

Caged By My Quadruplet Alphas Chapter 6 No.6

Elena

I let out a long sigh as I take the driver's seat. I want to cry. I feel terribly annoyed and sick. My throat feels sore from the remaining tears I've been holding back.

"Elena, you look pale. Are you okay?" Ella asks.

I'm burying my head in the steering wheel, trying to calm myself before starting the car.

"I don't know, I will be fine." I say carefully. I don't want Ella to know anything about what I face in school. I'm keeping her out of this. I wish I could also keep her out of this school. They might come for her; I don't trust my mates.

"Elena I don't like you this way. Wait, I have an idea, this would put you in a better mood." she smiles and shows her phone to me.

"What is that?" I frown, trying to give her my attention.

"There's a party tonight, can you go with me? It might cheer you up." she asks, staring expectantly at me.

"A party? Whose party?" I ask. It's her first day in Ivy Prose and she already started making friends?

Well, I shouldn't be surprised. She's this naughty party kind of girl, and yeah, she talks a lot. It is possible for her to make friends already. That is one of her abilities.

"It's Darius French's party. They are fucking rich, Elena." she says.

My pulse rises, my eyes widen as I glance at her. What the heck?

"Ella, you can't go to that party. And I'm certainly not going." I almost yell at her, but I bring my voice down at the confusion on her face. It is obvious she doesn't know who these people are yet. They invited her to the party?

"Why the fuck would you say that?" her smile disappears. I bite my lips, thinking of a reasonable answer to why she can't attend the party.

“Ella, I don’t think it would be good.” I tell her but she’s frowning at me. It’s as though I don’t want her to have fun, which is not true.

“Elena, I’m going to go to this party since I am invited. I can see you don’t want to go, then stay back home but please don’t convince me not to, or else I will be very mad at you.” she says angrily at my face, focusing back on her chatting with someone.

I hear her hiss. She must be mad, but I didn’t mean to make her angry. I’m trying to protect her but how the heck would I do that? I start my car and drive out of the parking lot.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to discourage you.” I say, riding smoothly to our way home.

“That’s fine. I will go alone.” she says, and my chest is getting tight.

I remain quiet, thinking of what to do to stop her. I can’t go to the Quads’ party. I wonder what it’s for. Why are they holding a party tonight at their mansion? I don’t want to go. I have faced enough problems for the day. I want to stay away from those ugly gossips from the students and those devilish Quads. With the way the students have been staring at me with so much hate, does that mean they also know it was a rape video? How come I’m the only one who isn’t aware of this? I fucking didn’t do that. I’m innocent if this is the case.

I pull up into our garage and I see my mom’s car. She’s home. Avera leaves the house and comes back like a ghost. She doesn’t even tell anything to me. Of course, why would she? She doesn’t care a bit about me. She gives off that attitude whenever I’m around her.

I park beside the car my dad bought for her on her birthday. I kind of hate my dad for showing her more love than she deserves. He made sure she never lacks of anything, but that fucking mother of mine didn’t feel any sadness when he died, and after his death, she acts free like a bird. While I feel like a half dead bird whose wings had been crumpled. Dad’s presence made those wings grow for me, but they start to fall off when he died. She never cried at his funeral. I cried when I was alone. What I hate the most was dad never getting to say goodbye to me. I cry when I think of it, and the last day I saw him.

Two Years Ago.

Dad is sitting at the couch in his study room, having coffee while he reads. He is a bookworm like me. I took my love for books from him. I took after him in almost everything.

I stand at the door watching him as he sips his coffee, his eyes on the book. I smile pleasantly at him. He's the best gift I've ever got in this world. Everytime I look at him, I have peace of mind.

"Hey, Angel." he sees me at the door. He smiles as he calls me that. Unlike everyone else, he doesn't call me Elena but calls me Angel.

"Hello, Love." I smile, calling him that name I always call him. We are quite free and fond of each other. He's my fucking best friend.

"Why are you still up? You have school tomorrow, go to bed, Angel." he says softly and I smile.

"I came to say good night, Love." I let out a soft laugh. He's adjusting his glasses on his nose, smiling at me.

"My Angel..." he tries to stand up but I don't let him. Mom told me he isn't feeling well this morning so I don't want to stress him. I move closer to him instead.

"I'm here, Love." I say to him, leaning close and kneeling beside his study table.

"Goodnight, Angel," he kisses my forehead, like always. I'm about to leave when he calls me again. He was hesitating but I try to give him all my attention so he can speak up. We are best friends and we don't keep things from each other.

"No matter what happens I will always love you, my little Angel." he kisses me again, and I walk out of the room smiling.

Present time.

I didn't know that was a sign of him saying goodbye. Those were Dad's last words to me. He never told me I wouldn't see him again after that night. I crumbled. I lost my mind when mom told me my love is no more. It can't be, I told her.

She told me he died of cancer, but why didn't he tell me he was sick? He never said anything to his little angel that he was dying slowly. Sometimes, I kind of hate myself for never noticing he was sick. For not paying attention to any changes in him. I fucking caused his death.

