

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 25

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 25-Star's POV

"What exactly do you think you're doing, Harper?" Growled Zaya, getting in Harper's face. The young alpha's eyes were black.

Harper laughed. "Dancing. What's the issue?"

"Your mangy hands are all over my mate! That's the issue!" Snarled Zaya.

I pleaded with Zaya with my eyes but he wasn't looking at me. Harper kept his cool, smirking at Zaya.

Toby couldn't be my decoy. He left for Italy this morning for a six-week trip! I hired Harper to help me confuse the curse! I mind-linked Zaya privately.

He was not the one I wanted to upset. Zaya stared at me, considering my words. He glanced at Angelique dancing with Jonah.

"Whatever," mumbled Zaya, walking away. My heart plummeted.

"I thought you said they weren't territorial over you," said Harper with a gleam in his eyes.

"They're not...I," I began.

"I mean, obviously, I knew you were lying but how many of them are territorial over you?" Asked Harper.

"Two," I said. "Zaya and Eli."

"Ok. Noted," said Harper.

I looked in the direction Zaya had stalked off in.

"Don't feel bad, Star," said Harper.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because they deserve to be the ones feeling insecure for once. You had your turn. Even if the younger ones have been nicer, did they march up to Angie

and tell her to take her hands off Jonah? No, for the most part, they're at least complicit with Jonah's bullshit," said Harper.

"Well, Eli did try to make Jonah get rid of Angie that first night," I admitted.

"And what has he done since then?" Harper asked.

Nothing, really, I admitted inwardly.

Harper made a fair point. I squirmed a little. I didn't feel like dancing anymore. Harper took my hand, lacing our fingers together, and walked me outside to hang by the pool for a bit.

Zaya's POV

I tried my hardest to remain calm. I went to the bathroom and washed my face. My alpha wolf kept trying to come forwards. How did Star manage not to rip Angie's head off? I was seeing red at the thought of her and Harper. I knew he was a paid actor now but it looked so real. It was real in a sense. His hands were on my mate. I roared and smashed the mirror. It shattered. I looked at my bloody hand. Splinters were pushed out of the flesh, falling to the floor, as the hand healed perfectly in a matter of seconds. This was Jonah's fault. She was enjoying hanging out with her decoy to get back at Jonah. I just knew it.

Jonah's POV

Angie was trying to encourage me and Noah to dance but my mind was faraway. Noah and I were forbidden from talking to Star at all. She had made that extremely clear. We were supposed to ignore her and not be rude to her. She even made a little case for it in the paragraphs she sent to the group chat, claiming our past animosity hinted at something more and only indifference would truly show there was nothing between us. I kept rereading her words in my mind. Toby was nowhere to be found. She had showed up with that wannabe rockstar guy, Harper, who was a major player and had dropped more panties than all four of us Quads combined. That whole deep, soulful rockstar shtick won girls over every time. I couldn't believe that was who Star had chosen to be the decoy. I focused on my breathing. I couldn't even drink now because I'd be trying to fight Harper if I had a few shots. I just knew it.

Noah's POV

I knew I wouldn't be able to handle Star having a decoy and I was right. I felt like throwing up at the thought of her with Harper. Where was Toby? She had done this on purpose. I had thought we had really connected back at the suite when we were finally alone together. I knew I had a lot of making up to do. I kept reminding myself that Harper and Star's relationship was as fake as Jonah and Angie's though it was much more convincing than Jonah and Angie's. Maybe because only Jonah was acting and he was growing tired of it. Angie was fake in general though. I doubted she truly loved Jonah. She wouldn't look twice if he was not destined to be alpha or if he was broke.

My thoughts were interrupted when Zaya marched right up to Jonah and shoved him. Angie screamed. Jonah fell backwards but caught his balance easily.

"WHAT THE fvck ZAYA?!" Roared Jonah.

"THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!!!" Growled Zaya, eyes black, canines bared.

Everyone at the party was staring at them now.

"Guys, come on, stop it," I said sternly, grabbing Zaya's arm.

"He started it!" Snarled Jonah.

Zaya laughed humourlessly. "I really didn't though," chuckled Zaya, his eyes still black. He glanced at Angie.

"Where's Eli?!" I hissed. Eli would help calm Zaya down.

"How should I know?" Muttered Jonah. I knew it was k!lling Jonah's pride not to shove Zaya back but he was trying his hardest not to retaliate as he was the eldest. He was only a couple minutes older but he acted like he were centuries ahead. He was in fairness protective of all three of us. Likewise, I did feel a responsibility to Zaya and Eli who were both younger than me. I tried to grab onto Zaya but he stormed off. I followed him and Jonah followed me.

"Leave him," said Jonah. "He'll calm down eventually when he realises he's acting like an a.ss."

Angie followed Jonah.

“What are you guys arguing about?” She huffed. “It better not be that skank!”

Jonah’s eyes turned black. He took a deep breath before he turned to face Angie. When he opened his eyes again, they were their usual green.

“She’s not a skank, Angie. She’s your cousin. Why don’t you like her?” Asked Jonah.

I really didn’t need a deep dive into the workings of Angie’s mind right now. I sighed.

Angie laughed coldly. The drink Jonah had made her was really just liquor in a glass. “Because she’s not my cousin!” Hiccured Angie.

“What?” I asked.

“She’s not my cousin. The stupid b***h doesn’t even know who her real parents are,” said Angie with a laugh. “She thinks my dead aunty and uncle are her parents but they’re not. They just took her in. My mom swore me to secrecy,” mocked Angie, putting a finger to her lips. “Why else would she not have a venomous bite? She’s not even from this pack most likely!”

Jonah stiffened. “And she has no idea?”

“None whatsoever!” Laughed Angie.

Jonah looked at her distastefully. He sighed.

“So who are her parents?” I asked.

“How should I know?” Snapped Angie, downing the rest of the glass and tossing it aside. It was plastic so it didn’t shatter. I saw the look of disappointment on her face as the cup remained intact. She kicked it, almost losing her balance. Jonah gripped her arm keeping her steady.

Jonah and I stared at each other.

“Should we tell Star?” I asked.

“On top of everything else?” Said Jonah.

“You can’t tell her!” Snarled Angie. “She’s not supposed to know. She’s never supposed to know. She can’t go looking for her real parents!”

“I thought you didn’t know who they were?!” I said.

“I don’t but I do know she’s not supposed to go trying to find them!” Angie said.

“So they’re alive?” I asked, my heart racing.

Angie shrugged.

I wasn’t following Jonah’s lead on this one. I was gonna tell Star!