

# **Caged By My Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 0**

## **PROLOGUE by Roanna Baleta**

### Chapter 0 PROLOGUE

“Assholes! If I was asked to make my last wish, I won’t hesitate to wish you death!” I scream at the top of my lungs.

I’m standing at the edge of the railing on the rooftop. I don’t care that one mistake of letting go of my stance might make me fall to my death. I don’t fucking care! I feel like I have won the lottery, but trust me this feeling is better than winning lottery.

I fucking put you in your place bastard! That there, is my damn fucking gift to you before leaving this hell of a school.

It’s my goodbye gift and you know what? You should thank me when you see me again, and that is if I even want to see your ass ever again.

You should thank me for being this kind, for this special gift. I know I would never see you again, and damn it, you're never gonna see me again too, so go kill yourself, asshole!

I’m the Elena Deloris they all wish never came to life. Wait, not the other way, but they all fucking hate me. And if I could switch a mother, I would have sold mine and got a new one. I’m the piece of trash that is never enough. And I don’t fucking wish to prove Avera Deloris WRONG!

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I stand in a corner, waiting for the rain to stop so I can go home, but my legs don’t move, even when the rain slows down.

I’m looking at the screen across the road, where my worse tormentor and greatest enemy is getting dragged like a criminal. He wouldn’t just fail the exams, he would be kicked out of school. Detention is not enough for the kind of crime he’s involved.

His face is like smoke with no fire. He looks aggressive, as though he’s going to strangle whoever did this to him with just his bare hands, and damn, he is capable. But right then, he’s calm as they take him.

Unfortunately, we are in our senior year in high school, and he only needs to do one more paper before the summer break, but that's not happening anymore nor is he coming back. No school would want him now. He can't retake the class as well, unless there is an upper hand involve.

Ryan French, I would say it again. You are lucky my gift is just as petty as this. After everything you did to me, I wish you death if it's possible.

The rain stopped to a drop and my phone pings in my pocket. It's from Ava Marcus, my best friend and lifetime partner-in-crime. Well, I wish. As if I get to have people in my life stay forever.

Ava Marcus: Hey, did you see the news? I bet you're on your way to the airport now.

I ignore the first question and reply to the last.

Elena Deloris: Hey, I'm on my way home now. I will leave soon once I get my bags packed.

She's rushing me to take my flight to Switzerland; she wants me out of this city as much as I do. She found out I'm mated to those bastards. She was with me at the baseball court.

Ava discussed it with her aunt in Switzerland, so that I can still complete my senior year once the summer break is over. I don't think I would ever return since I just found out that the arrogant and popular Quad Alphas are my mate.

It simply means I am mated to the tormentors of my life.

I trust the bastard, Ryan, is going through a hard time now, and definitely won't have the time to think about who did this to him.

Among the four brothers, I hate Ryan the most. He is my biggest enemy. I can't believe he is also my mate. No.

I'm the last person that would cross his mind, if he tries to find out who ruins his life and dreams.

I'm that soft flower he can always step on, and won't say a word. Simply because I don't have a mouth to speak, like the flower I am. But one thing

they don't know is that flowers do have emotions, and they can react the fuck if they want.

And Elena Deloris is that flower.

No one would suspect it was me, so I don't hide my face yet. I boldly grab my white transparent polybag where I have the drugs. Avera asked me to buy it for her.

I don't know what she needs it for but I don't think I care to know. The same way I'm not giving her a clue where I'm leaving to, or why the heck I'm leaving. She wouldn't have cared, and I wouldn't have the strength to handle her behavior. At least not now—this is not the time.

I begin to walk out of the alcove, speed-walking to my house. The two-story house belongs to my dad. I know it is a little old now, but I cherish it more than my mom. It's my dad's hard work; he built this house before he told us goodbye. That is, if he had truly told me goodbye.

I walk into the house, a little wet from the rain. Closing the door as quiet as possible, I hear her call my name from the bottom of the stairs.

"What took you so long, for God's sake!" she lashes out.

I know. I expected it. She only cares about herself and not me. Hell, never me, not even the torture I went through in that damn school.

I say nothing. I hear my phone pings again, and I read Ava's reply.