How could he leave me like that? Dad never said anything. He just left me alone in this world. I'm crying as I think of it. It's the biggest pain in my heart. I can't ever forget it and I will never heal from it.

"I think Avera is back home." Ella snaps me out of my thoughts. I nod at her as I wipe my reddish nose and the little tears on my cheek. It's a little dark so she can't see the tears in my eyes.

"Yes." I say, pulling out of my seat belt. Ella is fast with hers so she gets out of the car first. She's inside the house by the time I lock my car. Her room is downstairs, close to the guest room. Mine is closer to Avera's room upstairs.

I know Ella quickly rushes to her room because of the party. Maybe she wants to get ready on time or maybe she wants to avoid me so I can't convince her to not go. But I'm not thinking of that right now. Right now, I'm so tired and I need a long rest.

I climb upstairs to my room, not allowing anything disturb my mind. Not what Ryan told me today and not my mom's strange attitude of going out and coming in like a ghost. Not even Ella attending the party tonight. I don't want to care for now; I want to rest.

I climb the long staircase like a snail. When I reach upstairs, I hear my mom's fucking voice, and my ears can't believe the sound they're hearing.

I hear it again, this time louder. Oh, fuck that shit! I'm suddenly pissed running to her room. Maybe I'm just imagining the sound in my head. I reach her door quickly as it's a short distance from mine and I'm hearing the same sound, even louder. My heart breaks into pieces as I listen to it. I'm enrage, and I feel like killing her. I feel like knifing her to the chest for disrespecting dad like this.

I'm too enrage to keep quiet and leave. "You motherfucker!" I push the door open, slamming it hard to the interior wall. Tears run down my cheek as I see her naked with another man who is not my father, but my father's fucking best friend.

Jesus Christ. Who the fuck is this woman? I'm crying, my heart is ripping apart in pain.

"You shameless pieces of trash!" I yell at the both of them. Grabbing whatever from the table next to me and throwing them to his damn face. I feel like destroying that face right now.

"Elena what are you doing here? This is my room, get out." she demands and my heart bleeds more. I want to kill her but my legs are too numb to move. I'm crying terribly at my spot.

"You shameless bitch! How could you!" I yell.

"You can't even respect my dad's memory, now you are messing around in the same bedroom that he shared with you? And with his fucking best friend?" God forbid, I call her mom. "Who the fuck are you, Avera?" I ask, tilting my head in confusion and so much hate for her.

"Elena get out of my fucking room, right now!" she yells back to me. She doesn't answer and that shameless man doesn't even make attempts to get his fucking butt off my father's bed.

Fuck shit! I'm crying. My heart is bleeding terribly.

I stormed out of the room and run downstairs. I can't stay here tonight. I fucking can't stay here. I will die or I become a murderer at my young age. I need to breathe. I need something to make me forget what I just saw.

I run to Ella's room and find out she hasn't left yet. I feel a little relieved. I'm going to the party. I'm getting the fuck out of this house. I can't stay here tonight. No, I can't.

"Hey." she says.

"Ella let's go. We can go in my car." I say. I wiped my tears already before I show up in her room.

"Really?" she says, happy.

"Yes, I will join you." I say. This is the only way to survive this night.

"Looking like that?" she asks about what I'm wearing.

“I would need one of your gowns then.” I say to her. I can’t go upstairs to pick a dress. I don’t fucking want to think of what just happened.

“Sure, you can wear any of my dresses. We have the same size after all.” she smiles. I let out a fake smile to her.

Nothing on earth can make me smile tonight, I’m dying in silence. I feel hurt seeing my dad disrespected that way. Avera is a fucking bitch. I hate having her as my mom.

Elena

I’m in my car, reversing fast to get the fuck out of here. I don’t care if Ella’s in the car, I’m silently crying as the darkness covers the tears on my cheek. She won’t see me crying. I don’t care if it’s those devilish Quads’ party, I need to go. I’m in the mood to drink my life to a stop.

Ella didn’t finish with her make up before I drag her out of the house, because one more moment spent there tonight, I’m afraid what the outcome would be. She’s finishing her make up as I start the car.

I don’t understand why I was given a whore for a mother. Jesus Christ, my dad fucking loved her, gave her everything, made sure she lacks nothing, and this is how she repay his love? By fucking his own very best friend?

“Trash!” I yell out of control, pressing the horn of the car. A car is in front of me and he’s fucking slow to move out so I’m venting out my anger on him.

“Elena calm down. I think he’s trying to pull over to get gas.” she’s looking at me like I’ve gone crazy. Sure, I am. I’m so crazy right now. I didn’t notice I was close to the petrol station and it’s normal to slow down a bit before passing through.

“Sorry, I didn’t see that.” I say in a low voice. I wipe the tears from my eyes as I try to fix my hair that got ruffled when I hit the horn button in frustration. Ella doesn’t notice because she’s focused on her phone.

I’m set for this party and ruin my life with alcohol out of frustration. Anything to make me forget what I just saw from that ingrate, I will do it.

