

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 101

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 101-Heath

She was the loveliest creature I had ever laid eyes on.

Mate.

No. No, no, no. This could not be. This could not happen. Her father would be furious. He would dismiss me as squad leader. I had worked so hard to become a warrior and rise in the ranks of the pack. I had come from nothing, not like this girl, Fae Royalty and the daughter of an Alpha Wolf.

I entered her room. She quickly stepped out of my way, no longer resisting or protesting, just staring at me with wide eyes. I shut the door for some privacy. No one could overhear what I was about to say. No one could know. I was anxious the guards at the end of the hallway through the double doors would come to check on her. It was incredibly inappropriate for me to be alone with her in her room like this. It was even more incriminating considering the situation.

“Where are your ladies-in-waiting?” I asked, looking around.

She had strewn her fine dresses and jewellery all over the floor for God knows what reason. My eyes trailed over her form. She was shorter than I had expected, about five and a half feet. She had flawless olive skin and long chocolate waves of hair swirling about her. She was shapely under the thin nightgown she wore. There was something haunting about her eyes. I looked away from them, focusing on her full lips.

“Shall I send for them?” She asked breathlessly.

She was fidgeting nervously and edging closer to me.

“No, there’s no need. Get dressed. I’m taking you to your father,” I said sternly.

She was mere inches away now. Her scent made my knees buckle but I steadied myself and kept my expression neutral and my tone authoritative.

“Ok,” she said softly, being shockingly compliant.

Her cheeks flushed. She played with a glossy lock of her hair. Her nightgown was somewhat sheer. I struggled not to look at her supple breasts and the indentation of her waist accentuated by the fullness of her hips. I knew her legs would be beautiful and smooth under the fabric.

"Will you ask him?" She asked shyly.

"Ask him what?" I said curtly.

She giggled, her blush deepening.

"Ask him to...court me?" She said, lowering her voice for the last two words for which I was grateful.

"No one can know of this," I said to her, meeting her eyes, trying to impress upon her the seriousness of the situation.

"Heath," she murmured.

"Stop," I hissed.

Her saying my name like that was making me weak.

"Go, get dressed so I can deliver you to your father," I repeated.

"When will we ask my father then? When will we tell him?" She asked, her eyes pleading with me.

I shut my eyes tightly.

"Hesper, just get dressed," I implored her.

She frowned. She bit her lip.

"Are you...disappointed by me?" She asked. "Physically?" She added.

"No," I said softly. "You're beautiful now go get dressed," I beseeched her.

"Why won't you tell my father about us being mates?" She asked, raising her voice slightly, a note of hysteria entering her tone.

"Shhh," I hissed, grabbing her shoulders and instantly regretting that.

Tingles spread through both of us and she moaned softly just from that simple touch. She was younger than I and inexperienced. She began to get wet. I could not chance the guards smelling her arousal.

"Hesper, please, go, take a bath quickly and get dressed," I begged.

She frowned. She looked close to tears at my abrasiveness. She regarded me reproachfully for a moment, seemingly angry at my rebuffing of her. Then, she sighed and turned away. She stopped suddenly in her tracks and slowly turned back to me. She walked right up to me and slipped her nightgown off her shoulders, bearing her perfect nude form to me. My wolf and I lost it.

I grabbed her by her shoulders and pushed her towards the bed, pinning her under me. She moaned, eagerly wrapping her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck.

"Heath," she whimpered, pressing her breasts to my chest, trying to create some friction between us as she clamped her thighs more tightly around my waist, forcing my pelvis downwards. I instantly got hard. Painfully hard. She rubbed herself against my erect member eagerly.

"Just take me," she begged. "Take me and then I'll get dressed afterwards and go to the meeting. Deal?"

"No, that's crazy," I said, pulling away but she tightened her grip on me.

"Hesper, calm down, we can't," I breathed soothingly.

I kissed her forehead causing more tingles to erupt between us. She moaned softly under me, trying to entice me with her softness, her sweetness, her nude perfect body and her gorgeous face.

"Just a kiss then," she whispered.

I nodded. It was just one kiss. What harm could it do? It would hopefully placate her enough to get her dressed and ready.

She grinned at me, cupping my face in her soft smooth hands. Her nose brushed against mine. My dick hardened just from that. She pressed her lips to mine. I kept my lips firmly shut. The softness of her pouty lips disarmed me. I rumbled in satisfaction, moving my lips against hers, coaxing her mouth open. I slipped my tongue into her sweet soft mouth. It felt so good. My wolf

growled within me. I stroked her tongue with mine slowly, lovingly. Before I knew it, I was planting open-mouthed kisses down her neck. She gasped as my canines lengthened and teased the flesh of her would-be marking spot.

"Make me yours," she whispered eagerly. "Mmm, Heath," she cooed.

My rough palms were pressing against the delicate skin of her inner thighs as I pushed them further apart. She opened her legs for me eagerly, widening the gap between them, letting her flower unfold for me. The scent of her sex filled the room. Delicious. I wanted to taste her. I kissed my way downwards, enjoying her sweet soft responses. I reached the tender skin under her navel and sucked on it. I ran my tongue from the dip of her navel to the top of her mound. I slid my hands under her, gripping the globes of her behind and squeezing them as my tongue parted her folds, her heavenly sweet taste exploding on my tongue. She gasped at the sensation. I plunged my tongue in her, searching for her tender little bud. The primal me was eager to give my mate as much pleasure as possible. The rational me was terrified. Several minutes ago my future had seemed bright. Now I was a few minutes from earning my place in the dungeon. I was defiling a princess, the princess, the Alpha's only daughter.

"Yes, yes, Heath, ohh, yes," she gasped.

I had her yummy little bud in my mouth. *I sucked on it eagerly. I swirled my tongue around it. I gripped her butt cheeks, kneading them, using them as leverage to press her sex into my face as I inhaled it and tasted it to my heart's content.*

"We can't do this," I whispered against her skin, slowly coming to my senses though my mind was hazy.

"We already are. I'm so close. Please Heath! Daddy won't smell anything odd. It's not the same as mating," she reasoned, pushing her sex towards my face desperately.

I would like to say that I pushed her away, made her put some clothes on and delivered her to her father and never dared to be alone with her or breathe her name ever again. But lust is a powerful thing and this was more than just simple lust. We would undoubtedly be compatible. We were fated mates.

So, I plunged my tongue back inside of her, enjoying every sweet soft little whimper as I ravished her sex *with my tongue, lips and teeth, until she came*

against my face, stifling her own screams with her hands clasped over her mouth as I had instructed. Her thighs were quivering. I got off of her. She sat up on the edge of the bed shakily. Her orgasm had taken her from dangerously beautiful to drop-dead gorgeous. Her hair was tousled just right, her cheeks flushed prettily, her breasts heaving, her nose slightly pink, her eyes bright with excitement.

“Get dressed,” was all I could say as I tried to catch my breath. “No more protesting,” I added.

She got up and stood very close to me.

“Don’t you want...me to do the same?” She suggested, her fingertips touching my belt lightly.

“No,” I said gruffly, looking her dead in the eyes.

She sighed but went to her bathroom. She came out less than five minutes later, fully dressed but with her hair sopping wet. She was sniffing, her eyes red and her nose pinker than before as she tried to towel-dry her hair quickly.

“Leave it,” I said.

“I look a mess,” she complained.

“You look gorgeous. You know that. Let’s just go,” I said impatiently, hating myself for making her cry.

Her cheeks tinged pink at the compliment. She dropped the towel and came towards me.

“Heath...are you married?” She asked, her eyes wide with worry.

“No,” I laughed.

She breathed a sigh of relief. She flung herself into my arms. I hugged her back against my better judgement, trying to get my fill now before we left this room and could not touch.

“No girlfriend, right?” She added.

“Nope, bachelor, let’s go,” I said sternly, yanking her towards the door.

"I'm engaged," she said quietly when we were in the hallway.

I kept my expression impassive but my heart was throbbing painfully. I marched her over to the coliseum, straight to the Alpha's private box.

"Alpha Otto, your daughter, Princess Hesper, is here," I said, stepping aside so that she might greet her father.

She simply frowned at him and sat as far away from him as she possibly could.

"Gorgeous. Just like her mother," commented Alpha Romeo.

The other two Alphas agreed.

My wolf snarled. I quieted him.

You have to save me, Heath, she said softly in my mind.

I kept my expression unfathomable, standing dutifully beside my Alpha after having just given his daughter what was probably her first s****l experience.

I don't love him. He's my cousin! They're making me marry my cousin! Just for the sake of the lineage, she explained, glancing back at me with frightened desperate eyes.

It's a miracle that I meet my mate now. Right before they give me away against my will. I know you're meant to save me, she said looking up at me with so much admiration in her eyes it terrified me.

