it off of me again but I didn't this time. I went limp, pretending to lose unconsciousness. The thing removed its hands from my neck. I snapped my eyes open and grabbed its left wrist, I grasped the ring with my other hand.

It would not budge at first. The creature opened its jaws wide. The smell was shockingly offensive. I held my breath to hold back my own vomit. The creature did the opposite. It spewed vomit all over me. I yelped as I was hit with a deluge of tarry black substance.

The vomit actually helped to lubricate the ring finger when it had splashed onto its hand. The ring came loose suddenly, causing me to fall backwards, hitting my head on the floor. The creature loomed over me but I kicked her with both legs as I jumped up to a standing position, sending her flying across the room. I slipped the ring onto Georgianna's ring finger. She and Alto opened their eyes. I stumbled backwards.

I heard the creature shriek. I jumped around. The room was filling with light and a beam of it hit the creature square in her chest. She burst into an eclipse of white moths. They flew away, vanishing into the beam of light. I looked at the spot where she had been and sighed in relief. The snow globe was back and I still had three more tries to get this right.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 94

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 94-Noah

I did not know if I could handle anymore wrong picks but I had to for Star. I grabbed the infinity snow globe and it pulled me through darkness and back into the snow globe room. I could not afford to dawdle too much. Eli and Zaya had to go after me and the ghoul was getting hungrier and angrier by the minute.

At least I had another hint now, the wrong symbols represented fears. The infinity symbol had been wrong. I really hoped one of my other picks was correct. I looked at the fire, the crown, the beating heart and the star. One of these would still have to be eliminated. I only had three more tries. Fire could definitely be a fear. The crown could also represent the fear of responsibility. Dad loved that saying, "Heavy is the head that wears the crown." I sighed. Leadership certainly wasn't easy.

The beating heart did not seem as though it could represent one of my fears. The star also did not seem like something fear-related. The crown kept calling to me. I grumbled to myself. I slammed my fist on the floor in frustration, cracking the tiles. I watched my bleeding palm heal seamlessly. My own heart was racing. I went out on a limb and grabbed the beating heart snow globe on impulse. I felt my stomach lurch as I was pulled into another location.

My eyes snapped open. I groaned in frustration. I was back at the hospital where Chet and Jillian had been. Guilt flared up inside of me. Their accident had been partly my fault for getting close to Star. The curse had caused it. I reminded myself that this wasn't real and they were okay now. I was standing

in the pristine waiting room just outside of the ICU. I knew the ghoul meant for me to go inside the ICU but what could it really do if I didn't. I could just stand out here until it let me go back to the snow globe room, couldn't I? No, I could not. Eli and Zaya. I had to get this done quickly to save my little brothers the extra hardship.

I burst into the ICU, ready to get this over with. My heart almost leapt out of my chest at the sight before me. Jillian and Chet were nowhere to be found. Star was in one of the ICU beds and my mother was in the other. Their monitors were both beeping steadily, signifying that they were breathing and their hearts were still beating. I felt a little panicked, anxious about what was to come. I went closer to my mom's bed. She looked like she had been in a car accident too. Her leg was in a cast and she had a lot of small cuts all over her. I smoothed the hair off of her forehead. She was sweating profusely with the effort of healing all of these injuries. It was a lot even for a werewolf's superhuman immune system. I kissed her forehead.

"Mom, I'll be back," I mumbled.

I went over to Star. She was unconscious too. She looked even worse than Mom with both of her arms and one of her feet in thick casts. I covered my face with my hands and groaned. I touched Star's cheek. Her monitor began beeping faster and so did Mom's. The doctors rushed into the room followed by the nurses.

"What is it?" I asked. "What's happening?!" I demanded but everyone ignored me as they split into two teams and got to work on my Mom and Star.

"Are they gonna be ok?" I asked, my voice thick with tears.

I had an eerie feeling that someone was watching me amidst all this chaos. I slowly glanced behind me. My breath hitched in my throat. Georgianna was standing there barely a foot away pale and gaunt like a harbinger of death. She smiled wickedly at me.

"Why are you doing this?" I yelled.

