

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 46

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 46-Zaya's POV

I spent the whole night pacing, thinking about Star. Eli did the same. I felt a bit loopy at some point during the night but, as an alpha, I'd never admit to that. I knew Jonah and Noah had been having trouble sleeping too. I had heard their voices throughout the night. They had been discussing Star and the curse. I knew that Jonah had mind-linked Harper a few times to ensure all was well with Star. He had said yes but he had not given any details.

Dawn came too soon. I really did not want to go to class but the thought of seeing Star was a great motivator. I was ready in a matter of minutes. My brothers were all just as eager. Damocles' class was now being taught by a substitute teacher. My brothers and I sat in the same row as Jillian and Chet. Angelique came over to sit next to Jonah.

"Where's Star?" I whispered to Jillian as the substitute teacher turned the lights off and put on an educational movie.

She shrugged her shoulders. "She never came back to the dorm last night," said Jillian, a worried expression on her face.

My blood ran cold. "Why not? Have you talked to her at all?" I asked quickly.

"I mind-linked her and she told me she had met her father!" Exclaimed Jillian.

What?! We all gasped.

"Her father? Her biological father? He's alive?" I asked in rapid succession.

"Yeah, her biological father is alive and he came to see her and Harper. She said something about visiting her parents' old pack," said Jillian.

"Star left our pack lands?!" I asked.

Jillian nodded. "Most likely. That's probably why she is out of range for mind-link," said Jillian.

I was livid. Star had left the safety of her alphas' pack lands without so much as a message or phone call. How could she do that without telling us?! We were her mates! I took a deep breath as I tried to calm myself and cool my

temper. Jonah was staring at me with worried eyes. Noah looked tense. Eli paled a bit.

“We need to go after her!” Insisted Eli.

I nodded resolutely.

Angelique was eavesdropping.

“You little Cloud is missing, huh Zaya and Eli?” She asked snidely.

I glared at her.

“Harper’s not in class either!” Added Angelique with a sly smile.

“Harper is never in class,” said Noah blankly.

“They probably ran off somewhere together!” Said Angelique.

I remained quiet. Harper definitely could not be Star’s decoy anymore but it was not my place to start telling everyone they were twins. It felt as though they should be the ones to do that. I tried to focus on Star, trying to find her amidst thousands of voices. I couldn’t mind-link with her. She was either unconscious or too far away. I desperately hoped it was the latter.

“Let’s go,” I said when the teacher’s back was turned. I didn’t care too much about getting in trouble but I didn’t want to draw more attention to us than necessary.

Eli and I got up. We glanced back at Jonah. He had a pained expression on his face. I knew he had to keep up his charade.

I’ll catch up with you guys! Said Jonah over mind-link.

I’m going with them now, said Noah, rising to his feet.

Angie glanced up at us suspiciously.

“Ugh, puh-lease tell me you three are not going after Cloud?” Snickered Angie.

I ignored her. She honestly wasn’t even worth growling at.

Eli and I got into his car and sped off to the last place Star had been: Harper's house.

Jessie's POV

When I opened my eyes, I was momentarily puzzled by my surroundings. Jamie and I had slept over in the Coven House. This Coven had been Georgianna's many years ago. I rubbed my eyes. The bedroom we had been offered looked so different in the light of day. The wooden chairs and table in the corner were unvarnished giving them a rustic appeal. The bedding was floral and so was the wallpaper, drapes and rugs. Something was wrong. I ripped the blanket off of me. Jamie was gone!

I burst out of the door and followed her scent. I found her in a dining room downstairs. I raised my eyebrows in surprise. There were about a dozen girls seated at a long table all dressed similarly in black velvet dresses and matching bows in their hair. They were all of different complexions, hair and eye colours, clearly unrelated though dressed alike. Understanding dawned on me. A school. This was a school. A small one contained in the coven house. These were pupils, here to learn magic from the Coven Mother. Yesterday, the Coven Mother, Nina Van Saint had welcomed us warmly. She had been more than willing to answer questions and to give us lodgings for the night. She had promised to take us to Georgianna's tomb today. As far as I had known, she had been the only person in the Coven House last night.

Jamie smiled at me. I frowned at her. I went to sit next to her.

You scared me! I woke up in an unfamiliar place and you were gone! We should stick together! I complained, refusing to meet her eyes.

I stared sullenly at the empty plate on the table before me. Jamie kissed my cheek softly.

I'm sorry, my Alpha, she cooed. Ugh. It was so difficult to stay mad at her.

"Where did these rugrats come from?" I asked, nodding towards the girls.

They all looked to be between the ages of about eight and twelve.

"These are very special girls," said Nina Van Saint. She was sitting near to Jamie and me, her cat-like green eyes regarding us with curiosity. She was a tall woman in her mid-thirties with jet black shoulder-length hair and olive skin.

She was wearing a black velvet dress just like her students. She had a whispery voice that also seemed to echo on its own.

“Most witches inherit their full powers around age thirteen. They can do magic before that but their spells would be diluted. These girls have started training as witches early because they are magical prodigies, inheriting vast amounts of power at a young age,” explained Nina.

“That’s awesome but where is Georgianna’s tomb and when are you taking us there?” I said, getting back to the point.

Nina chuckled. “I promised to take you on the coming morn didn’t I?” She asked.

“Yes, you promised that yesterday so that favour would be due today,” I said.

Jamie elbowed me. Nina laughed heartily.

“What a spirited husband you have Jamie!” Exclaimed Nina.

“I’m practically possessed,” I said as pancakes, bacon and eggs appeared on our plates out of thin air. Our cups filled with tea and coffee of their own accord. Pitchers filled with syrup and cutlery and napkins appeared.

Nina laughed cheerfully. Jamie thanked Nina and then began pouring syrup onto her pancakes. I looked at both of them expectantly.

“After breakfast, we will go to the tomb,” said Nina.

“So you know exactly where it is?” I confirmed.

“Not exactly,” answered Nina.

I raised a brow.

“We believe she made herself a tomb in the woods behind our Coven House,” said Nina. “Georgianna and Alto first laid eyes on each other in that woods or so the story goes.”

“Mother Nina, is it true that Georgianna lived out in that woods?” Asked Jamie.

“It’s rumoured that she stayed there from time to time in a cottage near the heart of the woods,” said Nina, smiling.

Jamie nodded. I stared blankly at Nina. She struck me as someone with secrets for some reason. A memory of Eva flashed into my mind and a chill crept through me. Jamie could be quite trusting of those who did not deserve it.

“Who is the crone of this coven? Perhaps, she might accompany us for further protection,” I said authoritatively.

“Oh, Elspeth is sleeping. She’s over one hundred years old now,” commented Nina.

“Like this house,” I muttered under my breath. Jamie elbowed me again.

“Why do you have that Glamour on the house? The one that makes it look abandoned,” I said.

I was accustomed to witches being open about their witchcraft in Ambrosia. The Coven House back home was not hidden away or disguised. Jamie had already told me that this Coven House was hidden as a precaution after Georgianna was blamed for the Alpha’s death. His dying order protected Georgianna herself but the same could not be said for the other coven members and werewolves were known to retaliate swiftly and savagely. I wanted to hear Nina confirm this reason though.

“It’s a necessary evil, I’m afraid,” chuckled Nina. “After Mother Georgianna was blamed for the Alpha’s death years and years ago, her Coven became quite secretive. They feared for their lives,” explained Nina sadly.

“Understandably so,” agreed Jamie. “Werewolves can be so hot-tempered!” Exclaimed Jamie, shooting me a glare. I knew she was annoyed I had asked that question yet again.

My temper isn’t the only hot thing about me. Do you need reminding of how heated things can get? I said to Jamie privately as my hand found her knee under the table. I snaked my hand upwards, slowly caressing her thigh.

She glanced at me indignantly and I winked. She blushed a little, looking away.

“Shouldn’t we get a move on, Mother Nina. We wouldn’t want to have to spend another night here,” I said bluntly.

Jamie shot me another warning glance.

Nina smiled. "Yes, but the woods here are so beautiful at night. The girls and I often star-gaze in them, lying on the soft grass. There's a lake there that reflects the sky beautifully as well!" Said Nina.

"Ok," I said slowly. "I'm sorry but we don't have the time for any leisurely pursuits. This visit is strictly business unfortunately," I said sternly.

Jamie was half-way through her pancakes. I suddenly realised something. I could hear the scrape of a knife and fork on Jamie's plate only. I had already finished my food. I glanced at the plates of all the girls and their Coven Mother, their pancakes perfectly untouched as though the food was a prop.

"Not hungry?" I asked Nina.

Nina laughed. "I'm a slow eater," she said.