I can't help you. I'm sorry, I said quickly.

You don't mean that. Please, don't lie to me. Please, Heath, I've been lied to my whole life. Please, be honest with me, she begged.

In different circumstances, I would be with you, I said simply.

Please, Heath, I'm scared, she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"Hesper, please, today is a day of celebration of peace among the four Northern Packs," muttered Alpha Otto, annoyed at her tears.

She made a strangled little sound and got up, trying to leave. I stood in her way. If she left right away, it would seem like I didn't really properly accomplish the task of persuading her to be here.

Please, stay, I said.

She looked at me, anger in her eyes now. The Alpha had looked impressed when I brought her here, thinking me not up to the task to persuade his wayward daughter. I didn't want to discredit the one time I had impressed him.

Shh, Baby, stay, please, I said.

God, it felt good to talk to her like that but I felt guilty as well for confusing her, deceiving her. It wasn't deception. I did want her. I was just resigned to the fact that I could not have her.

Baby, sit back down, please, like your Dad wants. I'm right here, right behind you, I cooed in her mind.

She bit her lip. Her cheeks flushed. She sat back down slowly. I handed her my handkerchief.

"Thanks," she said, beaming at me, seemingly grateful for a reason to interact with me.

It smells like you, she whispered to me, using it to dry her eyes, as she calmed herself down.

Good, Baby, just like that, Hesper, Honey, calm down, I purred.

I wish you could hold me, she said, her voice shaky.

Imagine I am. Imagine I'm holding you from behind right now, I said encouragingly as I stepped closer to her so she could smell my scent and feel my heat better.

I know about you, you know. They say you could take down an army alone. That you're such a gifted fighter, she said.

Thank you, Baby, I said.

Her voice was so sweet. She was just a girl. Eighteen. What did she know about anything? I felt sorry for her. But there were worse situations than being

a pampered princess having to do what you're told, marry who was chosen for you.

Tonight, we can discuss it. You can break me out of here, she said simply.

I almost snorted with laughter. The Ice Moon Castle was a fortress, as if I could manage that. And why would I even try? For her? She was as pretty as a picture but what good would that do me?

She looked back at me and I averted my eyes, not able to take seeing all the devotion in hers. She didn't even know me. She was just in a desperate situation. She would have thrown herself at any warrior who had knocked on her door. I sighed. Perhaps, not any warrior. We were mates.

Talk to me, Heath, Baby. You're too quiet. I need to hear your voice to stay calm, she pleaded.

My heart constricted painfully.

I'm right here, I reminded her with a hand on the back of her chair that I hoped no one noticed.

Heath, tell me things, happy things, she begged.

Um, I...I was at a loss for words.

She pretended to rub her own shoulder as though it hurt. Maybe it did. While she did that, she stretched her fingers and trailed their tips across my hand on her chair, instantly causing heat to erupt in my torso.

Hesper, don't! I chastised.

Sorry, she mumbled softly.

I can't control myself if you do that, I admitted.

She smiled to herself playfully.

I'm a virgin, you know, she said out of the blue.

I know, I said curtly.

She was trying to ruffle my feathers.

I've never taken a c0ck. You explored me yourself. I'm tight. I bet your c0ck is huge, she said suddenly.

I could not help the slow smile that spread across my face.

I bet it's thick and long and it would be hard for me. It will barely fit. But I'll manage for you. You can do whatever you want with me, however roughly you want. I can handle it, she teased.

Hesper, I warned her.

Don't you wanna put your big thick hard c0ck in my tight little p.ussy? She asked.

I was gripping the back of her chair.

I could get up now and go somewhere nice and private and you could follow me. You could carry me off and have your way with me. You can pound me as hard as you want, she said unabashedly.

She was insane. What game was she playing?

I'm going to get up now to go to the bathroom and I'm going to tell my Dad you need to escort me to keep me safe, she whispered.

No, Hesper, don't, I said gruffly.

Why? Big bad wolf afraid of little red riding hood? She taunted.

Stop it, I growled.

You can take me from behind too. You can also let me return the favour. Don't you wanna make me choke and splutter on your big warrior c0ck? She asked.

I let go of her chair and walked away from the private area. I headed to the nearest bathroom for high-ranking pack members though not quite the one for pack leaders. I found a stall quickly and locked the door. I was painfully hard and throbbing. Hesper was driving me crazy. She was devious. She was devilish. She was going to find me and I would end up balls deep in her. I wanted her so badly already and she knew just what to say to drive me fvcking*g crazy. How did a little v!rginal teenager know how to talk like that, to entice a grown man? I was seven years older than her. Twenty-five. She was

eighteen! The bathroom door creaked open. I heard the sound of heels. Heels in the men's room. fvck. Hesper. She walked up to the stall I was in.

"Open up," she said, giggling.

"Go away," I growled as venomously as I could.

"I'm really w*et down there. Can you smell it?" She asked.

I could. She surely wasn't lying about that.

"I can probably handle you with how w*et I am right now," she said breathlessly.

"Why are you doing this to me?" I croaked out.

She was fidgeting strangely outside.

"What are you doing?" I asked nervously, scared she would climb into my stall and I would jack her up against the wall and fvck her senseless until I poured my seed inside her. Worse yet, I would probably mark her instinctively if we ended up fvcking*g. Her scent suddenly became extra potent.

"Hesper," I hissed, worried.

She held something, dangling it over the stall. Her underwear. Her tiny lacy white underwear w*et with her fluids. She dropped it and my reflexes struck without thought. I grabbed it and instinctively before I could resist, I brought it to my nose, inhaling deeply. I sighed.

"It'll help you relieve yourself," she whispered as I stroked my huge hard length in one hand and used the other to keep her delicious panty close to my nose as I breathed it in.

"You smell good to me too!" She said softly.

I kept squeezing and tugging my own shaft gently between my thumb and my inner finger.

"I want something that smells like you too...please," she said softly and sweetly.

“Come in your boxers for me and give it to me, pretty please! I wanna sleep with it since you might not show,” she said sadly.

Her words brought me over the edge. I grunted spilling into my own hand and sprinkling my boxers. I wiped my hand in my boxers. I could not believe I was doing this. I took my boxers off, cleaned myself and put my pants on. I gave her the boxers over the stall without opening the door to face her. She squealed in delight. I could not help the smile that formed on my face.

“Thank you!” She whispered excitedly.

“Hesper,” I said softly.

I was gonna end up in the dungeon. I just knew it. Or worse.

“Yeah? Heath?” She whispered.

“Leave your window unlocked for me tonight,” I said softly.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 102

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 102-Harper (Present Day)

Once Dad let his guard down, there was a deluge of emotions. I sifted through the memories, steering clear of the deeply personal ones. I didn’t want or need to see how Star and I were conceived, I just wanted the moment when Dad fell in love with Mom. I wanted to know how deep their love ran. Fae magic was all about emotion and Dad had years of Fae magic fuel buried within him. So many suppressed emotions and regrets, what-ifs and should-have-beens.

Dad began seeing Mom in private, sneaking into her room, stealing moments with her. Through his eyes, I felt like I was meeting my birth mother for the first time and I had never met anyone quite so filled with life, with a fighting spirit, with zeal for life.

19 years ago

Heath (Past)

I could not believe I had promised Princess Hesper I would come to her room tonight. What had gotten into me? Night fell and I went to my own room. I was

a high enough rank to have lodging in the castle. I tossed and turned, thinking about Hesper, waiting up for me excitedly and getting disappointed. I sighed. I had to go to her even if I just went to tell her nothing was going to happen between us. I snuck past the guard stationed outside her room. I had to appoint better guards to watch her. I ended up not even needing the open window to get in.

Hesper, I called out to her over mind-link.

The door swung open and she ushered me in, locking it behind us.

"I'm so glad you're here!" She whispered. "I had thought you weren't coming," she admitted.

"Here I am," I said still wondering how to tell her I was here to inform her that nothing more could happen between us.

"Hesper," I began.

"I know I said a lot of...intense things," she blurted out. "I...I'm not actually ready yet. Could you maybe just hold me? Sleep next to me? You make me feel really safe," she whispered.

She was so vulnerable with me. It made no sense to deny her now. She had called it off herself.

"Let this be the only sleepover. We can't meet after dark like this. You are betrothed to Holden," I reminded her.

She winced at the sound of his name.

"Don't say that name around me, please," she said, shuddering.

She crawled under the covers and looked up at me expectantly. I got into her bed behind her, spooning her. Her silky fragrant tresses were in my face and her tight behind was cradled by my pelvis. She pulled my arm around her.

"You know you talk a big game," I teased her, not able to resist calling her out.

She blushed.

"I have more bark than bite," she mumbled.

