

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 20

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 20-Jamie's POV

After I cast a protection circle around Star, I set to work summoning Georgianna. I wanted to know what would sate her. Every spirit with a grudge had something they wanted. Something that would satisfy them. Something to settle the score and end their reign of terror. I was willing to try to hear Georgianna out. I had to admit her story hit very close to home. She was the witch Luna of an Alpha whose family did not approve. Only his brother had actually done away with him, poisoned him! I did not know who I'd be if someone took my Jessie away from me, especially if the reason was connected to me. The line between good and evil was thin when it came to magic. It was all about intent.

I cast a protection circle with chalk and salt around myself also. The Quads and Jessie remained outside of the main vicinity of the spell and Star's circle included a shielding charm to conceal her from the witch.

The Quads had done as I had asked. They had brought me a portrait of Georgianna to focus on. It was on the floor nearby, leaning against the wall. I had a black candle lit in front of me, just outside the circle. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I focussed on invoking Georgianna. My spell-work had become second nature to me. I no longer needed incantations. I still used them at times out of habit but my thoughts were enough. I thought about Georgianna, picturing her, so beautiful on the night of her wedding feast. She had been thrilled to have found her Alpha Alto. She had loved him so much. How had it felt when she had watched him die?

I opened my eyes. I stood. I looked down at myself. I was in a dazzling gown, shimmery white with gold and silver embroideries. My shoes were clear and embellished with crystals. I walked towards a floor length mirror against the wall of my lavish surroundings. The mirror was right where the portrait had been. There I gazed upon my own reflection. I was no longer Jamie. I was Georgianna in all the splendour of my Luna regalia on the night before her coronation, the night of her wedding feast.

I gazed around me. I was in a high-ceilinged wide hallway. This had to be inside some sort of palace. There were crystal chandeliers overhead and the tiles and walls were so ornate. The varying patterns and colours of every item dazzled my eyes.

“There you are!” Said a husky voice.

I looked up and immediately warmth flooded my body just from the sight of him. He was tall, muscled and broad-shouldered under his green and gold velvet robes. He walked over to me and pulled me into a tight embrace.

“Alpha Alto,” I heard myself say in surprise.

My voice was silvery-toned, silky and sweet.

“What have I said, my Love, about calling me Alpha?” Growled the huge man playfully.

I stared into his green eyes. They were well complimented by his robes. His light brown hair fell to his mid-back and his beard was full and impeccably groomed. The hoarseness of his voice suggested he had been drinking as did the faint smell of ale though it was not enough to overpower his musky masculine scent. The smell made me tingle all over. Alto pulled me into a grand room filled with people in the midst of revelry. They were celebrating.

“Sneaking away from me to do magic in the middle of our wedding feast,” chided Alto. “That is so like you, Georgianna.”

He kept a tight grip on my waist as he held me to his side.

“You will be sorely punished tonight,” he purred in my ear making me shiver. His tone did not suggest this would be an actual punishment. I gazed up at him and he winked.

We went towards the head table which was overladen with decadent dishes and goblets of ale. He put me to sit in a high-backed chair near the centre. He sat next to me in a similar chair.

The people were so rowdy, many of them drunk already. A few who had passed out were being attended to by servants. A handsome man stalked over to us. He was not as impressive as Alto but he had to be from the same lineage, same eyes, same hair though beardless and similar robes. He was a more boyish version of Alto.

“Brother, congratulations on your beautiful bride!” He said in a silky deep voice.

The brothers touched foreheads.

“Thank you, Oleander,” said Alto.

Oleander smiled but it did not reach his eyes. They were the coldest green I’d ever seen.

“Luna and Mother Georgianna,” said Oleander with a little bow to me.

I sniffed and looked away from him in distaste. He sneered. Alto seemed not to notice this brief unpleasant exchange.

“Ollie!” Said Alto, slapping the cheeks of his younger brother playfully. “Fetch me some more ale! Let’s toast!”

Oleander went to get the ale.

Alto had indulged greatly already.

“Perhaps it is time to retire, my Lord,” I heard myself say sweetly.

“Nonsense!” Boomed Alto. He grabbed me up from my seat and onto his lap. My cheeks flushed.