I grinned half-heartedly. Slow eating was not the same as no eating. What was going on here?

Jamie, the girls and Nina aren't eating anything! I told her. I was thoroughly regretting eating that breakfast. Had something been wrong with it? Jamie abruptly stopped eating.

If it's poison or something, I have an any-tidote on me in my emergency magic bag, she said.

You mean an antidote? I said.

No, an any-tidote, basically a potion that transforms itself into the antidote of any poison ingested, Jamie explained.

Thank goodness for my clever little witch.

"To the woods, Mother Nina, before darkness falls," said Jamie in a serious tone.

"Very well," said Nina, rising to her feet.

She led us out of the dining room and down a long hallway. I noticed the little girls were following us in two straight-lines, perfectly arranged into six pairs. Each pair held hands.

"Is the woods safe enough for the children to venture into?" I asked in concern.

"Yes, quite!" Exclaimed Nina.

We exited the Coven House. There was a huge backyard with tall green grass. In the distance, I spotted the edge of the woods. It was particularly still. No wind blew. I grasped Jamie's hand tightly. She gave my hand a reassuring squeeze.

Georgianna here we come, she said to me.

Star's POV

I blinked. The bright light hurt my eyes. I sat up slowly. I found myself in an unfamiliar bedroom yet again. I looked down. I was in an embroidered floral dress made of an airy sort of material. It was beautiful. I admired the pattern, tracing my fingers over the embroideries. They were clearly painstakingly hand-stitched. The material itself was a shimmery green. Harper! I looked around. Harper was staring at himself in the mirror of a nearby vanity. My father and Asriel were sitting at a table nearby. They had been waiting for Harper and I to regain consciousness.

Dad grinned at me. He seemed so proud.

"What is it?" I asked.

Dad shrugged but he had a mischievous look on his face. I went over to Harper who seemed to be in a daze as he regarded his own reflection. I followed his gaze and gasped when I spotted our reflections. Harper and I had both grown pointed ears. Fae ears. Our features seemed a little sharper, our noses straighter and our cheekbones higher. Our eyebrows were thick and perfectly arched, our eyelashes fanned out and curled upwards. Our skin remained a golden colour but it had an extra glow of health to it now. Our hair seemed shinier and longer than before. Harper's wavy dark hair was now down to his mid-back and my dark curls reached my waist. Harper was wearing a green outfit too, a blazer and pants with a white ruffled shirt underneath. Asriel had changed out of his grunge rocker look into a similar outfit to Harper's. Dad was still in his plain clothes.

"We're...elves," muttered Harper.

Asriel hissed so viciously I jumped.

“You’re Fae! How dare you?!” Yelled Rein.

Harper put his palms up defensively. “Ok, ok,” he said.

“Even I don’t have anything nice to say about elves,” said Erin softly.

“Yeah, elves and faeries have a difficult history. Kinda like vampires and werewolves,” said Dad.

I nodded.

“What happened, Dad? Who dressed us? Has the Queen seen us yet?” I asked.

I had so many questions.

“Your ladies-in-waiting dressed you,” said Dad.

Ladies-in-waiting?

“Are we in trouble for breaking in?” Asked Harper.

“The moment you entered, you got your Fae powers,” said Dad triumphantly. “I knew no one would trouble you after that! The Queen cannot deny you are the children of Hesper but no, she hasn’t seen you yet!”

“You must request an audience with her,” said Asriel.

“What if she denies our request?” I asked.

“She won’t. It’s just a formality. She’s got to be as curious about you as you are about her,” said Asriel reassuringly.

There was a knock on the door. I glanced around the room properly for the first time while Dad went to open the door. This bedroom was clearly for someone of royal birth with its lavish decorations. Every item was Fae-made and thus there was a great attention to detail. The bed had tiny carvings of pixies in the wood. It was a canopy bed and the white curtains around it sparkled. The tiles on the floor were white, silver and cold. The ceiling was high and bore a circular golden crest of sorts painted right in its centre. There was a lovely array of smells surrounding us as though we were in a perfume

store. The Queen had clearly redecorated the Ice Moon Pack's Castle with Fae stylings. I imagined there was a ballroom in this castle. Perhaps, a ball would be thrown in our honour! Or maybe we would be thrown in the dungeon. A voice snapped me back to reality.

"Her Majesty, Queen Rowena of the Winter Fae Kingdom, requests an audience with His Royal Highness, Prince Harper of the Ice Moon Pack and her Royal Highness, Princess Hannah," announced a Fae man dressed in a top hat and suit with coat-tails. He had a large white moustache with curled ends, pale skin, white hair and amber eyes. His ears were much pointier than ours and his cheekbones and jawline could carve a roast. They were that sharp. I gasped. Her Majesty was summoning us?

"Thank you, we accept her request," said Harper rather formally. He took my hand and I didn't pull it away. He was my twin and we were in this together even if he had dated that devil spawn Angie in the past. The Fae man nodded, bowed and left the room.

"Let's go meet Great Grandma," said Harper in his normal manner again.

I grinned at him and nodded.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 47

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 47-Jonah's POV

I couldn't wait for class to be over. I practically ran outside once it was done.

"You're walking too fast! We're in heels!" Snapped Angie, strutting towards me with her sycophants in tow. I didn't even know their names to be honest but Angie always had two to five girls dressed similarly to her, flanking her as she walked the hallways. Today, there were four of them, two on either side. All five girls wore five inch heels if my estimates were correct. I struggled not to roll my eyes. I needed to mind-link Noah and I wanted some privacy.

"Bathroom break, Babe," I said with a small fake smile.

Angie folded her arms.

"The last time I let you go to the bathroom, you ended up in the girls' one with Star!" She hissed under her breath, eyes black.

Oh, now she knew her name was Star and not Cloud or Moon or whatever.

“So...should I never pee again then?” I asked innocently.

She shot me a warning glance because of my normal volume but her bobble-headed friends were preoccupied. They were discussing a recent music video instead of eavesdropping on us. Angie let out a high-pitched tinkling sort of laugh, tossing her head back dramatically. I sighed inwardly. She took a menacing step towards me, eyes narrowed. We were almost nose to nose as Angie was tall enough to reach my height in those heels. I smirked to myself, thinking that they were not heels tall enough to allow Star to reach my height. I felt a pang as though a band was constricting around my heart.

“There was a break-in at my house in the wee hours of the morning! Did you know that?” Snarled Angie.

Why would I know that?

“No,” I said blankly.

Angie sneered.

“What did they take? Are your parents ok?” I asked. The Plastique family was still a part of my pack. I didn’t want harm coming to them.

Angie shrugged, avoiding the first question. “There were no signs of forced entry as though someone just let them in! My parents are fine!” She said.

I nodded.

“Girls! Go get me a skinny French vanilla latte!” Ordered Angie.

All four of them scurried off. Apparently, it took four people to procure one latte from the school’s coffee shop. Once they were well out of sight and earshot, Angie rolled her eyes in their direction as though fed up with them. She turned back to me.

“Does this look familiar to you?” Asked Angie.

I looked down at her open palm and my stomach did backflips. It was Star’s ring! The one Zaya had given her. The one with protection charms on it to safeguard her from the curse. The one she had promised me she would always wear and never take off. The memory of her comforting me when I had

gotten into a shouting match with my brothers flitted through my mind. I had made sure she was wearing it. Now it was in Angie's hand. We had gone to Angie's house the other day to question her mom about Star's parents. I saw it all in my mind's eye. Star had definitely still been wearing her ring when I said goodbye to her outside in front of Harper's car. So how had it ended up back at Angie's? Star wouldn't go back there. Had Angie done something to Star?

"How did you get that?" I asked, unable to hide my annoyance any longer.

Angie raised her brows at my tone, not liking the change. She wanted to be the one interrogating me and not the other way around.

"It was found at the scene of the crime!" Retorted Angie.

"What? If you found it at the scene of the crime, why do you have it? Why didn't the pack police take it?" I asked.

Angie fidgeted uncomfortably.

"We didn't bother reporting the break-in. There's no need. Only one thing went missing," hissed Angie.

"What was the one thing?" I asked, confused.

Angie shrugged. "One of my Mom's belongings. Why does it matter? Star broke into my house and you're questioning me?" Asked Angie incredulously.

My blood boiled.

"Star did not break into your house. You're lying," I growled. "How did you get that ring?" I practically roared. I snatched the ring from her. "Where's Star? What have you done with her?"

Everyone in the hallway was frozen, looking at us.

"What the hell has gotten into you?" She screamed.

People were whispering around us. Angie loved to make a scene and she wouldn't be out done though I had started it.