I chuckled, sliding my leg over her waist.

"You can't tell anyone about tonight or earlier today...none of it! Understood?!" I asked.

"Yes, Heath," she said sweetly.

She wiggled about in my arms making sure she rubbed her behind against me until I was painfully stiff. She let out a satisfied little sigh. She was so vindictive.

"You're kind of evil you know?" I said to her.

"I am not!" She said indignantly.

I chuckled, pulling her into me. My wolf purred contentedly. Our mate was safe in our arms.

"I can't marry him, Heath," she said suddenly.

"Shh, let's not talk about that right now," I pleaded soothingly.

I stroked her hair.

"Please, please, I'm begging you if you have even a scrap of feelings for me, take me away from this place. I'll throw myself from the highest tower if they force me to marry him," she whispered fiercely.

My wolf howled mournfully. He could not let that happen.

"That won't happen ok," I whispered.

"Promise?" She asked, turning to face me and cuddling up to my chest, her eyes wide and hopeful.

"I promise," I said without thinking.

She smiled so brightly at this. I wanted nothing more to just press my lips to hers again and again. She clearly had the same idea as she leant forwards just then, kissing me softly. We broke apart.

“When my grandmother hears about all of this...how they want me to marry my cousin, she’ll be furious!” She told me. “They’re keeping us apart. They’re keeping me away from her so I can’t tell her the truth until it’s too late.”

“You mean the Winter Fae Queen?” I asked, fascinated.

“Yes, my grandmother,” said Hesper.

She traced patterns on my bare chest. I was wearing a V-neck shirt. She tangled her delicate fingers in the fabric playfully. She pressed a kiss to the exposed skin of my chest.

“Regarding earlier today...I wanted to say thank you for the way you...took care of me,” said Hesper, smiling, her cheeks flushing.

I could still hear her moans when I closed my eyes. My wolf was begging me to claim our mate, to deflower her and mark her. To pour our seed into her. He wanted pups right away. He wasn’t rational. He was an animal.

“You’re welcome,” I said simply, not trusting myself to say anything else.

“Heath,” whispered Hesper.

“Yes, Hesper, you really need to sleep,” I mumbled.

“Sorry, I just wanted to say that...” she paused, taking a deep breath, “that I...I love you,” she admitted.

I stiffened. I remained silent.

“And you love me,” she informed me. “You’re crazy about me.”

And she was just crazy period.

“Ok, thanks for telling me,” I said.

She rolled her eyes at me and giggled.

“You just don’t know it yet,” she whispered against my chest.

Harper (Present Day)

I furrowed my brow. Magic always looked so simple in movies. The witch or wizard had an intention and poof it became a reality. I skipped over the memories of Mom. She was so different to Star despite their almost identical appearance. Young Mom was basically Star with different eyes. I could feel every cell in my body willing Mom to turn from stone to flesh. I heard Holly gasp. My eyes snapped open. I raised my eyebrows, shocked at what I was seeing. The statue of Mom was still made of stone by and large but the very tip of her littlest finger on right hand was no longer grey, it was olive and pink. She was becoming real. I glanced at Star who was deep in concentration. Holly had returned to meditating on the statue. I closed my eyes.

Heath (Past)

“Do you really not care if your mate marries someone else and is miserable with that person?” Asked Hesper, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

We were hidden from view in one of the castle’s many secret passageways. I sighed. I could hardly stop a royal wedding. Just trying to do so could get us both killed. I had heard of Holden and his father, the Alpha’s brother. They were both power-hungry and filled with bloodlust. They killed simply for their own amusement. I looked at my little mate. I could not do this. I could not allow myself to feel for her, to think about her with that monster for a husband. If I thought about it too deeply I would do something stupid, dangerous, irrational, reckless. I would mess up years of hard work and careful planning for a girl I had just met no matter how badly I wanted her.

“Please take me from this place,” she said softly, wrapping her arms around my waist.

My wolf was begging me to comfort our mate. We could feel the wetness of her tears on our shirt.

“Baby, shhh, don’t cry please,” I murmured.

She sniffled. Her small hands were clutching tiny fistfuls of fabric, pulling me to her. Her small body was trembling. Her lips found the base of my throat, the most sensitive and protected area on a wolf. She pressed kisses against my skin working her way upwards to my jaw. Her lips found mine and I obliged her a brief kiss. She studied my face.

“Do you not like kissing me?” She wondered aloud.

I sighed. I loved kissing her.

"Did I...taste bad yesterday?" She asked hesitantly.

I furrowed my brow for a moment. I realised what she meant. She was talking about her lower lips now. She had tasted so sweet. I could spend all day with my tongue buried in her entrance but what was the point of telling her that? It would only encourage her.

"Let's go!" I said sternly.

"Please just answer the questions! And then I'll go!" she said, her eyes imploring me.

I sighed.

"I get it. Ok, let's go," she mumbled, opening the wall.

We walked back to her chambers in heavy silence. I saw her into her room. My heart constricted painfully in my chest when I opened her bedroom door and he was there sitting at the little bedside breakfast table in one of the two ornately carved chairs.

"Who is this?" Was his first question.

"A pack warrior," answered Hesper, her tone devoid of sweetness and more like what I had heard about her.

"Holden, the eldest nephew of Alpha Otto and therefore next in line," said Holden, introducing himself like he was a third party.

I nodded gravely. He was handsome in a classic sort of way, more refined than rugged like me. I willed myself not to feel envious, not to wonder if she found him attractive, if she would kiss him and touch him when I left the room.

"And you are?" Prompted Holden, looking affronted by my silence and lack of introduction.

"A pack warrior!" Snapped Hesper.

"Pack warriors have names don't they, Dear?" Asked Holden snidely.

“Well, I don’t bother to learn them or ask them,” snapped Hesper. “They’re too many to keep track of,” she said haughtily.

I was discerning enough to understand that she was protecting me by showing no interest in me and even some disdain, taking on a condescending attitude towards me in the presence of the clearly suspicious Holden.

“He must be high ranking to escort you alone. A squad leader,” said Holden.

“How many are in a squad again?” Asked Hesper, frowning, successfully distracting Holden this time.

He laughed airily. “We went over this yesterday! It varies,” he said, leaning back in his chair.

“You look beautiful,” added Holden, eyeing her figure in her dress.

“Thank you, cousin,” she said pointedly.

He frowned. He put his hand on her knee, bunching up the fabric there, to reveal the bare skin of her knee, smooth and soft. He stroked it lovingly, making her shiver in discomfort rather than arousal. My wolf was murderous. I was murderous.

“I will take my leave, Princess,” I said with a bow.

She waved me away dismissively. My heart throbbed even though I knew she was feigning disinterest. She had all but thrown herself at me before this. I wondered what if she were truly crazy, both in love with me and indifferent depending on her mood.

Holden was squeezing her knee. She yelped a little. He smirked and didn’t apologise for causing her pain with his rough hands. I felt sick. I was transfixed to the spot.

“Weren’t you leaving?” Holden asked, his silky laughter filled with malice.

I nodded and headed slowly to the door. I paused with my hand on the doorknob.

“Go!” Barked Hesper, faking outrage at me for lingering.

Holden chuckled.

I will take you away from here, away from him, I whispered over mind-link to Hesper who was so relieved I felt giddy on her behalf.

Sleep in my room tonight, pleaded Hesper.

No, I answered to which she telepathically gasped.

I could feel her sadness.

I won't let you sleep tonight, I told her.

Her misery dissipated instantly.

See you tonight, she said.

In the hallway outside her room, I paused.

One more thing, I said.

Yes? She asked somewhat wary yet hopeful.

Two things actually. One, you should know that I absolutely love k!ssing you and two, nothing on earth tastes better to me than you.

I knew her cheeks were burning.

I went back to training but I could not focus. I was worried that Holden was putting his hands on Hesper. I kept mind-linking her to make sure she was all right.

Just checking in, I said, halfway through training.

Again? You mind-linked five minutes ago? She giggled.

No! It was fifteen minutes! I timed it! I admitted, feeling like the clingy one now.

Well, I'm ok. Holden is just going on and on about his plans for this pack. That's all he cares about! She said, sighing.

He's not...I began.

He's not touching me. Don't worry! She said.

Ok, I said.

“You’re a million miles away,” said my best friend, Marco, softly.

“Sorry, I just have a lot on my mind,” I admitted.

She’s the one, isn’t she? Asked Marco.

I don’t know what you’re talking about, I said, my heart racing.

Princess Hesper, she’s your mate, isn’t she? And she’s engaged. It all fits with what you asked me the other day. You asked me what I’d do if my mate, Mia, was promised to another. If it were me, I would take Mia and run for the hills, said Marco.

I can’t talk about this right now, I said.