Are you so eager for your punishment, my Love? He said in my mind. I looked at him indignantly and he roared with laughter.

You have the most expressive eyes in the world! Said Alto.

I tried to extricate myself from his iron grip though I could feel Georgianna’s body getting excited.

And the tightest p.ussy! He added.

I flushed, my cheeks burning. My th!ghs quivered a little.

Oleander returned with a servant who was carrying a platter bearing two golden goblets, one encrusted with emeralds and the other encrusted with sapphire.

Oleander set the emerald goblet down before me and handed the sapphire one to Alto. He had another ruby goblet he was already drinking from. The male servant remained standing nearby holding the empty platter.

"Let us drink to Luna and Mother Georgianna's good health! May she bear strong heirs!" Said Oleander.

I felt my body stiffen. I left the emerald goblet there as Alto and Oleander clinked goblets and then drank greedily, ale tickling down their chins. Alto finished his first. Oleander laughed, spluttering on his but soon finished.

"I've bested you again!" Thundered Alto.

"You always do!" Said Oleander rather affectionately.

Alto was truly quite drunk now which was a feat for a large Alpha like him.

"Will Luna and Mother not drink to her own health?" Asked Oleander, staring at my full goblet.

I felt myself resist the urge to roll my eyes.

"My Love have a drink! You could use one!" Said Alto.

I looked at the emerald goblet distastefully. I picked it up. Oleander smiled. I brought it to my lips.

There was a huge crashing sound as the Beta had lost his arm-wrestling match to a new warrior and had become enraged, smashing a table and many pieces of china. Oleander hissed, his eyes turning black momentarily. He stalked over to yell at the Beta. He ordered several servants to clean up the mess.

"Our mother will be furious!" I heard Oleander snarl.

All of this happened in just a few seconds. Meanwhile, Alto snatched me back up into his arms on his lap as he leant back in his chair.

"Don't waste good ale, little witch," he growled playfully.

I kissed the tip of his nose. He grabbed my cup from me and downed it. I giggled as the ale ran down his chin, trickling through his beard. He slammed the goblet down. Oleander winced at the sound, an over-reaction. He practically flew over to our table, his eyes wide and fearful, panting as he stared at his brother, the empty cup and me.

"Who drank that?" Oleander said, his tone strange.

“Me, obviously!” Boomed Alto. “This little witch doesn’t drink! She’s a saint!”

“What sort of saint practices witchcraft?!” Bellowed the Beta laughing loudly as he came over.

I smiled slightly. The Beta had a bad temper with most people but liked me.

Oleander looked pale and sick all of a sudden. He trembled slightly.

Alto laughed with his Beta. He began to cough. The Beta clapped him on the pack. He had a fit, coughing and hacking. The Beta kept rubbing his back and so did I. A few warriors came over. The soon-to-be former Luna rushed over with a glass of water for her son. He refused it. His coughing gave way to retching. He heaved but nothing came out. He sank to his knees. The warriors and their mates gasped. A few she-wolves screamed. Many cried out, “Alpha!” In worry.

The crowd grew, becoming increasingly distressed as Alto’s face reddened. His eyes were bloodshot.

“Alpha,” I cried, getting on my knees to continue rubbing his back. His mother did the same. Oleander just stared in horror.

A trickle of blood came out of one of the alpha’s nostrils. It felt as though a band was constricting around my heart. The alpha swayed on his knees. He collapsed onto his back but his mother and I supported his head.

“Alto! Alto!” I whimpered, caressing his face.

The Beta was on his knees too, feeling the alpha’s forehead.

“He’s roasting with fever!” Exclaimed the Beta.

A servant rushed to us and placed a wet cloth on his forehead. The healers and pack elders rushed to the alpha’s side. The crowd was wailing. The servant with the platter was trembling still standing nearby. Oleander was on his knees too though a few feet away from his brother. The elders and healers began administering all manner of concoctions that the alpha weakly accepted or refused randomly. He began to wheeze. My magic failed me as that band constricted around my heart. I felt as though I were suffocating. I felt feverish too. I knew it was the mate bond. Alto’s eyes met mine and I felt a rush of love intermingled with worry.