She was shaking with suppressed laughter. She tossed her head back and laughed maniacally. I backed away from her. I had arrived without the snow globe a second time. Was the snow globe in her body again? I looked at the cackling corpse distastefully. She stopped laughing and shook her head as though she could read my thoughts. A chill crept through me. She pointed a

grey taloned finger at Star. No. My stomach lurched and it was not motion sickness this time.

“No,” I cried.

She nodded slowly, her malicious smile widening.

“NO!” I yelled at the top of my lungs.

She vanished, leaving me with the medical teams and my loved ones. I heard it. The worst sound in the world. The never-ending beep of a flatline. They were dying.

“No, no, please,” I begged the doctors who continued to work on them.

Their hearts did not restart. Eventually the medical team announced defeat despite my pleas. No one even looked at me. They covered them with white sheets. I ripped the sheets down off of their faces. They both looked so peaceful as if they were just sleeping.

I looked at the spot where the corpse had been and there was something on the floor. A scalpel. Had one of the doctors left this behind? Instinctively I knew they hadn't. This was from her. She had left it here for me to get the next snow globe. I looked at Star's angelic face.

It's not really Star, Noah, I reminded myself.

There was a strange hemispherical swelling under the white blanket. I pulled it down. I raised the hem of Star's shirt a little with trembling hands to see her tummy. It was swollen but not like a pregnancy. There was something perfectly round in there. I felt nauseated. What kind of a monster was Heath? He was watching this with the real Star. How could a father be ok with these tasks? They were vile. Prudence was about making the right decisions. There was nothing right about this.

“I won't do it,” I said aloud. Zaya was probably going to kill me.

“I can't and I won't,” I declared. “It's disgusting and it has nothing to do with me being the right person for Star!” I screamed at the wall, tears forming in my eyes.

I knew they were behind there. A door appeared in the wall. It creaked open slowly. I tilted my head a little, trying to peer into it. Beyond it, I could see nothing but impenetrable darkness. I looked around. There was nowhere else to go. I pocketed the scalpel rather than throw it away. I covered up Star and my Mom, kissing their foreheads. I went into the darkness through the door.

Star

I watched as Noah disappeared into the darkness. I was crying. I had been screaming at my Dad to call off the challenge. It was too sick. This was completely not what I had expected.

"This is gross, Dad!" I said again.

He would not even look at me.

"What is wrong with you? Since when do you hate me?" I asked, my voice thick with tears.

Asriel and Toby were quiet. Jonah was glaring at Dad. Zaya and Eli were watching the arena with worried faces.

"Where's my brother?" Snarled Jonah.

Dad smirked.

"Dad! Where's Noah? I thought that door led right outside here to us!" I cried.

Dad was shaking a little, holding back laughter. I backed away from him.

"WHERE'S MY LITTLE BROTHER?!" Yelled Jonah in his alpha voice making the whole room shake.

Dad was powerful but he was not an Alpha, he would be compelled to answer the question by wolf law. Harper had been explaining wolf law and Fae law to me of late as he would govern over both in this pack. Dad was silent, resisting the Alpha command.

"TELL ME!" Shouted Jonah.

Dust rained down from the ceiling.

"Jonah, stop!" I whispered.

Something in my voice made him look at me, his green eyes shimmering with tears.

“Jonah, Eli, Zaya, come here! Now please!” I hissed.

They came towards me worriedly.

“Make your Dad bring back Noah!” Cried Jonah.

I could not mind-link in this room. I had my phone. I typed:

That’s not my Dad.

I showed the screen to Jonah facing it away from whoever that was. Eli and Zaya flanked me protectively.

“All right. Well, that’s it then. Challenge over. Bring Noah out!” Said Zaya authoritatively.

“Noah has failed his task,” said Dad’s lookalike, his voice silky smooth not gruff. That was so unlike Dad. How could I have been so stupid? Why didn’t I notice that before? This person had graceful movements, refined mannerisms and a total lack of empathy. The opposite of Dad. Dad was all heart and impulse and unrefined jagged edges. He was a warrior with his heart on his sleeve. Once I revealed that I knew this wasn’t my Dad, things would go in another direction. Should we play along until Noah was released?

“Ok, so bring him out. The challenge is over!” I said, my voice shaking a little.

The imposter looked at me with a sly smile.