I excused my squad members from practice early for which they were grateful. I could not let Hesper marry Holden. It would be easier to walk away if he was a decent man but he was unhinged, spiteful, dangerous. Hesper deserved better, much better, than him. She deserved better than me too.

Star (Present Day)

My current reality had this dream-like quality to it. Sitting next to my twin and his mate as we tried to change my mother from cold lifeless stone to living breathing flesh. Dad’s memories were sharp though. They seemed more authentic than the present. Everything was hazy. I felt drained but I had to give it my all. It was exactly as Solander had said, like trying to retrieve the raw ingredients of a baked cake. Dad’s mine was a maze but it was the key to reviving my mother. I just knew it. I looked at the statue in her likeness. It could have been a trick of the light but I swore there was a blush to her grey cheeks.

Heath (Past)

“What are we going to do?” Whispered Hesper.

She was sitting on her bed with her head in her hands. She had managed to keep postponing her impending nuptials, buying us time together, time to plan.

“Are you sure?” I asked her, my heart racing.

She had just delivered news that changed everything.

"I'm sure. I took so many tests," she said.

"Does anyone else know?" I asked.

"Just the doctor," she said.

"Can we trust him?" I asked.

"Yes, definitely," she said, coming over to me.

She cupped my face in her hands.

"What now?" She asked.

"We do what you've been asking me to do from the very beginning," I said simply.

She bit her lip nervously.

"We get you and our baby out of here. We get you both to safety," I said.

"And you!" Insisted Hesper.

"I'll have to hold them off if they come after you and the baby," I said.

Hesper shut her eyes tightly.

"Don't make me raise this baby without you," she pleaded, her voice cracking.

I caressed her cheeks, wiping her tears with my thumbs.

"You're gonna be ok. The baby is gonna be ok. You know I would do anything for you. Hesper, I love you. I'm in love with you. I don't want to live in a world without you. I will do everything in my power to get you and the baby out of here!" I promised.

"You're coming with us!" She demanded fiercely.

"Of course I am but I need you to be prepared if things go south. If they do, don't look back, get yourself to safety. The neighbouring Alphas respect me.

They like me more than your father does, that's for sure. They'll safeguard you. They'll hide you. I'm sure of it," I told her.

Hesper sniffled.

"You wanna hear something wonderful?" She asked.

"Ok," I said, smiling.

She took out a small ornate box. I recognised it. It was her music box.

"I put a spell on it to change the sound when I open it," she said, smiling.

She opened the box. No music played. Just a galloping sound. What was that?

"Hesper?" I said. "Is this..."

"The heartbeat?" She asked, sniffing. "Yeah," she said, tears streaming down her face again.

I held her tightly in my arms. I did not realise I was crying until she started drying my eyes.

"Notice anything?" She said.

I listened carefully. I gasped.

"It sounds like it's multiplied...like...there are two! Two heartbeats!" I exclaimed excitedly.

She nodded eagerly.

"Twins," she said softly.

I pressed my lips to her as tears streamed down both of our faces. I focused on the sound of my babies' heartbeats and the sound of mate's heartbeat, perfectly synchronised with mine. I was holding my entire world in my arms: my mate and our two children. I held on tightly.

Holly (Present Day)

I was not a wolf so I did not have the same keen hearing as Prince Harper and his twin. However, My Lord and I were linked.

Do you hear that? Asked Harper in my mind, his voice sounding thick like he was close to tears.

No! What? Show me, Your Highness! I insisted.

Holly! Chastised Harper.

Show me, Harper, I obliged him, saying his name.

He pulled me into his mind through our link, letting me see what he was seeing and hear what he was hearing. I heard something steady and rhythmic, like the beat of a drum. It was faint at first but as Harper focused on it, it became louder and louder. I recognised. A heartbeat. I was listening to a heartbeat. My eyes snapped open. I gazed at Hesper's statue. There was a beating heart within it. Hesper was alive! Really, truly alive.

Heath stumbled towards the statue. In his haste, he tripped. He fell at her feet.

"Do you hear that? Does anyone else hear that?" He asked, his voice shaky.

I knew he meant her heartbeat. He looked up as colour appeared trailing upwards from her extremities. Her fingers and toes shifted from grey to olive. The colour spread up her arms, legs and torso. Her carved stone dress became soft fabric. Her hair swirled around her as it transformed from stone tendrils to silk tresses. Her face was filled in with colour. Her stone eyes blinked and when they opened again, they were real, filled with light and life. She looked down at the man at her feet and smiled.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 103

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 103-Star

We had done it. We had revived our Mother. I stood up slowly. My twin and I were fixated on our parents. They were staring at each other with tears in their eyes. Dad cupped Mom's face. He seemed to be trying to make sure she was real.

"Hesper?" He said, his voice shaky and boyish, not the usual macho gruff voice to which I had grown accustomed.

“Heath,” she said, pulling him towards her.

Dad and Mom were locked in a fiery k!ss that I had to look away from.

“We did it!” I squealed, looking at my twin.

Harper pulled me into a big bear h.ug. He was trying to hid the fact that he was crying by burying his head between my neck and shoulder.

Aww, Harper, you’re crying! I said in his mind.

He nodded against my shoulder. I wiped his tears. He hastily calmed down and pulled Holly to him, holding her tightly.

“Thank you, Baby,” he murmured into her ear.

She clung to him happily. The Quads rushed over to me when I parted from Harper.

“I’m so happy for you, Luna,” said Noah, pressing a chaste k!ss to my l!ps.

“You did it, Princess!” Said Eli excitedly, crushing me to his c.hest.

I felt a sharp smack against my a.ss. I yelped. Zaya had taken advantage of the fact that Dad was so wrapped up with Mom right now.

“You’re lucky he didn’t see that,” I said pointedly, smirking at Zaya.

Zaya raised an eyebrow at me. “See what?” He asked.

I rolled my eyes. Jonah enveloped me in a warm gentle embrace.

“I’m so happy for you, Ma Déesse!” He murmured into my neck. “Soon, we’ll have our own.”

“Our own?” I asked.

“Nos enfants,” he said.

Kids?

“In time,” I said k!ssing his cheek. He smiled.

“Go, Baby!” Prompted Zaya.

I bit my lip nervously.

“Go, meet your Mom,” whispered Zaya encouragingly in my ear, giving me a gentle push forwards.

Holly seemed to be telling Harper the same thing, gesturing in our parents’ direction. Harper and I exchanged a glance. He extended his hand to me and I took it, holding on tightly.

“Ow, Movie Star! I know I’m an Alpha now but I’m not indestructible,” whispered Harper.

“Sorry, I’m nervous,” I whispered back. “What if she doesn’t like me? What if she’s disappointed in me or...”

“You literally turned her from stone to flesh. She can’t be disappointed in you and she’s been a statue for eighteen years, she’ll be psyched about everything. Come on!” Said Harper, pulling me towards our parents.

They were kissing.

“We’ll check on them later,” I whispered.

“No! I wanna meet my Mom!” Complained Harper.

Harper awkwardly tapped on Dad’s shoulder. They broke apart. Dad looked at us.

“Introduce us to Mom,” said Harper softly but pointedly.

Dad snorted with laughter. Dad grabbed us both into a bear hug that almost crushed the life out of me.

“Dad!” I squealed.

“Heath, you’re too rough. You’re squeezing them too hard!” Said Mom, laughing.

Harper

Her laugh was the best sound in the world, tied with Holly's whispery voice. Mom was telling Dad he was being too rough with us.

"You never used to complain," joked Dad.

Did I just say 'joked Dad'? Dad did not joke. Dad laughed heartily and released us. Mom swatted his chest playfully and he grabbed her hand and kissed it.

"Well, don't just stand there!" Exclaimed Mom, opening her arms to us.

We rushed to hug her. She smelled wonderful. I held onto her.

"I missed you," was all I could say though I hadn't really known her. I had known something was missing in my life though. That was what led me to music. Music was a beautiful mistress but she didn't fix me. I thought I'd found everything I was missing when I met Star and found out she was my long-lost twin but there was still this strange ache. We were reunited with our Dad who was tough but he and I took to each other immediately. Then I met Holly who made me deliriously happy and extremely confused. Holly seemed to know an awful lot about my Mom. I didn't want to even hope my mother could be alive in case she wasn't. I didn't want to break my own heart with wishful thinking. Now, she was here.

"I guess I have to thank you both. You saved me," she said, sniffing.

She ruffled our hair.

"Thanks for hiding us, Mom," said Star, tears streaming down her face.

My twin was crying openly. "You saved us first," she whispered.

Mom was crying too. She held us tightly though not with the bone-crushing strength of Dad.

"Let's do something together! The four of us!" Suggested Dad.