Ava Helen: That sounds a little better. I want you out of here as soon as possible, Elena.

From the words, I know she was sighing heavily as she typed.

I think I hear my mom saying something to me, but I don't pay attention. I pocket my phone and run upstairs.

I have to leave this city now that I know I am mated to the four arrogant bastards. The arrogant and richest kids—the quadruplet Alphas!

Prior to my secret act

I run here to loosen my chest; it's a large space and ventilated. After what I did to one of the Quad Alphas, I need to catch my breath.

I watch the four of them passing by—the three follow the other one held by the cops.

Suddenly, I feel something strange inside me as I look into their eyes. The deep emerald, the blue, like mine but ocean, the hazel and the green ones—they all look freaking interesting but dangerous.

Their chests rise and fall, stretching the crisp white cotton of their shirts, and it's mesmerizing. How the heck am I thinking of that now when I can smell danger? What is wrong with me?

I take a deep breath, trying to shake this weirdness off, but now I can smell their scent, a decadent scent straight to my lungs. Something shoots through my veins.

What is that? Excitement?

What the fuck is happening to me right now?

A flood of heat crashes through my body.

Heat.

I'm going through heat, but why now? Heck, not now when these Alphas are passing by. They are walking on the other side.

My wolf's ear shoots up. She yips and wags her tail. I want to meet my wolf so bad, but why now? Damn, what is she trying to say?

She's yelling something; she's dancing, and most of all, she's demanding.

Them, them, them.

I raise my eyes to the quadruplet Alphas' eyes, even though I know better. No one can stare directly at them. You can only do that if you're already tired of your life and ready to face death.

What's wrong with me? Those are the most arrogant and popular boys in school. I've heard and seen how dangerous and cruel they are.

Mate.

Hell no! I am mated to this Alphas. No. They are not my mates. It can't be. No fucking way.

I'm their worst enemy and I'm mated to them? It can't be.

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I snap out of my thought, hearing my mother shouts. But I have to leave. I can't stay here after what I did to one of them, and after finding out that I'm their mate.

No, I have to leave the city and never come back. They even own this city. I'm going to be dead meat if I remain here.

"Elena, did you hear me?" she's yelling but I don't have the time to listen or face her wrath again.

I have to go. I have to leave this place as soon as possible. I have to stay far away from my biggest enemy forever.

I push my door hard, jamming the lock. I don't want her following me to my room because she might keep yelling and that's going to make me miss my flight. Though the flight ticket doesn't mean a lot to Ava, time means a lot to me. The sooner I leave here, the better it would be for me.

Ava, that girl is more than lucky, swimming in wealth, unlike me. My father's wealth is being depleted by my mom. We were kind of okay until dad left.

Ava is from a rich family, like the fucking bastard Ryan French, and his brothers. Although, with what I did to him, I don't think his money would be able to swim him out of the deep ocean he's in right now.

I plop on the bed and pack my clothes into my pink box. My hair is a mess and all over my face as I rush to pack.

I'm sweating and tense. My mom keeps knocking on my door, as if she's going to break it. If she had been a good mother, I would have opened up and given her the answer in time. But now is not the time.

I don't hate my mom, at least not yet. But I sometimes wonder if my parents ever loved each other. Well, that's a conversation for another time. I have to leave the hell out of here right now.

I unlock the door and it flares open. I pull my box outside as she yells, but she doesn't ask where I'm going. She's yelling because I didn't give her a reply before running upstairs earlier.

"I'm sorry mom, I didn't mean to," I say sincerely, picking up the box, and hauled it in the back seat of my car.

I'm going to use my car to the airport and Ava will drive it back home. I need to be there on time so I can't wait for Ava to pick me up. Using my car is the best option.

I stare at my mom in the eyes for the last time, hoping she will ask her only daughter where she is heading to.

But she turns back and walks into the house instead, saying nothing to me. I sigh. I shouldn't be surprised, I tell myself. She doesn't care about me and now that my father is no more, she doesn't hide the fact that she hates me and never wanted me.

"Mommy, I know you will never ask me. But I promise I'll give you a call and explain everything." I say.

For now, I'm leaving this city and run for my life.