“There are four of them,” said my Dad’s imposter.

“Great math,” snarled Zaya, rolling his eyes. “We’re quadruplets. We know.”

That silky laugh echoed through the room again.

“Yes, well, one has succeeded,” said the imposter, looking at Jonah. “And one has failed,” said my Dad’s imposter, looking back at the empty arena. “There are two tasks left. If they are both done satisfactorily, that would be an overall win,” he said simply.

“Let’s say it’s an overall tie or fail,” said Eli. “Then what?”

“You can’t be with Star,” said the imposter.

“But what about Noah?” I asked.

“Do you take me for a monster?” Said the imposter.

Yes, I thought to myself.

“No, I’m not. I’m your father, Star. I love you,” said my Dad’s imposter.

His false words made me sick. He could barely get those lies out with a straight face. Where was my real Dad? Was he ok? Was Noah ok?

“Noah will return at the end of the challenge regardless of the outcome,” said the imposter.

“So where is he now?!” I asked, my heart racing.

I was terrified but I could not say anything yet. I needed a plan of some kind first.

“He’s in the arena, in the ghoul’s domain...in another waiting room, quite like this one,” said my Dad’s doppelgänger.

I looked around me. I did not believe him one bit. I knew that Noah was alive though. The Quadruplets or I could sense it. We just were not able to find him without help. I did not know anything about ghouls. I looked at Asriel and Toby.

“I don’t want to do this anymore. Take Noah out and shut down the arena and feed the ghoul!” I said to Asriel.

Asriel was hesitant. He would barely look at me. He was looking at the doppelgänger.

“Why don’t Eli and Zaya just complete their tasks?” Suggested Toby with an apologetic smile. “Then...it’ll all be over.”

“It’ll all be over?” Said Jonah.

“It’ll be complete and we can shut down the arena,” said Toby.

“You said over!” Snapped Jonah.

"I meant complete," said Toby. "Over, complete, what difference does it make?" Said Toby with a laugh.

"It makes a huge difference," said Eli, standing in front of me. "I don't wanna play this game anymore."

"Eli, wait!" I cried, guessing what he was about to do.

"We know you're not Heath," growled Eli. "I'm not too sure about Asriel and Toby either!" He snarled.

The imposter was shaking with barely suppressed laughter again. He burst into a fit of laughter, doubling over. His eyes looked wild. I backed away from him. I ran to the door to exit this room and go back to the hallway. I tugged on the handle. It was locked.

"This door isn't supposed to be locked!" I shrieked. "Only the arena's door should be locked!"

The maniac was still laughing. Asriel and Toby flanked him in silence.

"Don't you get it?" Said the imposter. "As soon as you entered the waiting room. That was it. You are all in the arena, even now," he revealed.

I gasped. The door to the waiting room was the entrance to the arena. We had been watching the tasks from inside the same arena. We had all been trapped this whole time. No wonder we could not mind-link, even in the waiting room. It all made sense now. The waiting room was part of the arena. We were all in the ghoul's domain.

"Let Star go!" Said Zaya. "What do you have against her? Who are you? You're not her father. Why do you care who she is with?" Demanded Zaya.

"Star shouldn't even exist!" Spat the imposter. "I am her father," said the imposter mockingly. "Well, I would have been her stepfather if her w***e mother could have kept her legs closed and married who she was promised to!" Bellowed the imposter, his eyes turning black. He leapt at us.

I shrieked. Energy burst out of me, making the overhead lights surge and then rain sparks down on everyone. Eli grabbed me, shielding me with his body. A small fire had started in the waiting room. The sparks stopped forming.

“Should we put it out?” Asked Asriel, looking at my Dad’s imposter.

They were all in this together. Eli didn’t release me even as the sparks stopped falling.

“Who are you two then?” I asked.

“Star, it’s me, it’s Toby!” Said Toby’s imposter.

“BULLSHIT!” I screamed.

“Language, young lady!” Said my Dad’s imposter.

“My Dad doesn’t give a fvck about language! Who are you people? And where are Noah, my Dad, my cousin and my best friend?!” I yelled, making the room shake, surprising even myself.

“You haven’t figured it out yet! I just told you who I am!” Laughed my Dad’s imposter.