I eyed him. I was shocked. He was not a barbecue in the backyard kind of Dad. Ugh, he was about to be.

"We have a bit more work to do first, Heath," said Mom gently, reaching out and caressing Dad's cheek.

“What do you mean?” Asked Dad, holding her hand to his face.

She nodded at the statues of the Queen and Asriel.

“Oh,” said Dad.

He had totally forgotten about them.

“Asriel is a cool guy. You can leave him for tomorrow. He won’t mind. The Queen can stay like this. Harper’s already ruling the pack nicely,” said Dad.

“HEATH!” Said Mom indignantly.

She pinched his cheek really hard.

“Ow! Hesper!” He yelped.

“That’s my grandmother and I’m sure the kids miss their cousin and what about poor Erin and Rein,” said Mom.

Dad burst into laughter. “Erin and Rein! They’re already earrings! What difference does it make if they’re stone now instead of metal! They’re fine. I haven’t noticed any difference. Cousin Asriel has been looking tired these days. Tomorrow we’ll sort him out. Your grandmother’s personality was so wooden, it took us eighteen years to notice she was not herself. We’ll fix her ok. But the kids are exhausted! Let them rest! Next month, we’ll work on your grandmother!” Said Dad.

Mom let go of us to tackle Dad. Those two began to play-fight. Star and I stood awkwardly to one side. Family life was gonna be weird. Star and I exchanged a glance and burst into laughter. Holly tapped on my shoulder and I pulled her into me.

“I’ll introduce you to Mom as soon as she stops trying to k!ll Dad,” I said, k!ssing Holly’s forehead.

“What are they fighting about?” Asked Holly, giggling at their antics.

They were like two badly behaved children. It was a good thing Star and I were already grown-up. Otherwise, we’d have to raise them.

“Dad wants to leave Asriel as a statue until tomorrow and well he wants to leave our great-grandmother as a statue until next month or maybe forever.

He basically said she has no personality anyway so no one will notice she's made of stone," I said, laughing,

Holly regarded the Queen's statue. I wondered or rather hoped that Holly knew I was joking.

"I wonder if they were sentient," said Holly.

Star gasped.

"I made out in this hallway with Jonah," said Star under her breath.

I rolled my eyes. Ugh Jonah, my second most disliked Quad.

"Like they were aware the whole time?" I asked my little mate.

My heart hurt. Poor Mom! That would be awful.

"I'm not sure. I wish for an audience with Princess Hesper so I might enquire about it," said Holly, in her usual formal manner.

"Yo, Mom! My girlfriend wants to talk to you!" I yelled.

Mom and Dad came over and Holly hid behind me.

"Um, she's shy," I said. "She's the real reason we were able to free you though! She figured out that the Queen was an imposter and then that you all were hidden in plain sight!"

"Your girlfriend?" Said Mom, narrowing her eyes.

Oh whoa! I was not expecting Mom to have any issues with Holly. Star gave me a pointed look.

See how it feels! Said Star over mind-link. Mothers are possessive of their sons, you know, just like fathers with their daughters.

"My mate and Luna, Holly," I clarified, pulling her out from behind me and presenting her to Mom.

"Your fated mate?" Asked Mom, looking worried.

I realised she was scared I was with someone other than my mate because that basically ruined her life years ago.

“My fated mate!” I assured her.

Mom looked relieved. She pulled Holly into a big hug and then smoothed her hair. She held Holly at arm’s length. Holly was too embarrassed from all the attention to say anything.

“Let me look at you,” said Mom, cupping Holly’s red face.

“You’re so cute!” Exclaimed Mom. “Just like my beautiful Hannah!” Said Mom, pinching Star’s cheek.

“I actually go by Star, Mom! We have so much to catch up on,” said Star.

Mom frowned.

“I named you Hannah! And I’m calling you Hannah!” Said Mom, folding her arms.

Star laughed. “Ok,” she said.

Mom smiled.

“I’m so happy for my handsome baby boy,” cooed Mom, cupping my chin.

I grinned.

“Um, do you wanna meet my fated mates too?” Asked Star nervously.

The Quads edged closer.

“Mates as in plural?” Said Mom, looking taken aback.

Dad sighed. “Unfortunately,” he muttered.

“Heath, behave!” Said Mom, slapping his chest.

“They must be identical twins! Sure!” Said Mom, excitedly clapping her hands together.

Star laughed awkwardly, her cheeks burning. Holly hid behind me again.

“Um, they’re not twins. I guess they’re like two sets of twins in a way,” joked Star.

Mom was silent, waiting patiently. Star gulped.

Just tell her! I said to Star.

I’m nervous! I just met her! She’ll think she has a loose daughter! Worried Star.

Um, did you glimpse the same memories I did because Mom was kinda wild, I said pointedly, willing myself to forget the snatches of some of the things I had seen.

I had tried to avoid all of it but it was hard to navigate someone’s memories without catching a few delicate moments. At least, I inherited a whole castle and a werewolf pack from Mom’s side, I could more than afford therapy.

Star shoved me.

“Hey, don’t shove your twin brother! He didn’t do anything!” Complained Dad.

“I think they’re arguing over mind-link,” said Mom, her eyes sweeping over us.

She was a much sharper parent than Dad literally only five minutes after being freed from eighteen years as a stone statue. We wouldn’t be able to hide much from her. Star fidgeted nervously.

“Ok, well, I’ll um introduce them in birth order then...so this is...”

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 104

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 104-Star

I hoped my mother would accept my quadruplet mates a little more readily than Dad had. Technically Dad had still not fully accepted them. He only liked Eli. He had begun to like Noah a little bit. He merely tolerated Zaya. He disliked Jonah. Even my twin, Harper, had a problem with the Quads. Again, Eli was the favourite. Harper and Eli had bonded over training with Dad. Noah and Harper had gotten a little closer after they had to work together with Dad and Holly when the four of them were trapped in the dark place. Harper

disliked Jonah and he really disliked Zaya whom in fairness had tried to attack him in a jealous rage at the talent show.

Mom was looking at me expectantly. She was so beautiful. I was not sure why everyone kept saying we looked almost identical. I paled in comparison to her. She looked extremely young. She seemingly hadn't aged. I supposed that was the one benefit of being frozen in stone. She had also been frozen in time. Dad had been about twenty-five when my twin and I were born and now we were eighteen, meaning Dad was forty-three. Mom had only been eighteen or nineteen when she had us. Suddenly, my Dad had a teenager for a mate. No wonder he was grinning from ear to ear like that. Wolves aged really slowly though so Dad looked like he could be in his late twenties or early thirties.

"Ok, well, I'll um introduce them in birth order then...so this is Jonah, the eldest," I said nervously.

I pulled Jonah forwards. He promptly gave Mom a big h.ug.

"You look exactly like Star!" He said. "You're more her twin than Harper."

Harper glared at Jonah.

"Oh, stop it!" Said Mom, playfully slapping Jonah's c.hest .

"And this is Noah!" I continued.

Noah seemed more nervous than I was. He slowly made his way to Mom and h.ugged her gently.

"It's an honour to meet you, Princess Hesper!" He said.

"Oh, cut that sh!t out!" Said Mom, slapping Noah's c.hest even harder than Jonah.

I quickly surmised that Mom was one of those people that slapped your arm every time you told a funny joke. You had to tell your joke and then skip away as fast as possible.

"You can call me Mom!" Said Mom to Noah, pinching his cheeks.

Dad did not look pleased.

“Should I call you Dad?” Joked Noah with Dad.

Dad looked like he would throw the Quads from the Ice Moon Tower if they called him ‘Dad.’ He did not respond verbally.

“This is Elijah,” I said.

“Oh, we’re still going,” said Mom, looking surprised.

“Hi, Elijah!” Said Mom.

Eli h.ugged Mom too.

“I’m so happy for your Sir,” he said to Heath. “You’re really strong to have faced all those years without your mate. I can’t even imagine the pain. I would rather die myself than lose Star.”

Dad ate that up.

“This is a fine young man,” he informed Mom. “He’s interested in combat. He’s a promising warrior as all young Alphas should be.”

“Oh!” Exclaimed Mom. “All three of you are Alphas!”

“All four of us,” said Zaya, not waiting for an introduction from me.

He winked at Mom.

“Four! You’re...Quadruplets!” Said Mom, her eyes as wide as saucers.

“Yes, we are. I’m the youngest. Zaya,” said Zaya.

“What a peculiar name!” Commented Mom as she h.ugged him.

“It’s short for Isaiah,” said Zaya, with a grin.

“Ohhhh! I get it,” said Mom.

“But please call me Zaya unless you don’t like me for Star!” Joked Zaya.

Mom laughed heartily and slapped Zaya’s arm. He pretended to wince.

“Yeah, that’s Isaiah,” said Dad pointedly, earning a harder slap on the arm from Mom.

