

Read Novel Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 8

Billionaire Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 8-Angie was livid. Before I could even explain myself she tackled me screaming. I shrieked and threw my hands up instinctively to protect my face. Angie rained her fists down on me. I could feel the impact of them on my arms as I blocked my face. She was screaming hysterically. All of this happened quickly in just a few seconds at most. I was expecting to feel her fists connect with me again but I felt nothing. The pressure of her on top of me was gone. I looked up confused. Jonah had grabbed her and pulled her off of me. She thrashed against him as he pinned her arms to her sides. She was kicking and screaming, flinging her legs up in the air. Her shoe flew off and hit me in the shoulder.

“ANGIE! STOP!” Roared Jonah in his alpha voice.

She was compelled to stop. She stilled in his arms, panting. He released her tentatively and she ran to get the shoe that had flung off. I scrambled away from her as she bent to pick it up.

“You’re a disgusting slut!” She snapped at me.

I wanted to scream at her, to hit her back or to yell the truth that he had k!ssed me. I looked at Jonah, wondering if he would tell the truth. Angie put on her shoe and stormed away from me. She stopped at the doorway.

“Are you coming or not, Jonah?” Asked Angie.

Jonah stared at me then back at Angie,

“Jonah!” She shrieked.

“I...” said Jonah.

“If you even have to second-guess it, then you belong with her,” I told him.

She glared at me. Jonah’s face fell. He offered his hand to me to help me up. I refused to take it, getting to my feet on my own and straightening my uniform.

“Star?” Said Jonah.

"I asked you to stop calling me that," I said softly, fighting back tears. I couldn't hold them back anymore and they spilled out of my eyes and down my cheeks.

Angie was still waiting at the door for Jonah.

"Angie, go ahead without me," said Jonah.

"If I walk out of here, we're over," she snapped.

Jonah sighed. "Just go," he said.

Her eyes widened. She stomped away on her heels.

Jonah approached me but I dodged him. I ran out of the bathroom. I just wanted to get away from him and his crazy girlfriend or ex girlfriend, whatever she was. It wasn't as though they hadn't broken up before. They'd been on-again off-again for almost a year. I walked quickly down the hallway. I probably looked as bad as I felt. I rounded a corner and walked right into Noah. He caught me by the shoulders so I wouldn't fall. His eyes softened when he saw that I had been crying.

"We need to talk," he said in a serious tone.

"Please, just leave me alone. I get it ok, you and Jonah don't want me as your mate, you just enjoying playing games and torturing me," I said, tears falling all over again.

"What?" Asked Noah. "No of course not!"

He pulled out a handkerchief and started drying my eyes. I flinched because my cheeks felt raw. Angie didn't pack much of a punch but she must have caught me in the face.

"What happened?" Asked Noah, noticing my strange movement.

"Your brother's girlfriend attacked me in the girls' bathroom because your brother chose to follow me in there! I never encouraged or instigated any of that!" I retorted.

Noah snarled. "Angie hit you?"

I nodded.

“And what did J onah do?” Asked Noah.

“He pulled her off of me,” I said, sniffing. Noah held the handkerchief against my nose so I could blow my nose in it.

Speak of the devil. Just then, Jonah came up to us.

“Could you please stop running away from me, Ma Louloutte? I need to talk to you!” Said Jonah. “Me too!” Exclaimed Noah.

I was tired of fighting with them. They wouldn’t leave me be until they had said whatever it was they wanted to say.

“Ok,” I said wanting to get it over with.

“Where are Zaya and Eli?” I asked.

“They’re in Visual Arts Cla.ss,” said Noah as though that were obvious.

It dawned on me that I really knew nothing about the Quads, not even the subjects they took or what their schedule was like.

I followed the elder two. They led me to the gardens. Our school had beautiful sprawling grounds filled with flowering plants. There was a maze made of garden hedges with benches dotting the path every twenty-five feet or so. Jonah and Noah sat on a bench in the shade of the hedge and they motioned for me to sit between them.

“You ok?” Asked Noah, referencing the fight.

“No,” I muttered.

It came out like a strangled little cry. Noah put an arm around me and drew me close. I tried to steady my breathing.

“I’m really sorry about Angie, Star!” Murmured Jonah, putting his arm around me too and burying his nose in my hair. I wanted to slap both of their hands away but their warmth helped me to relax.

“Hurry up,” I found myself saying. “Just reject me and let’s move on from this!” I snapped, folding my arms and pouting.

I knew I was being childish but they were confusing, rude and impossible to please.

"I wonder if she has all this attitude with her Zaya and her Eli?" Asked Jonah, the jealousy evident in his voice.

"How can you be jealous when you have a girlfriend?" I demanded.

Were Noah and Jonah nuts?

"We...want to keep you safe...that's all," murmured Noah.

"Yeah," said Jonah sighing.

"From what?" I asked.

"From our family curse," said Noah, lowering his voice and leaning in.

I rolled my eyes and got up to leave. Both Quads pulled me back to the bench.

"Please hear us out," said Jonah.

"You think we don't know how ridiculous it all sounds," said Noah, looking away from me. He was staring at the nearby fountain. There was a stone mermaid perched in the midst of a bobbing pool. Water spouted from the mouths of several stone fishes surrounding her.

"Long ago, our ancestor, Alpha Alto, was fated to a high witch, Georgianna," said Noah.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Didn't all "curses" start with a "witch" and "long ago"?

"The witch, Georgianna, was discouraged from marrying the alpha, Alto, by our ancestors but they were in love and defiant. They got engaged. At their engagement feast, the younger brother of the alpha and next in line, Oleander, poisoned Alto with silver and wolfsbane in his wedding goblet rather than let a witch become luna. Losing a mate is the most painful thing, worse than death. The witch was determined to make sure none of the sons of Oleander would ever experience true love or get to fulfil their mate bond. She put a curse on the entire bloodline to stop them all from finding love and happiness in the same way it was denied her," continued Jonah.

I sighed.

"The curse begins from the moment the alpha lays eyes on his mate and future luna. The curse claims the lives of several people close to the luna until it is satiated enough and once the luna is engaged the curse claims her life," explained Noah.

"But in the story, the alpha dies not the luna?" I asked, not that it mattered because it was all bullsh!t anyway.

"If the curse were to claim the alpha and not the luna she wouldn't be able to punish the same bl00dline over and over again because the last son would just die out. By k!lling his luna instead he's forced to settle for someone just for the sake of continuing his bl00dline and is successfully denied love for another generation," Jonah concluded.

"I get it, guys, I'm not your type, see wasn't that easier and less ridiculous?" I snapped, getting to my feet.

"Star, please!" Said Noah pulling me back onto the bench.

"That makes no sense! So how are your parents together, then?" I asked.

"Our father never married our mother. They did have us but he avoided marrying her legally to spare her the final step. They just had a ceremony saying they loved each other. Most of her friends are dead and well she didn't have a big family to begin with," explained Jonah.

A chill crept through me. I thought of my grandmother all alone now. I looked at each of the elder Quads in turn waiting for them to burst into laughter or smirk or snort.

"So what do you suggest I do then?" I asked. Whether I believed it or not, it was no use continuing to avoid the inevitable. Obviously the elder Quads had something in mind.

"We want to break the curse," said Jonah.