"YOU'RE fvcking*g MY COUSIN BEHIND MY BACK!" She snarled.

There was a collective gasp from the onlookers. They were not even related technically.

“Bullsh!t,” I said softly, my tone deadly. “You could care less about that.”

I glanced at the hickey on her neck she was failing to conceal with a ruffled turtleneck under her school blazer. She saw me look at it. She hastily adjusted her outfit, tugging at the neckline of her blouse. I rolled my eyes.

“And you don’t even care that I have to go elsewhere for affection! That’s your fault-,” she began.

“Shut up!” I hissed.

She paled.

“Shut the fvck the up!” I said softly. I was seething. She seemed more unnerved now that I was whispering.

“Don’t change the topic! I don’t want to hear about your escapades. I’m not your doctor. Where is Star?” I asked through gritted teeth.

“I don’t know,” she snarled.

I looked at her. Carefully. We stood there a full minute staring at each other in silence. My wolf told me she was telling the truth.

“Call your mother and ask her if she knows where Star is!” I demanded.

“She doesn’t-,” Angie began.

“Now,” I said.

She sighed. She called her mother, tapping her heel on the ground while she pressed the cellphone to her ear. I heard her mother’s voice on the other end.

“Did she admit to it?” Her mother asked eagerly.

Huh.

“No, Mom! Um, actually, Jonah wants to know where cousin Star is,” Angie said.

“How should I know?” Asked her mother. I could hear a male’s voice laughing in the background. That voice certainly didn’t belong to her father. Like mother, like daughter.

Angie gave me a pointed look.

“She’s not at school?!” Asked her mother, her voice panicked all of a sudden. “You need to find her! She’s going to-,” Angie cut her mother off.

“Ok, Mom, thanks!” Said Angie. She hung up on her mother.

I sighed deeply, my temper cooling.

“Sorry,” I said. I didn’t like acting this way even if Angie was no delicate flower.

“I need the ring back! It’s evidence!” Said Angie.

I practically snorted with laughter. She wasn’t getting this back. I was going to put this back on Star’s finger myself and have a stern chat with her about how it came off in the first place. Maybe, Star had broken in. My wolf told me Angie and her mother didn’t have Star in a basement or something. He would know if his mate was imprisoned so close by. He would feel the helplessness, the fear. He told me Star was safe but very far away. The band around my heart constricted again. I wished I could have marked Star. That would make finding her easy. That was the whole point of an Alpha marking his Luna, in my opinion, a biologically built-in tracking device. However, marking Star would leave her totally vulnerable to the curse.

“Zaya would kill me if I didn’t return this,” I told Angie.

“Is it an engagement ring?” Asked Angie, narrowing her eyes.

“No,” I said simply.

“What happens if Zaya and Eli want to be with Star and you and Noah don’t?” Asked Angie impatiently, tapping her foot on the floor.

She was still convinced she would be Luna whilst knowing I had a mate and she had a lover. Noah wasn’t even here. It was pretty much just me keeping up the charade.

“It’s Noah I need to talk to privately right now but you don’t want me to go to the bathroom so...” I began.

“I was kidding!” Squealed Angie in a sickly sweet tone.

Her stupid friends returned with the latte. She took one sip of it and literally spat it out.

“What?” I asked, alarmed.

“This is full fat milk!” She screeched. “I can tell!” She insisted.

Good grief. I didn’t have time for this. I walked away while she was distracted. She clearly didn’t have any information on Star’s whereabouts outside of finding the ring. Star was up to something after all. My wolf told me so. I heard another collective gasp and glanced behind me to see Angie pouring the contents of her coffee cup on the girl responsible for the full fat milk. The girl ran away crying. Was Angie possessed by the devil or something? She had never been that nice but she had not been this bad either. She was getting meaner every minute.

I hurried to the bathroom. Finally, some peace. I decided to call Noah instead of mind-linking because I had a headache already from my argument with Angie.

“Hey,” said Noah in his usual deadpan manner.

Silence.

“Hey?” Repeated Noah, confused.

“Ugh! Noah! It’s me! I know you have caller ID! What do you think I want?” I snapped.

“Um,” began Noah.

I knew I was being a j.erk but I was a bundle of raw nerves.

“An update on Star!” I demanded.

Noah sighed.

“She’s gone,” said Noah, sounding like he was fighting back tears which was very unlike Noah.

My heart constricted painfully.

“What do you mean gone?” I asked quickly.

Gone...like dead? My knees shook. I felt like I couldn't breathe.

“She went to the Ice Moon Castle to talk to the Winter Fae Queen who is apparently her grandmother!” Explained Noah.

I could hear Zaya arguing with someone in the background whilst Eli tried to calm him down.

I relaxed. Relief spread through me. She was alive. I could breathe again. My brain began analysing what my little brother had just said.

“Wait. What?!” I asked.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 48

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 48-Jessie's POV

We followed those weird witches into the woods, wondering where they were taking us. I kept glancing at the hands of all the girls and at Nina's hands just in case someone was holding a wand or a knife or something. I just did not trust them, not even the little girls. Jamie seemed tense too, especially after I had pointed out the fact that we were the only ones who had eaten the breakfast conjured by Mother Nina.

“Where are we going exactly?” I asked, as I helped Jamie step over the twisted roots of gnarled trees.

The canopies of the trees were so large and grew so close together that the forest was dark in the daytime.

“To Georgianna's cottage,” said Nina in her usual serene manner.

We had been walking for about fifteen minutes when Nina stopped suddenly.

“This is where we leave you,” she announced.

I stared at her and the girls who were still in their perfect lines, following the buddy-system. We were in a clearing in the woods where light streamed through, a bright circle amidst the darkness. I glanced at Jamie.

“Where’s the cottage?” Asked Jamie, seeming a bit annoyed.

“You must find your way to it on your own. It is hidden by magic and just as you uncovered our coven so too must you reveal the cottage,” said Nina.

“Well, are we hot or cold?” I asked. “The woods is huge. The coven house was different. It was blatantly there but dilapidated-looking.”

Nina chuckled. “You have until nightfall to find the cottage! You’re not the first to come looking for Georgianna’s body you know. Others were intrigued by her story for different reasons and some come to visit the mysterious coven itself,” explained Nina.

I was so focused on Nina, I had taken my eyes off of the little girls for just a moment. I glanced back to where they used to be. My blood ran cold. They were gone!

“Where are the students?” I asked, my tone accusatory.

Something wasn’t right. Nina just smiled.

“Nina! The little girls! Where did they go?!” Demanded Jamie.

Nina was silent.

“Those girls are much too young to have teleported magically, prodigies or not,” said Jamie, narrowing her eyes.

Nina grinned. She had a wild sort of grin. Some of her usual refined manner had begun to fray at the edges.

“See you at dusk,” she said, backing away from us slowly until she was cast in shadow.

Instinctively, I rushed forwards but she had disappeared. I snarled in frustration.

“What the fvck?!” I growled.

“Jessie, relax,” cooed Jamie.

She put her arms around me.

“Something’s not right, Jamie!” I said. “This feels like a trap!”

“We’ll get out of here as soon as we find Georgianna’s body ok?” She said.

She stroked my hair, running her fingers through it, trying to soothe me. I pulled her close to me and nuzzled her. Thank goodness I had had the foresight to request backup!

Dalton’s POV

Our Witch Luna, Jamie, wanted to go save some people from some ghost or something like that, same old story. Subsequently, Our Alpha, Jessie, was extremely worried for Jamie. Classic Jessie. He had asked his Gamma, Zack, and me, his Beta, to stake out at a crummy motel nearby. He wanted us to be within a fifteen minutes of where they were going. I was winning at cards and Zack was pissed. Zack, Jessie and I had been best friends since we were pups and now we were pack leaders, all with mates and pups of our own. I had left my little human mate, Zoe, back in Ambrosia. This was much too dangerous for her. Chloe who was pregnant yet again was back home too. Chloe was undoubtedly the most hilarious pregnant she-wolf. After each pup, she swore that she would never ever get pregnant again only to happily announce her pregnancy at the next pack meeting. Zack was determined to have five pups and to beat me at cards. He was failing at the latter currently. He demanded a rematch.

“I don’t get why Jamie wants to help the se.xtuplets or whatever,” grumbled Zack. “I should be home working on pup number four. Instead I’m here waiting for Jamie to vanquish another demon. It’s not like they really need the backup.”

“I think they’re quints. And it’s a ghost I think, not a demon,” I said.

“Quints?” Asked Zack. “Wasn’t that a movie?”

“I dunno, but quints like quintuplets,” I said.

“How many is that? Five?” Asked Zack.

“Yeah,” I said, nodding.