I stood far away from Mom, learning from the mistakes of the others. Mom was going over their names with her index finger outstretched.

“John, Nole, Ezra and Zaya!” She said.

“Yeah, except it’s Elijah or Eli,” said Dad, knowing very well all those names were wrong except the last one.

“Jonah. Noah. Elijah or Eli. Isaiah or Zaya,” I said slowly.

“Ah, ok, got it,” said Mom.

She completely had not gotten it.

“Honey,” said Mom, looking like she was struggling to choose her words carefully.

“Walk with me,” said Mom, taking my arm and marching me into a side room of the castle out of earshot of everyone else.

“How are you handling so many mates? Four! Are you ok with that?” She asked, her eyes concerned but amused.

“Yes, I love all of them honestly,” I said earnestly, feeling happy about my first Mother-Daughter talk.

“Your marks look a bit new,” she commented.

I blushed.

“A somewhat recent development,” I said awkwardly.

“Hmph, well you must be sore,” she said bluntly.

“Mom!” I said indignantly.

Mom laughed at her own joke and tried to slap my arm but I dodged it. She had a tendency to shut her eyes and toss her head back when she laughed. She actually seemed confused for a second.

“Where’d you go?” She asked.

She looked behind herself.

“Oh, hi again,” she said.

“Mom, you’re crazy,” I said, hoping she did not find me rude for saying that.

She merely laughed.

“Well, I know your Dad didn’t have the talk with you,” she said with a sigh.

“Um, not really,” I said, remembering her argument.

“You can always come to me for advice,” she said, cupping my cheeks.

“Thanks, Mom,” I said, truly grateful to her.

We hugged.

“Let’s go unfreeze Grandma and poor Asriel,” she said.

“And Toby,” I added as we walked back.

“Who’s that?” Asked Mom.

“My friend! Holden turned him into a stone rose. Well, that’s Holly’s theory,” I said.

“A stone rose?” She said, sounding shocked.

“Yeah, were you sentient while in stone. I heard Holly asking Harper about that,” I said.

“I have bits and pieces but not completely, no. It was like being asleep for years. I have some strange random memories of the hallway which seem dream-like. Nothing concrete,” she said.

“Ugh concrete!” She said, laughing.

She yanked me into the hallway.

“All right, I’m ready to revive the Queen,” said Mom.

The hallway erupted in excited chattering. It was apparent that Mom was really well-liked by the members of nobility and the castle staff.

"Take this chair," said Solander, not wanting Mom to sit on the floor I had just sat on.

"No, no," said Mom. "I like doing it standing up!" Said Mom, winking at Dad who flushed scarlet.

Harper and I exchanged mortified looks.

"Come on, kids!" Said Mom, as though she were talking to a group of toddlers.

She looked the same age as us. Mom held my hand and Harper's hand. Harper already had his fingers interlaced with Holly. He was whispering something in her ear that made her blush and giggle.

"Tell the quadrilaterals to move back a little. I don't want them in the line of fire," said Mom to Dad.

Dad waved his hands at the Quads like he was shooing them.

"Quadruplets, Mom!" I corrected her. "Or Quads! It's easier to remember!"

"That's what I said," laughed Mom, letting go of my hand to slap my arm.

She got me this time. I hadn't been anticipating that one. She grabbed my hand.

"Ok," she said.

Everyone fell silent. I took a deep breath.

We'll use my memories to help Grandma, ok? She said over mind-link with me, Harper and Holly.

Ok, said Harper and I in unison.

Yes, Your Highness! Said Holly.

Oh, Holly! Don't start! It's Hesper! I only got my driver's license like ten days before I turned to stone. Don't make me feel old, joked Mom, laughing.

I doubted that she had been focused on her driver's license during all the turmoil of the past but I got her point.

I look young, right? She clarified with us.

Yeah, everyone will mistake you for our sister, said Harper.

Yeah, definitely, I agreed.

You're completely unchanged. You look like you've lived two less a score years, said Holly.

A score is twenty, right? So that's eighteen?! Said Mom.

Yes, correct, Your...Hesper, said Holly, stopping herself from being formal.

Your father is such a lucky man and to think he almost missed out on this, said Mom.

Mom, I've been through enough. Let's start the magic, complained Harper.

You sound exactly like your Dad, Honey! Laughed Mom.

After that we all focused on Mom's memories of her grandmother, the real Winter Fae Queen. They had been really close. Mom had learnt magic from her grandmother directly. Through Mom's memories, I glimpsed the Fae Realm. I gasped at its beauty. Mom was showing us her as a little girl playing in a meadow near the Winter Fae Castle with her Grandma looking on. It was one of their few months of Spring. The flowers in the Fae Realm were capable of song like birds. They did not whistle though. They sounded like different instruments so the meadow of flowers became an orc.hestra. The music was the most beautiful melody, melancholy, nostalgic and euphoric all at the same thing. It made me ache for things I had never known. I had to go there and I had to drag the Quads with me! I focused on my great grandmother's smiling face as she watched b.utterflies flutter above the meadow. Their wings were the percussion of the orc.hestra. There were so many Fae b.utterflies and their wings were heavier than normal, producing soft but distinct clicking sounds. I felt the pure joy my great grandmother and my mother felt that day, the camaraderie, the inner peace. I felt like I was really there. I could hear the symphony of the meadow's flowers and b.utterflies and feel the wind. The wind blew the fragrant flowers to and fro. The flowers moved of their own accord too, able to dance to their own melody as they played together.

Mom, this is beautiful, I said simply.

This is the Melodious Meadow near the kingdom of the Winter Fae, answered Mom.

A Lingering Lotus, squealed Holly, spotting one of the all-knowing iridescent flowers.

The song of the Lingering Lotus rang out louder than the others. Mom's memory was so vivid it felt like we could get up and roam it. She was amazing at this. The sunlight in her memory became blinding and I opened my eyes slowly, almost surprised to find myself still in the Ice Moon Castle. The real Winter Fae Queen was awake.

"Grandmother!" Exclaimed Mom, jumping up to hug the Queen.

They embraced tearfully. Dad looked jealous of their relationship. He was a bit possessive of Mom which was a lot like Zaya and me. It was so funny how Dad had a problem with Zaya for that same reason but now was not the time to argue. I was so happy to have my whole family back. All we had to do was revive Asriel and Toby.

"Grandmother, Asriel is..." Mom began but the Winter Fae Queen turned to Asriel and turned him to flesh in the blink of an eye.

Holly gasped. All the Fae clapped.

"Marvellous as always," said Mom fondly. "I don't see how Holden could have possibly bested you even for a moment."

"Now that is a story," said the Queen.

Asriel was looking at his own limbs as he moved them slowly. His eyes fell on Mom and the Queen. He laughed, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"Am I hallucinating?" He said, grinning at them.

"It's Princess Hesper!" Squeaked Erin. "Oh, I have so much gossip for you! I need love advice too. You know how I'm always breaking hearts without meaning to."

"Finally, she's back. You left a bunch of morons in charge," grumbled Rein.

Did Rein mean Harper and me?

“Hey!” I said indignantly.

“Be nice, Rein! We’ll talk, Erin. I wanna hear all your stories, trust me,” said Mom as she embraced Asriel.

Asriel k!ssed the Queen’s hand.

“My handsome boy!” Exclaimed the Queen, pinching his cheek.

“I have another job for you,” said Asriel, taking the rose out of his pocket.

It was a real flower now, a beautiful red rose.

“Toby has never looked better,” commented Dad.

“Is that Heath?” barked the Queen. “Naughty as ever!” She said loudly as if Dad were a little boy.

Harper stifled his laughter. The Queen heard him and turned towards him. Her face lit up with astonishment.

“My child, come to me,” she said, stretching out her arms for Harper.

Harper hesitantly approached her.

“It can’t be,” whispered the Queen, her eyes brimming with tears, as her delicate fingers traced Harper’s features. “I’d know one of mine anywhere.”

“I lied to protect him, Grandma. My baby boy wasn’t still-born but the castle was filled with vipers at that time. I didn’t know who to trust. I just knew something awful was coming and I couldn’t let my babies be there when it came,” whispered Mom as if lost in the memory of it all, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Dad held her, cradling her head to his c.hest and k!ssing her forehead.

“Babies?” Said the Queen.

“I pretended Harper’s younger twin sister was my afterbirth and got the doctor to spirit her away. This is her. My Hannah,” said Mom, gesturing to me.

The Queen gasped, clasping her fingers over her mouth. Her movements were all so graceful as if I was watching a primaballerina. Her presence was soothing. The real Queen and Holden in disguise were night and day. She practically glided towards me.

“You are your mother, eighteen years ago,” said the Queen, laughing to herself, as she cupped my face.

