

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 16

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 16-Hannah Star's Point Of View

I missed every other class that day. I knew I would probably get in trouble. Viper Moon Academy was really strict when it came to the grades and attendance of scholarship students. Skipping class and getting anything less than an A were reserved for students whose parents had paid the hefty tuition and room and board fees.

The Principal, Mr Sanderson, was a jolly stocky older werewolf with permanently rosy cheeks, thick white hair and a snow-white beard. He honestly reminded me of Santa Claus. He was nice but he tackled attendance and grade issues of VIP students. Not even regular rich students got to see him.

The regular rich students went to the Dean, Molly Summers, a young she-wolf who had just finished her psychology degree and was rumoured to be Mr Sanderson's daughter from a past fling. She was known for her lenience similar to her alleged father. Unlike her alleged father, she was also known for being incredibly scantily clad. Male students loved to misbehave for this reason.

Scholarship students with issues were handled by the Vice Principal, Megan Hitch, who many students called "Mega b***h" behind her back. She was a middle-aged she-wolf with a fake sickly sweet personality that she put on for fellow teachers and parents and a venomous nature when it came to students. She seemed to abhor the fact that she dealt with the scholarship kids. I could tell she was somewhat jealous of Miss Summers but I couldn't blame her. It did seem as though Miss Summers had gotten that job in an unfair manner. There were many people already in the faculty with degrees plus experience who did not get the post.

Just as I'd suspected, I received a summons to the Principal's office come Wednesday morning.

Wednesday 16th September, 2020.

There was a sharp knock on my door around seven in the morning. I was contemplating whether or not to go to class. I just felt so out of it. I knew I would get in worse trouble the more classes I missed but part of me hoped I would get suspended or expelled. That would crush my grandmother which

was the last thing I wanted but I desperately needed a break from Angelique and the Quads. I answered the door still in my night gown. Jillian had kindly made me some breakfast before she went to class early.

“Yeah?” I asked the girl outside the door.

I recognised her. Madison Fong, Head Girl, daughter of hotel-owner Mark Fong. The Fong Family also owned a few of those huge cruise ships where you could vacation on a ship because of all the stores, shows and attractions it had on board. I knew all of this because she was a friend of Angie’s. My Grandmother always made me go to Angie’s birthday parties. I was never invited to her regular parties though but her mom ensured I was on the guest list every birthday. Madison was a regular attendee. She worshipped Angie and was constantly trying to be in her good graces. She was even crazier over the heartthrob Quads than she was over popular mean girl Angie. She usually ignored me. She was focused on me now. Her uniform was pristine, her sleek black hair in a high ponytail, her pale skin was blemish-free. She stared at me in my fuzzy onesie holding a bowl of dry cereal.

“Um, you need to come with me now to the principal’s office!” She informed me.

“Ok,” I said, stepping outside.

“No! Change first!” She said seeming shocked I would walk out my room like that.

I usually wouldn’t but after yesterday I felt like nothing could be more embarrassing so I was free in a way. I showered quickly and changed in the bathroom into my uniform. I wore the uniform according to regulation. No more trying to be cute. I left my curls down as they were still damp. I followed Madison to the office. There was a huge common staff room you had to pass through to get to the vice principal or principal’s office so you had to walk through a room full of teachers whenever you were in trouble. Everyone knew the troublemakers because of this. I was usually well-behaved and my grades were good. Many teachers looked at me in surprise when they saw Madison leading me to the office.

I spotted Dean Summers coming out of her office. She was in a low-cut black fitted midi dress today with red stilettos, red lipstick and her chestnut brown hair in a stylish bun. She smiled at me. I smiled feebly back. I sighed as I headed towards the vice principal’s office. Mega b***h was going to make

minced meat out of me. As I put my hand on the doorknob, Madison stopped me.

“What are you doing?” She asked.

Huh.

“I’m going to see the vice principal!” I told her.

“No, the principal sent me to get you!” Said Madison.

“No,” I said.

“How would you know? Were you there?” Asked Madison sarcastically.

Well, no, but...

“I’m on scholarship,” I told her.

“I know,” she said. “Go to the principal’s office! He’s waiting for you!”

What?!

Just then, Vice Principal Ditch came out of her office almost bumping into me.

“What is it, Miss Star?” She demanded. Her shiny brown hair was in a tight bun. She wore square-framed glasses and a grey tweed suit.

“Um, I missed class yesterday...” I said.

“Why?!” She snapped.

“I felt unwell,” I said.

“Why didn’t you go to the Nurse then?!” She asked.

“I...”

She made an exasperated sort of noise.

“One period missed is a serious infraction for a scholarship student!” Said Miss Ditch.

“She missed five periods,” said Madison.

“WHAT?!” Screamed Miss Ditch making all the other teachers in the staff room jump.

“I...I’m sorry,” I said.

Miss Ditch was seething.

“A week of detention!” Barked Miss Dean.

“Please, Miss Ditch I’ve never gotten Detention before and if I get more than three days Detention per term, I won’t be eligible for renewal of my scholarship next term,” I pleaded.

“You should have thought about that before you skipped class!” Snapped Miss Dean.

“She didn’t skip. She was sick,” said Madison, shocking me by defending me.

“She’s lying obviously,” said Miss Dean. “I’m writing her up!”