“No, there’s six of them. Se.xtuplets!” Said Zack.

“se.x-tuplets? Why’s it called that. I would call it Six-tuplets!” I said.

“It’s definitely called se.xtuplets!” Chuckled Zack, rolling his eyes.

Dalton! Zack! Jessie’s alpha voice resounded in our heads over mind-link.

You ok, bro? I asked.

What’s up, bro? You need us? Asked Zack.

Yeah! Jamie and I are lost in the woods but...not a regular kind of lost...a magical kind...she can’t teleport us out and we haven’t found Georgianna’s body or her cottage, said Jessie, his voice fading a little. His mind-link voice was usually powerful and clear, not this faint distant echo.

Where are you? I asked, grabbing my jacket as Zack and I headed out the door.

We’re in the woods behind the address I gave you. The house looks abandoned out front but trust me, that’s where the coven is! It’s a spell to throw people off. Don’t come into the woods. You’ll probably get lost. You’ll need to figure out what the witches are up to! There’s twelve little girls and one Mother. You’ll need to take Fox with you! Be stealthy! Said Jessie, his voice fading in and out like an overseas call with a bad connection. We had to hurry.

I knocked on the door to opposite ours in the dark hallway of the motel. Fox had wanted a separate room. He had been really low in spirits since Evangeline’s death. Sure, she had been awful and she had picked a literal demon over him but he had loved her to the end and killed the same demon to avenge her death. It was a long story. The door creaked inwards and Fox peaked out, his two different coloured eyes regarding me with concern. Heterochromia was a sign of great magical power in wizards and witches. Fox’s hair had grown down to his mid-back. If he could have grown a beard, he would surely have one. He hadn’t had his hair trimmed since Eva’s death. In my opinion, he needed to get laid.

“Are they ok?” He asked.

“They’re lost in some magical woods or something and the coven house looks abandoned but it isn’t. There’s some spell that makes it look that way,” I said.

“A Glamour,” said Fox.

He followed us downstairs to the car. We all got in. Zack was driving. I was in the passenger seat. Fox sat in the backseat. He was already chanting to himself. Although he had been down in the dumps since Eva’s passing, his magic had flourished. He was on his way to becoming the next Grand High Wizard and he seemed not the least bit excited about any of it. Jamie and Fox were probably the two most powerful young practitioners of magic around right now. Zack sped down the street, taking corners swiftly and sharply.

“Easy, Zack! I’d like to have dinner with the family tonight!” I said.

Zack grinned. “A tough Beta like you. Scared of a little speeding,” he said.

The tires screeched to a halt at the end of an empty street. No people were in sight but several parked cars lined the road.

“I didn’t wanna park directly in front of the place,” said Zack.

Fox nodded. He took a flask out of his jacket pocket and downed a small amount of liquid. Clearly, it was pungent from the way he contorted his face. I chuckled. He passed the flask to me.

“Whiskey?” I asked, joking.

I knew it had to be a potion of some sort.

Fox smiled. “Not quite,” he murmured.

“Bottom’s up!” I exclaimed.

I drank some of the liquid and passed it to Zack. The liquid burnt all the way down. I rubbed my chest.

“Cheers!” Said Zack raising the flask in a toast to us before drinking it.

“What, pray tell, does this potion do?” I asked innocently.

“Isn’t it a little late to ask that?” Chuckled Zack.

“It conceals us completely,” said Fox with a sly smile.

“An invisibility potion!” Said Zack.

“No!” Said Fox, grinning. “I call it my Complete Concealment Concoction!” Said Fox triumphantly. “We won’t just be invisible. They won’t be able to see us yeah but they also won’t be able to smell or hear us.”

“What about taste and touch?” Zack asked immediately.

“No, those two aren’t covered so be careful not to bump into anyone or move stuff around,” warned Fox.

“Yeah and don’t let anyone lick you either and you should be fine,” I said to Zack in a very serious tone.

Zack rolled his eyes.

We approached the dilapidated house. Fox lifted the Glamour. The house transformed before our very eyes like extreme home makeover, magic edition. I gave Fox a thumbs-up. The door swung open to reveal a dark haired woman with cat-like eyes dressed in black velvet. This must be the Coven Mother Jessie had been talking about. She looked alarmed as she stepped out onto the porch, peering around suspiciously. We grabbed Fox’s arms and then Zack and I zoomed into the house swiftly and silently at werewolf speed and stealth. Phew. The creepy little girls were nowhere in sight. There were supposed to be twelve of them. The Coven Mother came back into the house. We were all crouching on the stairs.

“How come you don’t have to look like this?” Croaked a voice from the next room.

The Coven Mother frowned in the direction from which the voice had come.

“You know why,” she said succinctly. She turned on her heel and marched in the opposite direction. I edged closer to the room where the voice had come from. I peaked inside. I stifled a gasp but then I remembered that the spell was a complete concealment. Fox was a genius honestly.

There were twelve withered old women sitting at a dining table. They all seemed very tired. Some were falling asleep on themselves. Their features varied but they all wore black velvet dresses that resembled school uniforms.

“Are these the...little girls? The students?” I asked softly.

Fox nodded. "A very powerful Glamour must have made them seem young to Jessie and Jamie. They expended a lot of energy trying to fool Mother Jamie," noted Fox.

"But why?" Zack asked. "And how come their Coven Mother is younger than them."

"I have only guesses as to why but I can tell you their Coven Mother is not younger than them. She is probably just more adept at keeping the Glamour in place," said Fox. "Unless she actually is younger."

"Is it sunset yet?" Whined one of the old witches.

"No, you old fool," croaked another.

"I'm hungry and I'm tired!" Rasped another.

"We'll feast soon," said one of them, swaying a little in her chair and doing a celebratory dance.

"Cannibals?" Asked Zack under his breath.

It was difficult not to whisper although we knew we didn't have to.

"I don't think so but close," said Fox.

"Huh," I said.

"They probably feed on energy not the people themselves," said Fox.

"Youth!" Exclaimed Zack. "They feed on youth!"

Zack had walked down the hallway and was now standing in front of a collection of newspaper clippings that had been pinned to a notice board. They had their crimes hidden in plain sight. Anyone passing by would assume genuinely that those clippings were notices but they were article clippings about missing people, all young.

"Why do they need to do this?" I asked. "Aren't witches immortal?"

"Not these ones," Zack mumbled, pointing to one article that differed from the others. This one was not about missing persons. It featured a photograph of twelve girls, all screaming, their faces contorted. The heading read: The

Twelve Crones of Thistle-woods. I read further. The caption said: Twelve witches react in horror when sentenced to death by senescence for crimes against their coven. The thirteenth witch involved is still at large. The thirteenth witch, photographed alone, was the Coven Mother! I scanned the article itself.

The witching council was unanimous in its ruling to sentence all twelve Thistle-woods witches to death by senescence. The girls were found guilty of over fifty accounts of magical disfigurement, having magically stolen the beauty of various witches, human girls and she-wolves, all of whom wish to remain anonymous. The victims are to have their appearances restored by members of the witching council. The thirteenth witch involved in the crimes fled the scene before she could be apprehended. The twelve were caught in a hotel room on the outskirts of Thistle-woods. A kidnapped human girl was found alive and well in the bathroom. She has been safely returned to her family. The twelve will be magically confined to a house of the council's choosing where they will await death. A spell was cast on the twelve to age them by a century each. Thus, the end of their days is near. This photograph was taken just before the ageing spell was cast.

"Wait? What? That's their big punishment! Just ageing and then passing away like humans do!" I said, outraged.

"Well, they were young immortals and were turned into mortal old women," said Fox.

I thought of my human Zoe. I had made her immortal with my bite but her human family continued to age.

"That's not a punishment! That's not enough!" I said.

I could feel my eyes turning black. I should rip those witches' throats out.

"They're still stealing youth and beauty even while under house arrest!" I said.

"The thirteenth girl must have found them and gotten rid of the sentinel. All situations like this where people are under magical house arrest involve a sentinel, usually a gargoyle who watches them from his perch until the punishment is over," explained Fox. "This house probably was abandoned so the council decided to use it for house arrest. I bet you anything, they faked their deaths to fool the gargoyle!"

“Well, why didn’t the council show up to check and bury them when the gargoyle reported that?!” Asked Zack.

“This kind of spell robs you of an after-life of any kind and of any kind of coming back! The witches will burst into dust when they die and that’s it. No bodies. No ghosts. Nothing,” said Fox.

Ok, now we were getting somewhere. That was pretty final. I guessed that was a punishment then.

“Let’s k!ll them, rescue Jessie and Jamie and go for tacos,” I said.