He had just called my mother a w***e. That was why I made the lights spark. I was furious. I looked at the growing fire in the corner. We needed to get out of here and teleporting did not work.

“You’re Star’s relative too,” said Jonah suddenly.

My Dad’s imposter smiled.

“You’re the cousin of her mother. You were going to marry her mother but she ran off with her mate, Heath,” said Jonah.

“And they say Noah is the smart one,” said the my mother’s cousin theatrically. “I am many, many, many people! Anyone I want to be, in fact!” Said the imposter, transforming as he said that.

In a few moments, he transformed from my Dad into the Queen. I gasped. Had he been the Queen the whole time.

“So where is my real great grandmother then?” I cried.

“That’s for me to know and you to never find out!” He snarled, transforming from the Queen into a tall muscular man with dark hair and olive skin. He bore a certain family resemblance to Harper and me.

"I am Holden," he said with a deep bow, his smile mocking me.

"Where's my Dad?" I cried.

"Where's Heath?" Demanded Eli, his eyes turning black. "How long have you been him? What have you done with him and my brother?"

Holden sighed. "What is it about Heath that's so special," he said exasperatedly.

Eli pounced on Holden, shifting in midair in a split-second. I had never seen someone shift so quickly. In the blink of an eye, he became a wolf just before he tackled Holden to the floor. Clearly, Holden had not been expecting that as he crashed backwards onto the floor with Eli landing on top of him. Eli's huge front paws had Holden pinned to the floor. Holden's eyes were pitch black. He was trying to shift but finding it difficult because of Eli's massive wolf, pressing him down. Eli went for the jugular.

"NO!" I shrieked. "We need him to find the others!"

Eli hesitated. Holden sent Eli flying across the room. Holden was using magic! I caught Eli and cushioned the fall with my magic, putting him back on his paws.

"You're controlling this whole arena!" I said.

Holden laughed as Asriel and Toby helped him to his feet.

"I can't take all the credit. There actually is a hungry ghoul! This waiting room is the only place it can't enter!" Said Holden.

"And who are these two?" Snarled Johan, looking at Asriel and Toby.

Toby's face began to bubble as if it were boiling under his skin's surface. His features warped themselves. He grew a little taller and his body changed shape. I gasped as long blonde hair grew out of his head.

"Angie's Mom!" I said.

"You killed my daughter!" Snarled Mrs Plastique.

"Your daughter tried to kill me!" I said in my defence.

“Either way, Star didn’t kll her,” barked Jonah. “I kllled your daughter!”

Mrs Plastique looked genuinely shocked for a moment. Asriel’s face was changing too. He transformed into a man I did not recognise.

“Who the fvck are you?!” Snarled Zaya.

“This is my fiancé, Deacon. He’s Holden’s half-brother on his mother’s side of the family. She was a witch, you know,” said Mrs Plastique, smiling as though she were introducing him at a party over some champagne.

“Mr Plastique isn’t even cold in his grave,” muttered Jonah.

“What would you know about loyalty?” Hissed Mrs Plastique.

“More than you and your daughter!” Snapped Jonah.

“Don’t you talk about my daughter! You ruined her life and her chance to be Luna! And then you kllled her!” Shrieked Mrs Plastique.

“ENOUGH!” Roared Holden. “My new recruits are a little temperamental,” said Holden with a glance at Mrs Plastique and her fiancé.

“Nevertheless, we have a lot to do and we can’t have you running about, spoiling everything,” said Holden, who seemed to be summoning his energy.

I braced myself for an attack, shielding myself and my mates, but he did not lash out at us. He merely snapped his fingers. The snap seemed to echo in this room. I felt my stomach lurch and then I was dragged into darkness.

I woke up on a cold hard surface. I struggled to stand up. I recognised the tiles. The snow globe room Noah had faced his task in. I looked around and sp0tted Jonah, Zaya and Eli’s wolf shaking off the same disorientation that I felt. I looked at the wall where the ghoul wrote messages.

This is permanence.

“That’s not one of the four,” I said to the others.

“There’s no challenge anymore. No tasks. This was the real deal behind all of it. Holden must have promised us to the ghoul,” said Jonah, pulling me to him. Eli remained shifted and stood in front of me. Zaya stood next to Eli.