"He drank from your wedding cup!" Breathed Oleander suddenly, looking at me with so much hatred.

"The one you prepared!" I shrieked, understanding suddenly filling me with terror and rage. I was murderous but I was not the murderer. Oleander was and he'd hit the wrong target. He'd missed me.

The Gamma roared. "I knew it! WITCH! You poisonous wench!" Snarled the Gamma, black-eyed and baring his fangs. He lunged at me. The Beta tried to stop him but the Gamma was too incensed. He threw the Beta off of him. The Gamma knocked me over. He was about to s***h at my neck with his claws but a sword was thrust from behind into his torso. Blood splattered all over my wedding feast gown. The Gamma slumped over, eyes white now. Alto withdrew his sword from the Gamma amidst the cries and commotion. Alto had used the last of his strength defending me. He sank back to the floor. I cupped his face in my hands, tears streaming down my face. Alto uttered one last decree.

"No one is to lay a hand on Georgianna. Anyone who tries is to be slain," he forced out the words, his voice incredibly hoarse but still deep and powerful.

The Alpha's word was final even as he lay dying.

I pressed my lips to his eagerly hoping there was still enough poison on them for me. Life did not entrance me at all if it was devoid of Alto. He moved his lips against mine and drew me closer. The elders rushed back to us still trying to administer herbs. I wished I could live in the light in his eyes as he beheld me. That would be my heaven. He stared at me until he drew his last breath. The light faded and went out. The healers and elders pronounced him dead as the crowd wailed, the pack members beside themselves. No one dared to touch me.

My blood ran cold. No band constricted around my heart because it was gone from my chest. Alto had taken it with him.

"You poisoned him!" I muttered at Oleander as I rose. I was a sight. Covered in blood, still in my wedding gown.

The crowd gasped, turning to Oleander.

"Liar!" Bellowed Oleander. "It was you! WITCH! You are NO Luna of mine!" He hissed.

The crowd turned back to me. They seemed more inclined to believe Oleander, their second prince but there would be no punishment. Alto had been greatly revered.

“You knew!” I cried, turning to the servant with the platter.

He trembled and in his eyes there was so much guilt. Tears streamed down his face.

“Admit it!” I shrieked. “Oleander prepared that cup with poison for me!” I screamed. “Alto drank it in my stead!”

The servant shook his head fervently. “No,” said the servant. “You prepared that cup for your husband. I saw you.”

I had never boiled with rage such as this. I shrieked and as I did, the servant was reduced to his very bones as his skin and flesh peeled off and burst into dust. I did not even know how I had done that. I was still just a girl of nineteen despite my title as Coven Mother. The werewolves were horrified beyond belief. Half of the pack warriors literally ran from the room. Oleander was immediately silenced. I felt it all. The rage. The injustice. The despair. I could scarcely look at my love as he lay there lifeless. I stalked towards Oleander who trembled, paled and fell onto his back, scuttling backwards on his hands. I looked at his eyes, so similar to my Alto. I couldn’t do it. I couldn’t kill him. His mother begged for him but the Beta held her back. He seemed the only one that believed me. As Oleander crawled backwards, his head and back hit the wall. There was nowhere else to go. I stood before him. I pressed a finger to his throat where his marking spot was. He was still unmarked. I had a fate worse than death in mind for him, my fate.

“You and all your sons and successors will never realise your mate-bond. Any Luna betrothed to you and your lineage will die as will her kinfolk!” I said, not recognising my own ragged voice. I carved an X on his marking spot with my own nail. He screamed in agony as the curse took effect. He felt the pain of generations to come. He lay panting, his eyes shut tightly. I closed my eyes. I didn’t want to look at him anymore.

I opened my eyes. I was Jamie again, sitting in a salt and chalk circle on the floor.

“Nothing happened!” Said Jonah. “Did we do something wrong?”

Jessie was staring at me, his eyes intense. He had seen what I had seen through our bond. His eyes turned black. He was feeling Alto's rage. He shut his eyes tightly trying to calm down.

Star was panting. She had seen too. We had shared that vision. Star began to cry. She sobbed.

"Luna!" Exclaimed Noah, rushing forwards.

"NO!" I bellowed. "Don't break the protection circle! Georgianna lingers."