“Chill out, Dalton,” said Zack. “Jamie will want them brought to justice when she hears all this even if their punishment will be death anyway. She’ll want a proper investigation and hearing. You know how she is. Let’s find Jessie and Jamie first.”

I grumbled.

“Can we still get tacos though?” I asked.

Zack grinned. He nodded.

Star’s POV

Harper and I walked hand in hand down a majestic sweeping staircase. Each step sparkled brilliantly even in the soft indoor lighting cast by the crystal chandeliers overhead. Harper stopped dead in his tracks when we were on the landing.

“What is it?” I asked, following his gaze.

I gasped. He was staring at a huge painting of a young woman who looked exactly the way I looked right now. Her pointy ears, glowing golden skin, high-cheekbones and glossy ringlets were exactly like mine but she had amber eyes instead of brown ones like mine. Honestly, the portrait could be of me with contacts. We were so strikingly similar.

“This is Mom,” I said to Dad who had come to stand behind us.

It wasn’t a question. I knew it was my mother.

He nodded. He had tears in his eyes. I hugged him and he hugged me back. He pulled a reluctant Harper into the family hug. Eventually Harper settled down and hugged us. Asriel came to join the hug.

“Eww, don’t touch me. Social distancing!” Yelled Rein.

“What’s social distancing?!” Asked Harper.

“Oh, wrong multiverse, Rein,” said Erin.

I had no idea what the earrings were on about but I laughed anyway.

“All right, that’s enough,” said Dad in his gruff voice. “Go talk to your Great Grandmother, that old b***h,” mumbled Dad.

Harper snorted with laughter.

“Is she mean?” I asked.

“She’s a Fae Queen and she’s...imperious, as a Fae Queen has to be, I guess,” muttered Dad. “She didn’t like me for your Mom but she was willing to accept me to make Hesper happy. She never wanted Hesper with her wolf cousin. She would think that was barbaric and uncivilised. So we have that on our side,” said Dad, sounding as though he were trying to convince himself.

The Fae who had summoned us cleared his throat. We followed him through a set of unbelievably huge double doors that almost reached the high-ceiling of the castle. It took several Fae to open them on either side. We were ushered forwards. I clutched Harper’s arm. A long red velvet carpet led through the centre of the room straight to a short flight of stairs. The Queen sat in her throne upon the platform. On either side of the carport, royals and nobles of Fae birth both stood and sat. There were a few werewolves among them, clearly pack leaders though not Alphas. Harper walked in quite confidently as though he owned the place and everyone had been waiting all their lives for him to show up which was true technically if you thought about it. I marvelled at the clothes of the court. There were stunning. I had never seen fabrics so vibrant. The colours became more and more vivid as we got closer to the throne. The royals seated near to the Queen were practically dripping in jewels and finery. Every piece of fabric on their form sparkled or glimmered. The Fae clearly loved sparkly things. I felt like I was inside a kaleidoscope made of jewels. The colours swam before my eyes. It took a while to adjust to the a room so ornate with people so lavishly dressed.

“Why aren’t they dressed for court?” Said a woman’s voice.

Her voice was clear and powerful but distinctly feminine. It rang out over the colossal room. A hush fell over the crowd. I looked at my father who rolled his eyes in plain view of the queen. I raised my eyes to the queen.

Her ears were sharply pointed and her features were angular. She had silvery pale skin with rosy cheeks. Her face was beautiful but cold. Her eyes were a light grey and her hair was white. It fell to her waist in sheets. She wore a silvery white gown with gold embellishments. The skirt of the gown fanned out covering the seat of the high-backed golden throne. Her neck was covered in layers of beads and jewels. Her crown was made of white gold and studded with diamonds. It looked uncomfortably heavy. Heavy was the head that wore the crown indeed!

“Bow,” whispered Asriel from behind us.

Harper bowed and I curtsied. It just felt more appropriate than a bow in my case. All I knew about royalty was from movies and books. The Winter Fae Queen was staring at us. We straitened and stared at her. We glanced at each other.

“Who are you?” She asked.

I heard my Dad sigh exasperatedly. I looked back at him. Asriel shot him a warning glance.

“I am Harper, the son of Heath and Hesper who was your very own granddaughter, Your Majesty,” said Harper smoothly.

The court members and pack leaders gasped. They began to murmur. The chattering grew. I was too terrified to introduce myself.

“And,” said Harper extremely loudly signalling for everyone to be quite. They fell silent, following his unspoken order with ease. “This is my twin sister, Hannah,” said Harper.

The room burst into a flurry of movement and noise. Some were actually crying. Others shook their heads in disbelief. The pack leaders in particular were regarding Harper curiously.

Should I tell Great-granny she’s sitting in my chair? Said Harper in my mind.

I wasn't able to stifle my laughter. The Queen's eyes went straight to me. I stopped laughing immediately.

"SILENCE!" Barked the Queen.

Everyone was silent at once.

"How do I know this is not merely a Glamour placed on the girl to make her look like Hesper. It would be an easy scheme," commented the Queen.

Harper shrugged.

"My granddaughter was gave birth to only one child, a stillborn male," said the Queen.

"How do you know that?" Asked Harper.

The court members gasped. One of the ladies-in-waiting who sat near to the Queen swayed on the spot.

"Your Majesty," added Harper as an after-thought.

The Queen smirked. "Princess Hesper said so herself," said the Queen.

"She wanted to protect us so she concealed us both. Pretending she has a single stillbirth instead of live twins. I was given to guardians before our mother returned to this castle and she bundled Hannah up, passing her off as the afterbirth so the doctor could spirit her away," Harper explained, summing everything up quite easily.

The nobles and royals seemed to believe this. Many were smiling at Harper especially the ladies present. The Queen was silent though there was a faint smile playing about her lips.

"Are you not going to introduce yourself to us, Your Majesty?" Asked Harper.

The room erupted again. People seemed to like his brazen attitude but were also scandalised by it.

"Clearly you know who I am," said the Queen.

"In theory. Are you not happy to see your Great Grandchildren, Your Majesty?" Prompted Harper.

"If you are who you say you are then prove it," said the Queen.

How were we supposed to do that?

Harper and I glanced at each other.

"Task us with something then," said Harper.

"If you are in fact Hesper's children, you should be able to mount her dragon," said the Queen.

There was another collective gasp.

"Very well, I-," began Harper.

"Not you!" Said the Queen.

I trembled on the spot. I focused on taking one breath at a time.

"Why not me?" Demanded Harper angrily.

"Well, you certainly think your royalty, don't you," said the Queen, shocked at his outburst. I knew Harper was trying to protect me. He shot me a worried glance.

"I have another task for you to prove you are a worthy Alpha and Fae Prince, don't worry," said the Queen to Harper. "But your twin sister will perform this one. The Fae are matriarchal unlike patriarchal werewolves. If she is to be a Fae Queen, she must command respect from all beings. Which being better to start with than a dragon?"

The royals, nobles and pack leaders were all nodding in agreement, finding the chosen assessment fair.

"Prepare Haven the Hellish and take him to the arena. Let the people know their Prince and Princess are here," sneered the Queen. "Their Princess Hannah shall tame the Ice Dragon before their very eyes."

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 49

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 49-Eli's POV

Zaya was fuming. We had just found out that Star and Harper had used the snow globe portal to go to the Ice Moon Pack's Castle. We had also just discovered that Hesper, the Alpha's daughter and the Winter Faerie Queen's granddaughter, was Star's mother. Harper's too obviously. The great warrior from the Ice Moon Pack was their father. Their father had come to take them back to their original pack and they had gone without so much as a note or a text.

"I can't believe she went so far away with telling us," said Zaya for the umpteenth time, looking at me. Zaya had been ignoring Noah and Jonah, who had just shown up. He blamed our elder two brothers for just about anything that went wrong with Star. I blamed them too. My Princess Star and I would be much closer if not for them. I sighed.

"How are we gonna get to the Ice Moon Pack lands?" I said. "What's the fastest way?"

"The fastest way would have been the snow globe that Harper and Star took," said Noah with a shrug.

"Plane?" Said Jonah.

"Luna Jamie," said Zaya.

"Yes!" I exclaimed. Jamie was a Luna and a witch, a Coven Mother at that. "She could teleport us there magically or even make us a new portal like the snow globe so that we could travel there and go back and forth when we need to," I said.

"Why would we be going back and forth?" Asked Jonah, looking annoyed.

"Star's twin Harper will become the Alpha of that pack! I'm sure of it! Our pack needs to become allies with the Ice Moon Pack as soon as possible. It's our mate's pack and she's part of the alpha lineage," I explained.