“Promised us to the ghoul? So what? It can torment us forever until we go crazy!” Said Zaya.

“No,” said Jonah. “It’s hungry. Ghouls tend to play with their food first...and they eat flesh, usually of the dead but...they would settle for the living.”

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 95

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 95-Noah

The door slammed shut behind me. Darkness swallowed me whole. This was not right. I thought I had forfeited. Where was Star? Where were my brothers? I felt less afraid even in this pitch black room than I did with the ghoul in that brightly lit hospital. Heath and the ghoul had gone too far. I could not really blame the ghoul. It was far from human, but Heath should undoubtedly know better. Why would he consent to seeing his own daughter sliced open even if it were an illusion? What would that prove?

“STAR!” I called, feeling a bit moronic.

She probably considered me a huge coward now.

“STAR!” I yelled.

Maybe, she no longer wanted me for a mate.

“STAR!” I yelled at the top of my lungs.

She should understand why I couldn’t do it, shouldn’t she?

A sob escaped me. I sat down in the middle of the darkness. I supposed I was to just sit here until the challenge was over. Perhaps, they were letting Eli and Zaya still attempt their tasks. That cheered me up a little. They deserved a chance. Then, it made me feel sick. No, the ghoul had already went overboard. How horrible would it treat my family?

“JONAH! ELI! ZAYA!” I shouted into the darkness.

“Eli?” came a voice I recognised.

“Harper?” I answered.

What was Harper doing here? What was going on? Where was here?

“HARPER!” I yelled, trying to head in the direction I had heard his voice.

“ELI!” Yelled Harper.

“ELI! COME HERE! FOLLOW MY VOICE!” Yelled another voice I knew.

Heath!

I ran towards his voice. He thought I was Eli. Harper thought I was Eli too. Well, we were identical including our voices. I came across something other than endless darkness. It was a mangled cage. Stupidly, I reached out and touched it without thinking.

“Ow!” I exclaimed, looking at my singed palm.

Silver.

“He’s by the cage!” Said a softer high-pitched voice.

Holly?

Harper, Heath and Holly came running towards me. My face broke into a relieved smile even though I had no idea what was going on. I ran to them and embraced them.

“Hey, you’re not Eli,” said Heath, cupping my face and turning it side to side.

“You’re...” said Heath, pausing to think about it.

“Noah,” I chuckled.

“Noah!” Exclaimed Heath.

“Oh, sorry, Noah. I guess I just know Eli the most so I assumed it was him,” said Harper.

“What are you doing down here?” Asked Holly.

“Down here?” I asked.

“Underneath the Queen’s walk-in closet,” said Harper as though that were obvious.

“I...” I began, but then I stopped myself. I stared at Heath.

“Oh my...” I said. I sank to my knees.

I was panicking. I grabbed Heath’s shoulders.

“It’s not you! It’s not you at all! Of course not!” I said.

The Heath back in the waiting room wasn’t the real Heath. This Heath was. I just knew it. The one back in the waiting room was sadistic and warped.

“Maybe tell us all of what you mean,” suggested Holly gently.

“I came from the challenge with the four cardinal virtues,” I said.

“That hasn’t started yet,” mumbled Heath, looking worried. “I’ve been trapped here with Holly. Harper only just found us!”

“No!” I snapped. “Sorry,” I added. “It has started and it...it’s...it’s horrible...the tasks are gruesome and have practically nothing to do with being a good mate for Star...”

“Another Heath is conducting the challenge?” Confirmed Holly.

“Yes!” I said eagerly. They had understood quickly as if they were not surprised.

“It’s that bastard. We have to get to Star,” said Heath.

“Which bastard?” I asked.

Harper snickered. “Holden, a new bastard,” he said.

“Elaborate, please,” I said.

“Holden is the man that wanted to marry my mate, Hesper. He’s...” began Heath but I interjected.

“He’s Hesper’s cousin,” I said, finishing Heath’s sentence.

“Yes, and he has been pretending to be the Queen this whole time,” said Heath.

“I saw him change from the Queen to himself,” added Holly. “I snuck up on him, well, on the Queen. I had an inkling that she was an imposter. I have been suspicious for some time,” explained Holly.

