

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 14

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 14-Zaya's Point Of View

That girl I'd told to fvck off at the party was apparently the best friend of Jillian who was the mate of my best friend, Chet. It was a small world after all. I thought I'd be annoyed having her here on our weekend trip but I was strangely excited at the prospect. I put on my swim trunks upstairs and headed down to the lake. I stopped on the landing. She was there, sitting in front of a large window, staring wistfully at the two couples canoodling by the lake.

"Why so glum?" I asked her before I could stop myself.

She blatantly ignored me.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" I said.

She looked up. "Didn't you tell me to fvck off the other day?"

She was feistier than I thought. Good.

"I was really drunk when I said that!" I admitted. A lame excuse but whatever. I sat on the window seat next to her. She was wearing a black bikini under a really thin coat. She pulled the coat closed in response to me checking her out. Her curves were making my wolf howl.

"What're you hiding for?" I asked, disappointed she ruined my peep show.

"I just...I know you guys don't want me here but I came to support my best friend ok. She's always been there for me and she's really excited to find her mate," she explained.

"I never said I didn't want you," I said.

That came out more intensely than I'd meant it too but once the words left my lips, I knew they were true. I wanted her.

"Here?!" She said helpfully, thinking I meant to say I wanted her here but I meant what I said. I wanted her period. It needed repeating.

Suddenly, it hit me. Tomorrow was her birthday. Her eighteenth birthday. What if she was my...

"You're turning eighteen tomorrow. We gotta stay up till midnight and ring it in," I said.

"Um, ok," she said as though she were suspicious of me for some reason.

"Ok," I said.

I got up and held out my hand. She tried to give me a handshake but I pulled her up and ran yanking her with me.

"Hey, n-no please I can't swim!" She cried.

I ran with her along the wooden dock and plunged into the water, dragging her with me. She screamed and began to splutter. I quickly grabbed her and held her, bridal style. She put her arms around my neck. My wolf was elated. He loved how she clung to us, needing us to protect her, counting on us. She wasn't getting out of this water anytime soon and I was going to make the most of it.

"Put your legs around me. It'll be easier," I said, hoping she would comply.

She did, wrapping her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. This felt good. I could see her bathing suit properly now. She'd left her stupid coat on the dock, thank goodness.

"I like your bathing suit...how it has little frilly sleeves," I said, chuckling.

She was cute. So innocent and sweet. I wanted to corrupt her a bit but not too much.

"I don't like my arms," She blurted out. "So I always wear sleeves."

Huh.

"What's wrong with your arms?" I asked, confused.

Girls were always insecure about the strangest things. Why was she self-conscious about her arms when she had an a.s.s like that? Not to mention, round perky b.reasts. I tried to stop und.ressing her with my eyes.

"They're huge!" She informed me, still worrying about her arms.

Ugh.

"You're tiny. You're insane. What're you talking about," I said, reassuring her.

She looked at me like I was crazy. I wanted to give her a few dirty compliments but she seemed a bit prudish and we hadn't known each other long.

Her curvy little body was pressed up against me, such a contrast to my large muscular frame.

Perhaps, she wasn't that prudish. Her eyes were taking in my muscles hungrily. I laughed and flexed my pecs for her, making her blush. She wiggled around and ended up brushing against my hard-on. I wasn't the least bit embarrassed. I smirked at her.

"See I'm not lying," I said. "I like what I see."

I rocked my hips against hers. It felt amazing. If she really was the one, we'd soon repeat this sans our clothes.

"Don't," she said softly.

I stopped right away, not wanting to make her uncomfortable.

"May I ask why?" I said.

The attraction was clearly mutual.

"I'm saving myself for my mate," she said in a hushed tone.

"So you're a virgin?" I clarified.

I could feel my eyes darken as my arousal increased. If I was that mate she was speaking of, I couldn't wait to bury myself inside of her.

"You knew that already. Can't you smell it?" She inquired.

"Yeah I can smell it," I replied.

Suddenly, we were splashed with water.

“Clingy much?” Said Angie.

Ugh. That stupid b***h had interrupted me and Star. We ignored her. Star was lost in her thoughts. I could smell her getting wet for me.

“Hey! Come on, come over here, we’re having a splash war,” said Angie.

“She can’t swim!” I said loudly, hoping Angie would back off.

No s.uck luck.

“So both of you come here then!” Growled Angie.

“fvck off!” I said. I could hear Jonah laughing.

“Sorry,” said Star suddenly.

“For what?” I asked, just managing to stop myself from calling her “Baby.”

“For spoiling your fun,” she said shyly.

She was so f*g cute. I laughed.

“You are my fun, you little i***t,” I said.

“Hey!” She protested.

“What?” I growled playfully, pressing my nose against hers and showing her my black eyes.

I leant in so I could taste her l!ps.

“Don’t k!ss me,” she whispered.

I gr0aned inwardly.

“Why not, Star?” I whispered.

She seemed surprised at me addressing her directly.

“I’m saving it all for my mate,” she said, reiterating her earlier excuse.

“Damn, that’s one lucky mate!” I growled.

She giggled.

I kept her in my arms. By midnight tonight, I'd know for sure. I would most likely sleep in her room afterwards. There were four of us. Identical multiples usually shared a mate but I was clearly connecting with her the strongest so far. I had thought she and Noah had had something going but maybe not.

"Hey you probably have a girlfriend?" She asked.

She seemed worried I'd say yes. My wolf was happy she was territorial over me already.

"No," I informed her promptly with a laugh.

"What about Angie?" She asked.

Yuck.

"She's Jonah's whatever the hell they are. They don't use labels or whatever," I muttered.

They were so gross together. Of late, whenever they made out, Jonah seemed not into it. Most of the physical stuff these days was initiated by Angie. She had been a one-night-stand that had turned into a fully fledged relationship.

After we connected in the lake, little Star avoided me all afternoon and all evening. She seemed shy so I gave her her space. She would come to me when she couldn't take it anymore. Eli and I began doing shots as the night stretched on. Midnight couldn't.