Jonah sighed. "Yeah, you're right. I'm still wrapping my head around all of that," said Jonah. "So Star's brother will probably become the Ice Moon Alpha and her grandmother is Queen of the Winter Fae. Do we have to be friendly with the Fae now too?" Asked Jonah.

Noah shrugged. "Why not? Fae are magical. They'd be useful allies," said Noah.

“No, witches and wizards are magical,” said Jonah. “The Fae are a bunch of tricksters. We have to be careful with them. They use their magic for mischief.”

Zaya roared in anger suddenly, startling Mia, Harper’s adopted Mom.

Mia yelped and hid in the arms of her mate, Marco, Harper’s adopted Dad.

It had been Mia and Marco who had filled us in on everything. Marco gave Zaya a pointed look for scaring Mia.

“Sorry,” mumbled Zaya.

“What’s your problem?” I asked.

“Luna Jamie isn’t answering her phone,” Zaya said exasperatedly.

“Don’t blow up her phone too much!” Warned Jonah. “That might piss off Alpha Jessie.”

“Should I call Alpha Jessie instead?” Asked Zaya, scrolling through his phone.

“Yeah, try his cell,” said Noah. “He’s a good person to talk to about befriending the Ice Moon Pack too. They’re a northern pack. His cousins are alphas of one of the other northern packs.”

“Which one?” I asked.

“The Winter Moon Pack,” said Jonah.

“Oh, the one with the triplet alphas!” I said excitedly.

“Yeah,” said Jonah. “That’s why the Ambrosia Wolf Pack and the Winter Moon Pack are such good allies. Those two alpha lineages are related.”

“Alpha Jessie isn’t answering either!” Yelled Zaya.

“Zaya! Don’t!” I said sternly.

It was too late. Zaya had flung his phone against the wall, smashing it. fvck!

“ZAYA!” I yelled. “What if Star tries to call?! She knows your number by heart!” I reminded him.

Zaya looked horrified as what I had said dawned on him.

“OH fvck!” Exclaimed Zaya.

“Excuse me, do you mind?” Said Marco indignantly, his eyes narrowed.

Mia was sitting on a couch nearby with a cloth on her head, obviously nursing a headache.

“Sorry!” said Zaya quickly.

“We’ll get out of your hair! Sorry, Mrs Jogie,” I said.

“I’m worried too,” she admitted. “I knew this day would come...when my little Harper would go back to claim his pack,” she said, her voice cracking.

She burst into tears. Marco comforted her, shooting us a look that said “leave.”

“Take care, Mr and Mrs Jogie! We’ll update you when we find out more!” I promised.

“What now?” I said as we walked outside.

Noah stopped dead in his tracks. “Dad has one of those things! One of the snow globes!” He exclaimed excitedly.

“That one goes to the Marigold pack lands not to the Ice Moon pack lands,” said Jonah with a sigh.

“Right! And Marigold is such a strong Aly of Berryndale, they’re almost the same pack! Right?! Right?” Asked Noah.

“Ok...so...” I said, unsure where he was going with this.

“Let’s snow globe hop!” Exclaimed Noah.

“What?” I said, snorting with laughter.

Zaya looked intrigued.

“Taking Dad’s private jet would take hours! We use Dad’s snow globe to Marigold. I guarantee you, there’s a portal from Marigold to Berryndale. And in

Berryndale, I know there's a portal to the Winter Moon Pack which is the neighbouring pack of the Ice Moon Pack," said Noah.

"Noah! You're brilliant!" Exclaimed Zaya, speaking to one of our elder brothers again. Zaya grabbed Noah into a hug.

"What if the other packs don't let us use their portals?" Asked Jonah worriedly.

"They will! Have some faith! Every alpha knows what it's like to have to go rescue your Luna!" I said, immediately liking Noah's plan.

"But we're not rescuing her. She went to her original pack!" Jonah said, looking forlorn.

I knew what he meant. He was worried she'd left us without any message because she'd left us.

"You think she left us as if she's done with us?" I asked.

Jonah shrugged. His eyes were glassy. He was a softie but he hid it well.

"She ain't leaving me. That's not an option!" Said Zaya theatrically.

Jonah smiled. Noah was grinning from ear to ear, probably nerd-ing out over all the packs he was about to meet. He loved pack history.

"Let's go!" I said.

"Say your crazy plan again," said Jonah, more determined now, as we piled into Noah's car.

"We get Dad's snow globe," said Noah. "That one goes to Marigold! We take a portal from Marigold to Berryndale! We take one from Berryndale to the Winter Moon Pack! The Winter Moon Pack is next door to the Ice Moon Pack! Simple!"

That was not simple.

"Are you sure there'll be a portal in Marigold that goes to Berryndale?!" I asked, worried.

"They share a Luna for goodness sakes! They built a joint pack house! Don't you guys read Alpha Anthropology?!" Groaned Noah, annoyed with us.

Alpha Anthropology was an educational magazine that came out once monthly with updates on each large pack.

"No, Noah! We don't! We have lives but we trust you!" Said Zaya.

Jonah was lost in thought during the drive. "Star is a Princess," he said absentmindedly. "What if that changes everything?"

"Well, she's always been my Princess so nothing's changed for me," I said pointedly.

"You mean like what if she rejects us?!" Asked Noah, coming down off his pack knowledge high.

"What if someone challenges us for her?" Asked Jonah. "That's what I mean."

"Challenges us?" Asked Noah.

"For her hand. She might have a betrothed. The Fae are a bit different. They like to arrange things and the Ice Moon Pack also does arrangements," said Jonah, looking like he was going to be sick.

"Arrangements?" I asked.

"Arranged marriages," said Noah.

A chill crept through me.

"I think the fvck not," said Zaya. "Not my baby. My baby belongs to me."

"To us," I said.

Zaya grinned and nodded.

"But mostly to me," said Zaya mischievously.

He was so annoying but he was my favourite brother.

"Let's go get our Princess," I said.

"Princess Hannah," said Jonah more to himself than any of us. He was smiling to himself. He took out his phone and smiled at it. I knew he had Star as his wallpaper and was always careful about hiding it from Angie. It was that

picture of her blowing out her eighteenth birthday candles. I had sent it to our messaging group with the four of us.

"I can't wait to meet Alpha Maze. He's an academic alpha who will understand me," mumbled Noah to his nerdy self.

I knew Star was probably safe as she was with her people but I had this crazy anxiety that just wouldn't let up. She was safe, I kept reminding myself. She just had to be.

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 50

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 50-Jessie's POV

The sky was growing darker. The light was fading as daylight slowly gave way to dusk. Something told me we had to get out of these woods before darkness fell. It felt as if we had been going round in circles. All the trees looked the same and we kept circling back and stumbling upon the clearing where Nina had deserted us. Jamie was not able to magically teleport us out of this woods. It just wasn't working. At first, I was able to mind-link my Beta and Gamma but the connection was weak. I couldn't reach them anymore. At least they were on the way. I kept telling myself that.

"Do you think Georgianna's tomb is even in these woods? Or is that just a rumour?" I asked Jamie.

"I think she's here," said Jamie so confidently that I stopped dead in my tracks.

I looked at my mate. She was pensive all of a sudden.

"We're doing the wrong thing, Jessie! We're trying to get out! We should try to get in!" She insisted.

"Ok," I said slowly. "Into what?"

"Into her tomb...and forget about escaping the words," responded Jamie.

I nodded encouragingly. I trusted Jamie's hunches. She sat cross-legged in the clearing. I sat with her, facing her.

"You're not a witch but focus with me because we're connected," she said.

I nodded. She took my hands in hers. We closed her eyes.

“Um...what are we focusing on?” I asked sheepishly, trying not to peak.

Jamie chuckled.

“We’re trying to talk to Georgianna again,” she said simply.

This spooky cursed woods was not the safest place to conjure a vengeful witch’s ghost but whatever. I focused on the vision I had shared with Jamie, the one of Alto and Georgianna at their wedding feast, the one that ended with Alto’s accidental death. Sadness consumed me. It was so unfair. Why couldn’t they have left them alone and let them be together? They were just like Jamie and me actually, a Coven Mother Witch and an Alpha Werewolf fated to each other, in love, linked. I tightened my grip on Jamie’s hand. There was a rustling in the trees surrounding the clearing. The temperature seemed to drop. I heard a soft padding sound, like someone walking barefoot slowly towards us. Jamie’s hands trembled in mine a little.

She’s coming! Jamie told me through our link.

I tensed up. I wanted to grab Jamie and run but I knew that was exactly what I should not do. I stayed put. From the displacement of air, I could tell someone was near to us, standing nearby, watching us. I could feel their eyes on me in particular.

Jamie, what now? I asked my little witch.

Wait a bit, instructed Jamie.