“Ok, we each have enough of what’s going on here for now. Let’s go!” Said Harper.

“You can get us out of here?” I asked.

“I think so. I can feel Holden’s enchantments holding you three here but there isn’t one on me. I haven’t actually encountered him yet so that’s a good thing. I was about to summon enough energy to get Holly and Dad out of here when I heard your voice,” said Harper.

“Star is ok?” Asked Heath.

“For now,” I said, nodding. “Well, maybe not emotionally, she had to watch Jonah and then me while we faced the ghoul. Both were horrible and I…” I lost my nerve to admit that I had forfeited in front of the real Heath.

“I guess we’ll do the real challenge when we sort everything out and get rid of Holden?” I asked instead, looking at the authentic Heath hopefully.

He seemed hesitant.

“Truthfully, I was gonna call it off. Asriel suggested using a ghoul. I had to feed it first to make it less vicious but I don’t like those things. They’re vicious even when fed. I told Toby to toss it a lot of meat. He’s been helping out,” explained Heath.

“I… I’m not sure if Asriel and Toby are the real Asriel and Toby either,” I told them.

“They might not be,” I said.

Harper sat cross-legged on the floor and closed his eyes. Heath grabbed my hand and put it on one of Harper’s shoulders. He put his hand on Harper’s other shoulder. Holly knelt on the ground and flung her arms around Harper’s

neck from behind like he was about to give her a piggyback ride. I saw the corners of Harper's mouth twitch upwards momentarily in a little sly smile.

"Noah," said Heath with a sigh. "I'm sorry," he said.

I was shocked.

"Thank you," I said awkwardly, not sure if that was the right reply.

"You aren't perfect that's for damn sure," said Heath.

"True," I said, nodding.

"And you handled being fated to my daughter totally unsatisfactorily in my opinion," he lectured.

I nodded.

"I'm really not impressed," he said, somewhat seething.

I braced myself for the rest.

"And as her father," he said, raising his voice.

I sighed.

"And as...your future father-in-law," he added.

Huh.

"I just wanna see you do better and do right by my daughter," said Heath, lowering his voice.

"Aww," cooed Holly.

"I haven't even started on you, Miss Holly," said Heath.

Holly looked nervous.

"Don't think you don't have a hell of a lot of explaining to do! Your story about your little investigation was lacking. There's a ton of information missing, probably intentionally omitted but we'll get to it," said Heath.

I stayed out of that.

“How are we going, son?” Asked Heath.

“Almost,” said Harper.

A ring of light had formed around us and begun to spin. I could hear the whoosh of it as it created a twister with us at the centre.

“Just tell the other three I apologised and I want more from them. I’m not saying it over. You’re all the same damn thing times four,” said Heath over the roar of the wind Harper was summoning.

“Ok,” I yelled, willing to accept anything that would make Heath say I could be with Star without interference.

The twister around us tore a circular shaped fraction of the floor underneath us. Harper used that as a platform. He levitated the jagged slab underneath us with us on top of it.

“I thought Harper was turning himself into a portal,” I yelled.

Wasn’t that why Heath had put my hand on Harper’s shoulder?

“You wanna do it?!” Snapped Harper, annoyed though his eyes remained closed and he stayed in his meditative position.

“Uh, no, bro, you go for it,” I said apologetically.

Harper continued to levitate the slab with us on it. It rose higher and higher through the seemingly endless darkness. Was there a ceiling? As we got higher, I saw a speck of light.

“Harper there’s a little speck of light above us!” Squeaked Holly triumphantly.

Harper smiled. He moved us up a little faster. I wobbled and Heath grabbed the scruff of my jacket.

“I just gave you permission to be with my daughter, boy! That’s a precious gift! Don’t die now!” He said, annoyed but making sure I didn’t fall off.

I grinned at him. Why did I ever think Holden was him. I was so nervous and focused on the challenge I didn’t see the obvious. Heath’s personality wasn’t

exactly subtle and Holden was not even a good actor. I replayed the recent events in my mind, realising Heath stepped out of the room and came back with a personality transplant. I was supposed to be discerning. I should have known. The speck of light was growing larger or we were getting closer. As we neared it, it began to look like a rectangle.

“There’s a door up there,” I yelled to Harper.