“Their mother is their mother eighteen years ago,” chuckled Dad.

“And I bet you just love that,” hissed the Queen, throwing Dad a dirty look.

“Grandma!” Snapped Mom.

“I only jest, Dear-heart. You know I adore Heath,” said our Great Grandmother.

“I hate to interrupt but poor Toby is still this rose,” mumbled Asriel.

“Leave him be. He talked too much,” quarrelled Rein.

“I love Toby. He has flair and pizzazz,” said Erin, swaying a little as he hung from Asriel’s ear.

“Those earrings weren’t smelted down by now,” muttered the Queen under her breath.

“Grandma!” Said Mom indignantly.

“I love them! Can’t I jest?” Said the Queen. “Throw the rose in the air,” she said confidently.

She had an imperial and imposing tone one could not refuse. Asriel looked worried but he obediently tossed the rose in the air. Great grandmother spread her fingers out widely and moved her hands apart from each other, making a circular gesture. The rose seemed to bloom further, its petals widening and then growing outwards until the rose was so huge everyone stepped back, forming a circle around it. The petals unfolded and a confused Toby shakily stepped out. Asriel steadied him.

“Are you all right?” Asriel asked worriedly.

"My mother told me not to do party drugs. I should have listened," said Toby weakly.

I chuckled.

"Are you happy now? Can we go?" Muttered Dad pointedly in Mom's ear.

"Go where?!" She exclaimed. "Everything I need is right here," she said, wrapping her arms around Dad's waist.

Dad brushed his nose against hers. He gave her an insistent look.

"It's been eighteen years," he said extremely softly.

Mom wagged her eyebrows at him.

"Thus you would not mind waiting another couple hours. The time would be negligible in the grand scheme of things. We must have a feast at once to welcome my great grandchildren to the Ice Moon Castle," said Great Grandmother authoritatively.

No one dared to say we had done that already. It had been her imposter throwing a feast to welcome us back a few days ago. The staff began to bustle about, beginning the preparations.

"And to celebrate my return and the return of Prince Asriel and Rose Toby and the loveliest rose of all, my Princess Hesper," said the Queen, beaming at Mom.

"Thank you," said Mom softly.

Dad smiled but it did not reach his eyes.

What's with Dad? I asked Harper privately.

It's been eighteen years without his mate. He's a dude. He's horny, said Harper.

I shoved Harper.

"Gross!" I said out-loud.

"Do not lambaste your twin, Princess Hannah. It is not ladylike," said Great Grandmother, horrified at my behaviour.

"I'm sorry. I...it's a form of affection," I lied, wanting to stay on her good side.

"Yeah, gross!" agreed Harper, elbowing me out of the way.

"Ouch!" I said and then laughed loudly for Great Grandmother to hear.

"Customs do get stranger as time passes," she said, nodding. "Gross!" Exclaimed Great Grandmother pushing Dad away from Mom a little.

Dad looked murderous.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 105

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 105-Heath

It was strange to think that Hesper and I had two grown children and yet she remained unmarked. We had mated of course, many times. That was how she had gotten pregnant with the twins in the first place. She had hidden my scent on her with Fae magic so Holden would not find out before our planned escape.

Of course, the escape had not gone as planned. I had taken down many of the warriors Holden sent after us but I had been badly wounded. While I was unconscious, Marco had taken me to the neighbouring pack lands where we would be safe. Marco had also taken Harper with him at that time, upon Hesper's desperate plea. I recalled wishing everyday for the last eighteen days that Hesper had come to the next pack over with us rather than agree to return to Holden. I knew she had done it to protect me and to safely deliver Star. Harper and Star had been born several hours apart after a difficult and prolonged labour. Hesper's quick thinking had saved Star too from a certain death at the hands of a vengeful and envious Holden. She had bundled Star up with her placenta and given her to the doctor, a trusted friend and the grandfather of Holly who turned out to be Harper's mate. Life had a funny way of working out.

I had yet to tell Hesper that I had not raised Harper and Star myself. Marco and his mate, Mia, had raised Harper who had been under the impression that they were his biological parents for most of his life. Mia had been thrilled as she could not have children of her own. Star had also been raised to think that

her adopted parents were her biological ones. Unfortunately, her adopted parents met their untimely deaths when Star was too young to even recall much about the incident. I knew Star's childhood had not been easy but I had not known the extent of it until recently.

When I tailed the children I had always been in my wolf form. I could only catch snatches of events and conversations. The whole picture was never presented to me. I really had stayed away to protect them. I knew it would be safer for them to not know anything about their royal bloodline until they were of age. I wanted their true identities hidden even from themselves. I was not sure if Hesper would agree with my reasoning. My presence in their lives would have given the truth away. However, I also felt like such a coward. I had been lost without Hesper. Even if I had been able to be around the twins without endangering them, I doubted I would have been a present and capable father. I was trying to make up for it now but it was all new to me.

I sat at the head table in the grand dining hall of the Ice Moon Castle. I had been seated between Hesper and Star to the Queen's chagrin. I knew she wished that Hesper's mate was a noble Fae. Well, too bad. I was her mate and I was never letting her out of my sight ever again. We would eat, sleep and shower together. I smirked to myself as my thoughts became racy.

"What's that mischievous smile about, huh?" Asked Hesper.

I marvelled at how unchanged she was. I shrugged.

"Ugh! Heath! You're still a man of few words after all these years!" She exclaimed exasperatedly.

I shrugged again. She giggled this time and nuzzled me.

"I'm just thinking about what it will be like later when we're alone," I admitted, feeling the heat rise to my neck and cheeks.

Hesper grinned.

"I never marked you," I said simply. "If I had marked you back then, I would have been able to track you down."

That was probably my biggest regret. Hesper sighed.

"If you had marked me back then, Holden would have killed us both before we had time to execute our plan," she reasoned.

I nodded.

"I suppose so," I said.

"It was difficult enough concealing my mated scent with Fae magic all the time. I don't think I would have been able to conceal the mark from Holden. He would have sensed the change in me. Besides, back then I had so many attendants and ladies-in-waiting running about, in and out of my chambers all the time. I didn't know who to trust and one of them could have given me away if they glimpsed the mark," explained Hesper.

I sighed. I still felt I should have marked her while we were fleeing at least. I wished I had thought of that. I had been so panicked trying to keep her and the babies safe as I tore everyone and anyone who came after us apart. I tried not to think of that day. I had known some of the guards Holden had sent after me. I had trained some of them myself. I had not wanted to kill them but they had made it clear where their allegiance lay by following Holden's orders and coming after me. They could have easily taken a long time to search for us, giving us a chance to escape, had they cared. I had been covered in blood that day, my clothes drenched with it, most of it not mine. Most of it was the blood of my fallen ex comrades.

"You seem so far away," whispered Hesper worriedly.

"I just have some regrets, that's all," I confessed.

"Heath, we have our twins safe and sound. We have the pack back. We have Grandmother on our side. We're finally free to be together. It's ok to relax now," she said gently, cupping my face in her small smooth hands.

Her skin was not quite as warm as that of a full-blooded she-wolf. The Fae blood in her had cooled her skin a little. I liked it. I loved it actually. The soothing coolness of her palms. I loved everything about her.

"Wanna get out of here?" She asked.

I nodded gratefully. She giggled and grabbed my hand, yanking me out of my seat. Everyone was too busy laughing and talking to notice us slipping away. The mood in the castle was so joyous now. It had never been like this when

the imposter had been masquerading as the Queen. I should have known something had been wrong. There had been an ominous air in the castle back then. Now, the atmosphere was comforting. Hesper let go of my hand and ran away from me, giggling as she darted down one corridor.

“Hey!” I yelled, chasing her.

I had almost forgotten how playful she always was. She did not try that hard to run away. She merely led me to the door of her old room. She leant against it. I pinned her to the door and lifted her up. She eagerly wrapped her legs around my torso and flung her arms around my neck. Our noses and foreheads were pressed together. We were both breathing heavily, panting, even though we had not ran fast at all.

“I missed you like crazy,” I said breathlessly.

“Show me how much you missed me,” she challenged me.

I crashed my lips against hers, hungry for her. I tightened my hold on her, pressing her against the door. She kissed me back just as ravenously. Soon our breath was intermingling as my tongue stroked hers. I tangled my fingers in her hair. Her scent, her taste, her soft skin and silky hair, her little moans and whimpers and her unmatched beauty all drove me wild. She engaged all of my senses. We broke apart and I kissed her cheek and jaw. I kissed her neck, sucking on the skin. She moaned against my shoulder, clutching me more tightly to her. I could feel her nipples harden through the thin fabric of her dress.

“Mark me,” she pleaded.

“Wait,” I whispered.