We waited with bated breath. The air shifted again and the padding was fading this time. The person was now walking away from us.

Let’s quickly and quietly follow her. No talking at all! Jamie said, her voice a little shaky.

I opened my eyes slowly. My blue eyes met Jamie’s dark hazel ones. I smiled at her instinctively. She glanced over her shoulder. Chills ran through me when I saw what she was looking at: a woman was walking into the woods, her back to us. All I could see of her was her sheet of long dark hair and her glowing white dress dragging along the forest floor as she moved slowly through the trees. I pulled Jamie close to me. We followed the witch in silence.

Dalton's POV

Fox was adamant on subduing all the geriatric witches before nightfall. They were criminals so they needed to be rounded up. Nina had returned to the dining room and they were eagerly awaiting sun down.

"It's almost dusk," hissed one of them excitedly.

"The Weary Wandering Woods will deliver them to us soon," croaked another.

"These ones are strong, an Alpha and a young Coven Mother. The woods may not be able to subdue them. They may still be conscious when we teleport them back here. Draining them won't be easy," muttered Nina.

Fox, Zack and I were standing just outside the dining room, still invisible. I gave Fox a quizzical look. I was worried for Jessie and Jamie.

"They're using the woods to their advantage I think," said Fox.

Zack nodded. "Seems like the woods is enchanted, well more liked hexed. Everyone who goes in probably gets lost and wanders around while the woods drain the energy until they weary. Weary Wandering Woods," said Zack.

"So then they do what? Teleport their victims back from the woods to the house?" I asked.

"Yeah and finish draining them of energy and youth while they're already too weak to fight back," concluded Fox.

"Let's just subdue the witches then, before they try to drain Jessie and Jamie!" I said.

"No!" Said Fox. "I don't know how to get into and out of the woods without getting trapped. The witches obviously know how to summon Jessie and Jamie back here," said Fox.

"So let's wait for them to retrieve Jessie and Jamie for us and then we strike?" I said.

Zack and Fox nodded.

Harper's POV

Star was terrified. I could feel it through our bond as twins. I was scared for her too. I would rather face the dragon myself but our so-called Great Grandmother had tasked Star with taming Haven the Hellish, the Great Ice Dragon. Our father did not seem the least bit worried. Asriel was also cool as a cucumber as we walked with Star to the courtyard of the castle.

We were bundled up in very elaborate coats, boots and gloves. Everything the Fae wore was bright and conspicuous. There was not a black, brown or grey outfit in sight. I would need to get some dark materials for clothing and import them here. There was no way I was going to adopt this manner of dressing. I felt ridiculous in this green velvet coat with leaves embroidered all over. Star was wearing a similar one but hers had both leaves and flowers embroidered into it.

We got into one of several royal carriages with snow-white and jet-black horses pulling them. I wanted the ride to the arena to be delayed some how. I had no idea how to use my Fae magic to do anything useful though I did feel different. Star didn't know how to harness her magic either. The horses were unbelievably fast. They must have been enchanted somehow. We crossed the snowy, icy landscape easily. We arrived at the outskirts of the arena. I could see throngs of Fae and werewolves alike filing into the arena, chatting excitedly. I heard the deafening, high-pitched roar of the dragon.

"You will be fine," said Dad reassuringly to Star.

Star was pale and tremulous. I would jump down onto the arena's floor if I had to. I grasped her hand and we entered the arena.

The Queen had taken a separate carriage to us. She, her ladies-in-waiting and her personal guards motioned for me, Dad and Asriel to follow them. Star was to go down to the arena escorted by two pack warriors. I hugged Star tightly.

"I'll come down into the arena if I have to!" I whispered to her as we hugged. "Don't be scared!"

She nodded fervently but her eyes were glassy and wide with fear. She went with the guards while the rest of us were led to the Queen's private area, a high platform where the royals sat to watch whatever cruel thing was taking place in the arena. All the chairs on the platform were thrones. I sat in one without being granted permission. I saw the Queen scowl. I smirked at her. She sat in the middle throne with the highest back. Other royals were seated.

Dad and Asriel chose to stand in front of us at the balcony. I glanced at the royals and pack leaders wondering if I was related to any of these people.

The dragon was already in the arena. Haven the Hellish was wearing a huge silver collar with thick chains holding him on a short leash. It did not seem uncomfortable though. In fact, it seemed as though he could break those chains quite easily but simply chose not to for the sake of theatrics. The Fae and wolves were a sea of bright colours, sequins and feathers, with everyone dressed in Fae garments. They were blinding me. I searched the floor of the arena for Star.

Suddenly, the roaring crowd fell silent. The Queen had stood to address them.

“Fae of the Winter Kingdom and Wolves of the Ice Moon Pack, this boy you see here,” she announced, pausing and gesturing towards me, “along with his sister claim to be the children of Hesper, my granddaughter and the former Alpha’s daughter.”

A collective gasp resounded through the arena. I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes.

“Thus, he is here to prove his worthiness in future as your alleged Alpha and his sister shall attempt to prove her worthiness as a Fae Princess right now!” Boomed the Queen.

The crowd cheered in excitement, clapping their hands and stomping their feet, making the arena shake.

“She will now attempt to tame Hesper’s pet, the Great Ice Dragon, Haven the Hellish!” Announced the Queen grandiosely.

The cheering of the crowd reached a crescendo. I felt like the vibration of this noise was enough to cause an avalanche. They quieted down when the gate to the floor of the arena creaked open. Star walked into the arena slowly. The crowd seemed to be holding their breath as they anticipated the spectacle they were about to witness. Several guards began releasing the chains attached to Haven’s collar until he was completely unencumbered. Dad had a smirk on his face. Asriel wore a smug look. They certainly had a lot of faith in Star. I tried to feel the same way. Before I could collect myself, Haven roared, shooting forth a shower of hail that rained down on the entire arena. Just as the brief hailstorm ended, Haven charged at Hannah.

Noah's POV

We sped home and scrambled up the stairs to our father's study at werewolf speed.

"Dad we need your snow globe portal to Marigold!" I yelled at our confused father, interrupting his meeting with a few of our pack leaders.

Rather than waiting for an answer, Jonah spotted the snow globe on a bookshelf nearby and snatched it. He turned it over and scanned the incantation on the bottom while Zaya, Eli and I crowded around him.

"What is the meaning of this, boys?" Demanded our father.

"Star is a Fae Princess and an Alpha's granddaughter so she and her twin brother went back to the Ice Moon Pack to get reclaim it from the Winter Fae Queen, their great grandmother!" Said Eli extremely quickly.

"What?!" Asked Dad.

The other pack leaders looked just as bewildered.

"Never mind the details, we'll be back soon, Dad! Thanks!" Said Zaya quickly.

He grabbed the snow globe from Jonah and quickly read the incantation while we put our hands on his shoulders.

"Be caref-," began our father but the room fell away from view as we hurtled through darkness. It felt like being on a rollercoaster. The trip lasted only a few seconds. We found ourselves in a grand study very similar to our father's own. It was devoid of people though.

"Where are we?" Asked Zaya.

"In the Marigold Pack House I believe," I said.

I grinned at the huge study with its chestnut wood shelves and gleaming desks and chairs. There was a huge territory map that resembled a tapestry on the wall nearby. Next to it hung an oil painting of a pretty and petite dark-haired girl sitting between two hulking men, obviously Alphas from their builds. I looked at the dark-haired, grey-eyed man on the left of the painting. Alpha Maze. To the right, the lighter haired, blue-eyed Alpha had to be Thaddeus, the seven foot Alpha. In the middle was undoubtedly Luna Friday, who was

once wolf-less before becoming the deadliest she-wolf on any battlefield. I started explaining all of this to my brothers but Zaya was not having it.

"It's not history hour! We need to find someone and get to Berryndale! Focus, Noah!" Zaya said.

"I really hope we don't get told no. We would also need to return the snow globes," said Eli, taking the first snow globe from Zaya.

"We'll give them our word as alphas to return it," said Jonah.

Someone came hurtling into the room. He was tall and muscular with olive skin, grey eyes and long dark hair. Alpha Maze?

A wavy-haired woman with golden skin peaked into the room behind him. Luna Friday? She had a toddler grabbing onto her leg. He was the very image of the grey-eyed man in miniature.

"I told you to stay in our room, Baby, and to keep Maurizio with you!" scolded the man.

I looked at them more closely. No. They were older than Alpha Maze and Luna Friday should be. They were probably...

"What is the meaning of this?" Demanded the former alpha, clearly outraged at four random teenagers bursting into his study unannounced. Even though portals existed to show good faith between the packs, most of them were rarely used.