“We made it,” he said, grinning, actually opening his eyes.

He kept the slab under us steady, stood up, grabbed Holly by the waist and leapt out, through the opening. He came back to help us.

“I’m fine,” Heath protested as Harper tried to lift him.

Heath made Harper and I jump out before him. I grabbed the ledge of the room above and swung myself inside. Harper was beside me, sitting on the floor. I looked back. Heath was climbing out. When we were all out Harper shut the door by manipulating a mannequin of the Winter Fae Queen nearby. I stared at my surroundings. I was in a hideous walk-in closet filled with gaudy dresses and scary mannequins. It reminded me of a wax museum.

“What is this place?” I said, crept out, staring at the mannequins.

“The walk-in closet,” said Harper.

“In the Queen’s chambers?” I asked.

Harper nodded.

“Helena should be waiting for me by the window. She was worried sick about Holly,” said Harper.

Holly looked guilty. Harper led us into a lavishly decorated bedroom that was obviously meant for the Queen. We then walked down a hallway and up a staircase. I could see a huge brilliant eye staring at me from the floor-length window. The eye took up the whole frame. Helena the Heaven Born. Harper’s dragon. I had never noticed how beautiful her eyes were. They shimmered and seemed to encompass every colour like a kaleidoscope. I marvelled at her. Harper helped me onto the dragon through the window. Holly and Heath had no problem hopping onto the dragon.

“Dad you know how to ride?” Asked Harper, sounding surprised.

“Since before you were born!” Grumbled Heath.

Harper smiled.

“Your mother would take me for dragon rides all the time,” reminisced Heath, his eyes taking on a faraway expression. He snapped himself out of it. “Let’s go! Your sister is with that a.ssh0le!” Growled Heath.

Helena seemed overjoyed at being reunited with Holly and Harper. She swooped down to the courtyard in one steep nose-dive, landing gracefully. We slid down her back.

“Come on!” Barked Heath.

He ran at werewolf speed. I was grateful he knew the way back to the arena. I was always lost in the maze that was this castle. Harper scooped up Holly and ran with her. I kept in pace with Heath. I recognised the door to the waiting room as Heath reached for the knob.

“WAIT!” I yelled, making everyone jump.

“What?” Snapped Heath.

“We can’t just barge in,” I explained.

Something was wrong. I was afraid once we entered the door there would be no getting back out.

“Like hell we can’t,” growled Harper. “My twin is in there!”

“My mate is in there too!” I retorted.

Harper sighed.

“I don’t trust Holden,” I said, looking at the door apprehensively.

“And we do?” scoffed Heath.

“Of course you don’t but...remember the woods...Georgianna’s woods. Some of us stayed outside to summon the others once they were done,” I reminded them.

Understanding dawned on Holly's face.

"You think the room is entrance only. There's no sure way out unless someone pulls you out?" G guessed Holly.

She was a lot smarter than she usually let on.

"Yeah, exactly," I said.

"The only ones with magic are Harper and me," said Holly. "And the only powerful one with magic is Harper," she added.

Harper sighed.

"You saying I got to stay outside," growled Harper, annoyed.

"It's a safety net," I said quickly.

"Perhaps," said Heath.

"What if we try to summon the others from inside out here?" Suggested Holly.

Harper sat on the floor without hesitation in the same meditative pose.

"Don't you need candles and chalk?" I asked, recalling Jamie's spell to summon Georgianna.

"Materials would help but I can manage without it," mumbled Harper. "Also, witchcraft is more about...well craft obviously and practice with innate sk!!l whereas Fae magic is more about intent and emotion and being of Fae bl00d," he explained softly, already seeming somewhat entranced.

Holly sat facing him. They joined hands, keeping their eyes shut.

"Add your energy to the circle even though you can't do magic!" Said Holly, reaching for my hand. "Your desire for Star and your link with your brothers might help. You too, Lord Heath," she said.

Heath and I joined hands and sat with them. I pictured my brothers and Star.

"They are so hard to reach," mumbled Harper, his voice strained.

"You overcame Holden's magic before!" Said Holly encouragingly.

“Wait,” I said.

“What now?” Asked Heath, letting go of my hand exasperatedly.