“Talk to Mr Sanderson first! He’s the one who sent me to get her!” Said Madison.

Madison always spoke to the teachers so casually. She was stellar in every subject not to mention sporty and outgoing. Her family also donated an art studio to the school. I was surprised she was trying to get me out of trouble. She was one of those girls who wished they could be part of Angie’s clique.

“I think I can decide on a week’s detention without Mr Sanderson’s input, Miss Fong!” She snarled.

“His instructions were very clear! He wanted to handle this! I’ll go get him,” said Madison.

She quickly went towards the Principal’s door and knocked twice, ignoring Miss Ditch’s outrage.

“Just a second,” called Mr Sanderson.

He came out of his office, laughing at something someone was telling him over the phone.

“No problem, no problem at all, Alpha Quaid! It’s a joy to hear from you as always! Thanks for the new swimming pool! I was a swimmer in my day you know...Yes! I play water polo! I know you play yourself...”

Mr Sanderson glanced at me. He motioned for me to go into his office. My jaw dropped.

“She’s here!” Said Mr Sanderson to the person on the phone who seemed to be Alpha Quaid. Wasn’t that the Quads’ father?!

“Yes, I’m meeting with her now!” Said Mr Sanderson. “Thanks again! The golf clubs work great too! I upped my score. I’ll see you then. Take care!”

“Miss Star, go on in! What are you waiting for?” Said Mr Sanderson, chuckling.

His laughter shook his belly. He was in an expensive looking grey suit with a white shirt underneath and a grey and black checkered bowtie.

I made my way to his office but Miss Ditch stopped me, putting her bony hand on my shoulder.

“Mr Sanderson, she’s a scholarship student!” Said Miss Ditch with a little girlish laugh. “I’ll handle this.”

“No, no, not this one. I will be handling any...issues concerning Miss Star from now on,” said Mr Sanderson gently.

“Why?” Asked Miss Ditch blankly.

“The Alpha would prefer it,” said Mr Sanderson.

“The Alpha?!” Asked Miss Ditch.

“Yes, yes, Miss Ditch, go get yourself some breakfast and relax!” Said Mr Sanderson cheerfully.

“I’ve given her a week’s detention for her absenteeism though,” said Miss Ditch.

“Oh! No, no, no. Scratch that!” Said Mr Sanderson, taking the detention slip in her hand and throwing it away.

“Thanks Madison! Tell your Dad the new art studio is just sublime!” He called.

Madison smiled. She strutted off leaving a shocked Miss Ditch.

I had never seen the inside of the principal’s office before. It was spacious. His desk and chair looked so refined. The type of wood alone must have been extremely expensive. There were framed photographs of high-achieving past pupils all over the walls including one of the current Alpha when he was a student here. My heart hurt. He looked just like the Quads. Or rather, they looked just like their Dad. Mr Sanderson helped me into a seat in front of his desk. He sat behind his desk and placed a box of tissues and a box of gourmet chocolates near to me. I looked at him like he was crazy.

“How are you feeling today, Miss Star?” He asked kindly.

“Good,” I lied.

“You sure?” He asked, handing me a slip.

I expected it to be another detention slip like the one he’d thrown away but it was a pass excusing me from yesterday’s classes.

“Would you like one for today as well? Perhaps you’d like to return to class this coming Monday! It’s Wednesday already! The week is almost done. You’ll just take the rest of it off,” said Mr Sanderson, writing up passes.

“Um, no, I...I should be in class. I was just a little unwell yesterday. I’m sorry,” I said.

“Want to see the Nurse? We can have an on-call Doctor brought in if it’s something serious?” He said.

“No! Please! I’m fine,” I said.

“Right, just rest then!” He advised, handing me three more slips.

“I won’t need these! I’ll make the effort to go! Won’t happen again!” I assured him.

“Hold onto them!” He instructed, refusing to take back the passes.

I slipped them into my pocket.

“Um...why did you want to see me, Sir?” I asked.

“To just check on you, that’s all,” he said, smiling.

“The Alpha asked you to do this?” I asked hesitantly.

“Perhaps,” said Mr Sanderson.

“Let’s say he did. Did he say why?” I asked tentatively.

Had the Quads told their Dad about me?

“You had a rough day, yesterday, I’m told,” said Mr Sanderson keeping his voice low.

I nodded.

“Take it easy from now on,” he said.

“I’m on scholarship,” I reminded him.

“Technically yes...but...you are...special! Very special!” Said Mr Sanderson vaguely. “Of course all students are special but especially you!”

What?

The Quads had made their father bribe the principal into going extra easy on me so I’d be less stressed and more likely to forgive them. That was my best bet. Of course, the principal didn’t want to directly admit to it but the school was allowed to accept “donations.” The faculty could also accept certain “gifts.”

“Thank you very much, Mr Sanderson,” I said softly.

“Call me Eric!” Said Eric Sanderson with a wave of his hand.

WHAT?

“Ok...thanks Eric!” I mumbled, getting up to leave.

His phone rang and he put up an index finger to signify I should wait.

“Yes, yes, she’s here right now!” Said Eric.

Was that the Alpha again?

The door swung open. Jonah came in with his phone to his ear. He put it in his pocket. Eric put his phone away laughing.

“You were right there! Why didn’t you say anything?” Chuckled Eric, getting up and clapping Jonah on the back.