"Former Alpha Malachi," I said respectfully with a little bow. "I am future Alpha Noah of the Viper Moon Pack and these are my brothers We are sorry for the intrusion but we desperately need to get to Berryndale. It involves the rescue of our dear future Luna!" I said, pleading with my eyes.

Malachi softened a little. The woman who I now recognised as Felicity, the mate of Malachi and mother of Luna Friday, edged closer to us.

"What's wrong with your Luna?" She asked softly, her eyes concerned.

"She's gone off to the Ice Moon Pack to take it back from the Winter Fae Queen," said Eli. "She's the daughter of Hesper you see. I don't know if you are familiar with the story-," Eli was cut off by Malachi.

“You’re Quaid’s kids!” He exclaimed.

We nodded fervently.

“Look at how you’re grown! Last time I saw you, you were in footie pyjamas!” Chuckled Malachi. He then adopted a more sombre expression. “I’m familiar with Hesper’s...misfortune,” he said softly.

Felicity put a hand gently on his shoulder.

A squad of pack warriors suddenly burst into the room, led by a man with similar features to Felicity though hardened and masculine.

“Alpha Malachi, you went to the check out the breach on your own?” Exclaimed the man indignantly.

“I can more than handle a breach!” Said the former alpha.

“Who are you?” asked Zaya, looking at the man leading the squad.

“Who am I? Who am I? Who the fvck are you? You came hurtling into our pack house! We’ll be asking the questions!” Snapped the other pack leader. Beta Fang! He was known to be cra.ss.This had to be him.

“It’s alright, Fang,” said Malachi. “They’re my friend’s kids. He’s the Viper Moon Pack’s Alpha.”

Fang calmed down a little. The squad of warriors seemed a lot less tense.

“About that portal to Berryndale...” said Zaya.

Malachi chuckled.

“We promise to return the snow globe!” Eli said in earnest.

“Snow globe?” Said Malachi.

“The portal to Berryndale is an enchanted elevator,” said Fang condescendingly as though that should be blatantly obvious to everyone.

“A wizard arranged it for us!” Said Felicity with a smile.

I snuggled h

“Is Maze here by chance?” I asked sheepishly.

Malachi and Felicity chuckled. “Maze is in Berryndale actually with Friday and Thaddeus,” Said Malachi.

I grinned from ear to ear.

“Fang, show them to the portal,” said Malachi.

Fang begrudgingly led the way in silence. Two men who resembled Fang stopped us in the hallway. I realised they too were identical.

“Twins!” I exclaimed.

One of the twins snorted with laughter. The other said, “Speak for yourself!”

“Where are you going, Fang?” Asked one of the twins.

“To the elevator,” grumbled Fang.

“So you’re going to Berryndale?” Asked the other twin.

Fang blinked and continued to stare blankly at them.

“Well, I guess you’ve met our delightful brother! I’m Fallon,” said Fallon, the younger brother of Fang.

“And I’m Fargo!” Said Fargo, Fallon’s identical twin brother.

“We’re-,” I began.

“Oh, we’ve heard of you!” Exclaimed Fargo. “The Alpha Triplets!”

Fallon nodded eagerly. “Alex, Felix and Calix!” He added.

Fang snorted with laughter. “Your counting could use some work. There are four of them,” said Fang dryly.

The twins considered this in obvious amazement.

“We’re the future alpha quadruplets,” said Zaya impatiently. “I’m Zaya the youngest, then this is Eli, then Noah and the first born is Jonah,” explained Zaya gesturing to each one of us in turn.

“But we really have to go! It was nice meeting you!” Said Eli.

Eli tried to brush past them but a woman turning the corner of the hallway blocked his path.

“Oh, sorry!” She said. “Fang, Baby, who are these people?” She asked.

She had a toddler in her arms xs.

“Aww, look at him,” cooed Eli, ruffling the toddler’s hair. The little boy greatly resembled Fang if Fang had the ability to produce a smile.

“This is Falcon,” said the woman. “I’m Astrid. I see you’ve already met my mate, Fang. What brings you to-,” Fang cut across her.

“Astrid! They’re in a hurry to rescue their Luna!” Said Fang, clearly annoyed.

I highly doubted Fang was rushing to help us. He was probably rushing to be rid of us but I appreciated the speed nonetheless when he practically ran down the rest of the hallway with us on his heels. We came to an elevator and got on it. The “floors”, if one could call them that, read Marigold, Joint Pack House and Berryndale. I quickly pushed the Berryndale button.

“You’re coming with us?” I asked Fang.

“I’m going to come straight back. This elevator is a fixed portal unlike the snow globes which go with you when used. Anyone can take the elevator back and forth in any direction and the elevator is in all three places simultaneously,” explained Fang.

This was the most he had spoken the entire time so far for which I was a bit grateful. I needed an elevator just like this from the Viper Moon Pack House to the Ice Moon Pack Castle and back. That way our Luna, Star, could come and go freely.

“How do we get one of these?” I asked Fang.

“Ask Maze and Thaddeus,” said Fang curtly.

Back to square one with Fang. The elevator pinged and the Berryndale sign lit up. We scrambled out of the elevator. Fang led the way. The warm-toned colours of the Berryndale pack house were a complete departure from the

cool-toned colours of the Marigold Pack House. We bumped into another set of twins. Fang sighed exasperatedly.

“You love us, don’t you, bro-in-law?” Asked one of the twins.

“Yeah, you certainly visit us often,” commented the other.

They both snickered. They were both blonde and blue-eyed. These must be Timothy and Titus, the younger twin brothers of Thaddeus.

Fang did not respond to their teasing and taunts.

“Where’s Thaddeus?” Grumbled Fang.

“In the Luna’s study,” said either Timothy or Titus.

We scurried behind Fang to yet another study, this one was filled with a variety of knick knacks and decorated in pastel colours and floral prints. A pretty girl in a floral sun dress was laughing heartily while she watched two men arm wrestle, their elbows on the desk. The arm wrestling match seemed playful not competitive, The girl watching them had a toddler on each knee. In response to our arrival, the men stopped arm wrestling and the laughing girl frowned. Even the toddlers looked at us with puzzled expressions on their little chubby-cheeked faces.

“Luna Friday, forgive us, we beg your pardon,” I said with a bow. “Alpha Thaddeus, Alpha Maze,” I said. My brothers bowed respectfully also. Since Marigold and Berryndale had combined their packs, they were easily the most respected and fearsome nation among werewolves. Fang was less impressed than my brothers and me.

“Friday, these Alpha Quadruplets want your snow globe thing the wizard the gave you so they can go up north where the Alpha Triplets are,” said Fang.

“Absolutely not,” growled Alpha Maze without a second thought. I flinched. “The audacity!” Exclaimed Maze. Maze had an extremely refined accent and a haughty demeanour.

Alpha Thaddeus roared with laughter. “Maze, brother, you must hear the lads out,” boomed Thaddeus. His voice was so deep, it was like the rumbling of an earthquake. I was awestruck. Zaya was not.

“Look, I need that portal to go rescue my Luna. Friday, surely, you understand!” Zaya pleaded.

Maze hissed at his Luna being addressed casually. Thaddeus growled. They were incredibly intimidating but Zaya seemed unperturbed.

“You had the sh!tتيest life ever before you became such a great Luna. My father told me all about it!” Exclaimed Zaya.

Friday snorted with laughter to my surprise at that comment. Zaya continued undaunted.

“That is exactly how my Star is. She needs me...us. She needs a little rescuing before she can be strong enough to rescue others as Luna. You were the same. I know you will understand. Star had nothing a few days ago and now she has the world of responsibility and she’s been so fearless the whole time. I can’t stand the thought of her facing everything alone. She’s gone to Ice Moon Pack, her original pack, all on her own to try to reclaim it as Hesper’s long-lost daughter,” said Zaya.

Maze’s eyes widened at that. Thaddeus stroked his beard thoughtfully.

“We need to go after her. We will return the portal, you can be sure of that. We intend to have one made eventually. But for right now, we need yours. Please, Friday. I appeal to you not as a future Alpha to a Luna but as a man in love to a girl who was once saved by love!” Said Zaya.

Friday smiled slightly. Her sons on her lap, one miniature Maze and one miniature Thaddeus, looked amused.

Maze and Thaddeus seemed slightly more willing but still unconvinced. They looked at their beloved Luna, prepared to do whatever she wanted.

“Little Luna, what say you?” Purred Thaddeus, his tone of voice incredibly gentle when addressing her.

“What do you think, Baby?” Cooed Maze, also clearly besotted.

Friday stared at us for a few moments, her expression impassive though a small smile played about her lips.

“Give them the portal,” said Friday without hesitation.