She made an exasperated noise. I put her down.

“I have to tell you something,” I said.

“If you tell me you have another women in your life, I’ll turn you into a bracelet that matches with Erin and Rein! The three of you will be a jewellery set,” she warned me.

“There is no other,” I said, stroking her hair, brushing it away from her face.

“Well?” She asked.

I pulled her into her bedroom and sat on the bed beside her. She was looking around her room in amazement.

“Every single thing seems to be exactly the way I left it,” she said, marvelling at the room.

“Asriel told me they wanted to keep it ready for you in case you turned up. Many did not believe Holden’s story about you committing suicide,” I said with a heavy sigh.

She growled.

“You should have kept him alive and let him rot in prison forever!” She snarled.

“I lost it. Sorry! I just...was...so angry,” I said, struggling to get the words out.

Every time I thought about Holden I would still boil with rage.

“Anyway, what I wanted to tell you may change how you feel about me,” I said, my stomach churning nervously.

“I love you, Heath. Just tell me,” she said. “I could never forsake you. I might be pissed enough to give you the silent treatment for a few days but that’s about it,” she added.

“Or you might be angry enough to turn me into a bracelet,” I reminded her.

“We’ll see,” she said, grinning.

I took a deep breath.

“I...when I thought I had lost you, I was shattered. I woke up in the neighbouring pack lands. I had been in and out of consciousness for a few days. Luckily that neighbouring pack shielded me and Holden did not dare to declare war. His position as Alpha was unstable enough as it was. That was what the Alpha in the pack that protected me had said. That was probably why Holden ended up using the Queen’s form. People refused to submit to him without you as his betrothed to legitimise his claim,” I rambled.

"I'm getting anxious, Heath. Tell me the issue first and you can explain it after," she implored me with wide eyes.

I could never say no to those eyes and that lovely little face.

"Ok," I said. "I wanted to keep the true identities of Harper and Hannah a secret since everyone already thought Harper was dead, stillborn, and they didn't know Hannah existed. In order to keep them a secret, they were adopted by two different couples. Marco and Mia raised Harper and they did an amazing job. Poor Hannah had a bumpier ride because her adopted parents died when she was little and her adopted grandmother stepped up to raise her."

There was silence.

"So," began Hesper after the longest tense moment of my life thus far, "Hannah and Harper did not know about us at all? You never visited them while these other people raised them? I mean I know Marco and Mia but..." she trailed off.

"I checked in on them," I said quickly. "But I was in wolf form when I did and I kept my distance," I admitted. "They didn't know we were their parents until recently," I said.

"So they didn't grow up practising their Fae Magic?" She clarified.

I had not even thought of that. My cheeks flushed. Of course, she would have wanted them to be properly taught Fae magic from their early childhood onwards.

"No," I admitted softly.

She sighed.

"I couldn't...I was a danger to them. If they were seen with me, someone would put two and two together and figure out who they were. Star was practically your twin. I was relieved no one around her noticed her uncanny resemblance to you," I continued.

I always talked a lot when I was truly nervous or apologetic. Hesper's eyes were downcast. She seemed lost in thought.

"I know you're disappointed in me," I said, my voice cracking little. "I also just couldn't do it. I couldn't be around them. I wasn't strong enough to raise them without you," I said, my voice thick with emotion.

I felt the wetness on my cheeks as a few tears escaped my eyes. I wiped my eyes with the back of my sleeve. Hesper handed me a tissue and offered me a small smile.

"I'm sad for Harper and Hannah but I know you love them. What's done is done. We can only move forwards as a family now, to make up for all of it," she said resolutely.

I nodded eagerly.

"Of course. We'll be a family now," I said, my tears of shame and regret giving way to tears of relief and joy.

Since when was I this emotional. Hesper always made me feel so vulnerable. I was a raw nerve when it came to her. She gave me a hug. I clung to her for dear life.

"I love you, Hesper, my Queen. I can't wait to spend forever with you," I whispered in her ear.

She wriggled out of my embrace and held me at arms' length.

"Who are you and what have you done with my macho man warrior Heath?" She giggled.

I smiled. I nuzzled her gently. She was not accustomed to declarations of my love but eighteen years apart made me realise I wanted to tell her I loved her everyday.

"I love you, Hesper. I love everything about you," I murmured into her neck as I pulled her back into my arms.

She tightened her arms around my torso and sighed into the collar of my shirt.

"I love you, Heath. I'm so sorry for leaving you and the twins alone for all that time," she said softly.

"Don't apologise for that!" I said immediately. "That's not your fault. Holden took you from me."

“Well, our twins gave me back to you,” she chuckled.

“They did,” I said, nodding.

I was proud of them.

“Oh and Ivy too,” she added.

“What?” I asked.

“Ivy,” she said.

“Like Poison Ivy?” I asked, not sure where she was going with this.

“No, silly! Harper’s mate!” She said pointedly, slapping my chest.

“Ohhh! Holly!” I exclaimed with a laugh.

Hesper clamped her hands over her own mouth in embarrassment. She chuckled nervously.

“Those five names will take some time to get used to,” she said, laughing.

“How do you feel about Star having four mates?” I asked instantly.

“They seem sweet,” she cooed.

I frowned. Hesper caressed my jaw lovingly.

“Tell me. What do you think is wrong with them?!” She said, her arms akimbo.

“Well, up until recently. Jonah had a girlfriend other than Star,” I grumbled.

“What? Why?” Asked Hesper, furrowing her brow.

“Um...well, it’s a long story I guess. There was a curse placed on their family by a witch a long time ago. The Witch was supposed to be Luna of their pack and rule with her Alpha but the Alpha’s brother hated her for being a witch and tried to poison her. The Alpha drank the poison himself by accident and the witch cursed the brother and his entire Alpha Lineage to lose all their future mates, but only if they try to be with those mates,” I explained.

Understanding dawned on Hesper's pretty face immediately. She was always quick on the draw. My clever little mate.

"So Jonah was going to be with a random girl instead so Star would not be in danger?" She asked.

"Something like that, but he went overboard and hurt Star and then Star got kidnapped by her adopted Aunt and cousin who also stole her inheritance. The cousin was Jonah's fake girlfriend by the way," I tried to explain.

"Wait? What?!" Asked Hesper. "What the hell has been going on?!" She demanded.

"Ok, I'll start at the beginning because you have a lot to catch up on. Oh, by the way, I was thinking maybe we could not tell your Grandmother about me not being in the children's lives growing up?" I asked sheepishly.

I was willing to take responsibility for my actions but not right at this moment.

"Can we tell her later?" I suggested.

Hesper nodded. She cupped my face and kissed the tip of my nose. She straddled me as I sat on the bed. We grinned at each other.

"What are you up to?" I asked her.

"This," she said, responding by rocking her hips against me so that flower rubbed against my length, making it hard instantly.

I allowed myself to fall backwards until I felt the soft bedding underneath me. Hesper remained straddling my waist, a little sly smile playing about her lips. I gripped her hips, encouraging her to rub herself against me.

"Hesper," I hissed as she continued to rock back and forth against me.

We could feel each other through the fabric.

"I wonder if you're a bit rusty. Eighteen years without practice," she teased me.

"At least I wasn't inanimate," I said.

"Hey!" She squealed, swatting my arm.

I rolled over, pinning her under me. In one swift motion, I slid her stockings and her underwear down her smooth beautiful legs. I grabbed the hem of her dress and slid it upwards, my fingers gliding along her thighs as I pushed her dress upwards to expose her torso. I kissed the skin below her navel, eliciting a soft moan and a shiver from her. I kissed my way further down, peppering her inner thighs with kisses until I had her quivering. I licked her down the centre of her flower, making her whimper as my tongue parted her folds and searched for her bud. I found it easily and sucked on it, swirling my tongue around it and then nibbling on it gently. Her moans became increasingly unintelligible as I drove her higher and higher. I missed this. I missed her. I locked eyes with her while I sucked on her tender little bud. Her hands were tangled in my hair, her cheeks flushed, her eyes wide and pleading.

What do you want, Baby? I asked over mind-link.

I could not help but tease her a little. I would suck on her clitoris and tracked patterns on it with my tongue until she was close to the edge and then I would slow down, taking her to the edge and back again until she begged for a release. She was bucking her hips, moving her pelvis against my face, trying to chase her high.

I want to cum, she pleaded.

What was that? I asked, pretending I had not heard correctly.

Heath! I want to cum. Please make me cum, she whimpered.

I squeezed her inner thighs with my hands while bit down gently on her clitoris, grazing my teeth over her overstimulated little bud. She screamed as she came against my face. She tried to clamp her legs shut as the waves of pleasure washed over her but I would not allow it. I kept her quivering thighs parted with my palms and began building her up again. She was in for a long night.