“I have a...thing that I can do,” I said.

They all stared at me blankly. “I haven’t done it in a while. It’s not really mind-linking...it’s like...I don’t know what to call it...possession?” I tried.

“I can possess people...let me try,” I said in earnest.

“Possession?” Asked Holly, intrigued. She grinned. “You’re probably good at Astral travel, Noah!” She said excitedly.

I shrugged.

“Let me see what’s going on with them so we know what to do,” I said.

The others nodded. They joined hands with me. I hadn’t used my weird gift in a while. It didn’t appeal to me and the more I used it, the more nightmares I would have as a kid so I always blocked it out. My brothers and I all had certain things we could do. I supposed you could call them gifts. Mine seemed more like a curse when I thought of all the creatures from my nightmares. I would walk around the house as a child at night even when my body was asleep in bed and I would spy on people through their own eyes, taking them over for a short period of time. I figured Star might let me in the quickest or Jonah. I tried Star first.

Jonah

We were in the snow globe room. The ghoul had not attacked us yet. What was it waiting for? Maybe, it wanted us hungry and tired, as weak as possible.

“None of these globes are the exit then?” I presumed, if this was set up by Holden.

“You won your challenge though,” said Zaya.

Eli remained in wolf form so he could be on the offensive. I knew he wanted to rip the ghoul’s throat out if it came near Star. It was a fight between Eli and the ghoul for who was the most bl00d-thirsty right now.

“So you’re saying maybe there is a right choice?” I asked.

“Yeah,” said Zaya.

“What do you think, Star?” I asked gently, brushing her tangled curls and waves out of her face.

She was staring into space, glassy-eyed.

“Star!” I asked, grabbing her shoulders.

I shook her. “STAR!” I yelled. “STAY WITH ME!”

“Cut it out!” Snarled Zaya, grabbing my hands. “You’re shaking her too hard!”

“Sorry!” I apologised quickly. “I hadn’t realised.”

“Maybe she’s traumatised,” suggested Zaya, his eyes filled with concern as he caressed her cheek.

Noah

I left Star’s body, rushed back into the darkness and was pulled back into myself. I sat up with a start.

“Are you ok?!” Asked Harper anxiously. “You collapsed!”

“No!” I said. “I visited Star!”

The others looked amazed.

“They’re ok!” I said, grinning. “Well, for now. They’re trapped in a room filled with snow globes,” I explained.

“That was meant to be your challenge,” said Heath apologetically.

“And what did the beating heart symbol represent?” I asked, wondering how much the challenge had been perverted.

“It was supposed to take you to back to the cabin. Your friend’s cabin,” said Heath.

My eyes widened.

“Chet,” I said.

Heath nodded. "Yeah, I was there the night Star shifted watching from afar in the woods. You would follow her wolf tracks and eventually her heartbeat until you found the ghoul's version of her wolf who would show you where the snow globe was so you could get back to the snow globe room because the beating heart is one of the wrong choices," explained Heath.

Wow. They had completely altered the challenge.

"It...wasn't that," I said simply. "They changed it...but maybe they didn't change all of it?"

Heath shrugged.

"Which snow globe was the right one?" I asked.

"The Star obviously. You're too cerebral. I wanted to show you sometimes the answer is simple and right in front of you. I hoped you would follow your instinct and pick the Star although your mind wanted something more complicated. Star is the heart of the challenge not the actual heart," laughed Heath sadly.

"That's cool, Dad," said Harper with a smile.

"Maybe the Star will still be the exit," I hoped out-loud.

It was a long-shot but it was worth a try.

"Maybe, tell Star to try," said Heath anxiously. "But stay with her! In case something happens!"

"Maybe one of us should be tracking down Holden," said Holly more to herself.

"Absolutely not," barked Harper. "Haven't you seen any horror movie? You never split up one there's a maniac on the loose?"

"I haven't seen any," admitted Holly.

"Oh,...yeah," mumbled Harper.

"I will technically be Star for a little while," I said. "I might let her take this body in the meantime if she's able to."

“Like Freaky Friday?” Said Harper excitedly.

No one knew what that was, including Holly of course.

“You guys are lame. I love human movies,” grumbled Harper.

I ignored him and focused again on Star.