I’m wearing almost the same gown as Ella. I told you, she’s this freaking party type girl then her dresses are definitely hot. As you can imagine how hot I look

for wearing one of her party dresses. I don't care if the weather is cold or gets colder as the night progresses, I'm wearing a short gown with just two straps tying the gown around my neck. Yes, my back is fucking open and the length of my dress reaches only mid-thigh.

I'm set to mess up tonight. I should be scared because it's the Quads' party I'm going to, but I don't feel that fear anymore. All I feel is burning rage. Fucking burning rage that they won't believe I didn't do that. Burning rage that my dad's best friend is a real bastard for real.

I pull over at the parking lot of the Quads' mansion. From the distance, I can hear the fucking loud music. No cops are even going to stop them because they are fucking rich and they control this city. So if anything should happen tonight, no cops will be here and nobody will even notice because they would be kept busy and distracted with this loud music.

"I'm getting out first." Ella quickly says, typing on her phone. She gets out of the car before I even get to respond. What a cousin I have. I watch her walk around the car, and I see her red panty showing from under of her dress. It's so short that I could vividly see the color of her panty.

Well, mine is not any better. It's a party anyway, and I'm here to get out of my frustration. I want to have a little fun. The last time I drank and had so much fun was two months ago before the summer break.

Ella hasn't gone too far, and I can still see her back but she's answering a call. I wonder who she's talking to. I take a deep breath. Now, I'm fucking alone in this party. Ella left me. I text Ava to know if Ava knows about this party and if she's here.

Elena Deloris: Best friend, do you know about the Quads party?

She sees my message and typing a reply.

Ava Marcus: Do you know about it? I'm there Elen.

I pause. Oh wow, she didn't even let me know. Well, maybe she thought I would be too tired or scared to come to the party. I text back.

Elena Deloris: Where are you? I'm here too. But still at the parking lot.

Ava Marcus: Hey, I'm pulling over as well. I think I can see your car.

I didn't text back. I quickly hop out of the car so I can find her. Her car is the latest Ferrari and it's a rare color for a girl. It's ash. Mine was a gift from my dad two years ago before he died. He gave me a pink Lamborghini before he left me. Maybe it's a way to apologize to me before leaving but I didn't understand then. I thought it was really a birthday gift. I didn't know it was a goodbye apology.

No, I won't cry anymore. I'm trying not to cry anymore tonight. I wipe the tears from my cheek as I wave at Ava's car. She parked next to a white car and I think that car belongs to Riley. The cheerleader.

"Elena, you came? Aren't you scared you're in your enemies' deadly zone?" she furrows her brows. I understand her concern for me, but tonight I don't think I'm scared of anything.

The little strength in me, I will use to drink, thanks to Avera. I don't say a reply. I fall to her shoulder for some hugs while I let out the cry I've been holding in since I was with Ella.

She stumbles a little as she catches me.

"What is wrong, Elena?" I hear her troubled voice.

"Ava..." I'm crying, I can't force out the words from my lips. My lips quiver and my heart still bleeds. I cry out for a while, reflecting on everything horrible that's been happening to me. The Quads torture is even yet to come.

This is a secret I will keep to myself. I won't tell anybody, but I know I would continue to feel the pain because I'm not speaking up. And I won't.

"I just wanted to let it out," I pull out of her hold, wiping my eyes. Ava is someone I can cry to. I can't even do this with my cousin. Now that I have let it out, I feel a little relieved. "Can we go inside now? I'm not scared, Ava. Trust me." I say, trying to be strong on the outside, while I break down inside.

"Alright. I'm here for you, Elena." Ava rubs my open back smoothly.

As we step into the mansion, the house is almost filled with students but I don't see the Quads yet and I don't see my so-called cousin. She might be around somewhere, I'm sure, but I don't have the strength to look around for her. When she needs me, she will find me.

The true Alpha is the Quads' father and he's a fucking billionaire. He travels everywhere along with his mate, that's the reason they're not here tonight. The Quads are soon to be Alphas. By the time they are done with senior year they would take over completely. For now, they are just the arrogant rich Quads.

I'm here to drink my frustration out. I walk past Ava who is talking to someone. I head to the kitchen to pour a drink for myself. Then I saw Riley. She's mixing a drink and I think it's for herself. She scoffs at me first, then open her lips to speak.

"You are here? Enjoy the party, Elena." she winks and walks pass me.

This is strange, she didn't argue or curse at me like I expected or like she always does, but she says nothing more and go her way upstairs with her drink. My legs want to start shaking but I'm trying to be strong to keep my two legs stable on the floor. I'm at my enemy's deadly zone and I shouldn't expect any peace here.

Ryan

We are upstairs. My twin brothers and I are waiting for our pet to be trapped where we want her to be. Riley just informed us she's here. I'm not disappointed. Sometimes, she shows her bravery and I like it, even though she knows she will flop but she isn't a coward. That is our mate, Elena, for you.

"She's here." Darius gives me a wink. He is sitting beside me on the red couch where our mother likes to sit. Gladly, she agreed to travel with my father. Now we have the whole house to ourselves, and we can do anything we fucking want. And that starts with Elena, our mate, our fucking toy.

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Elena

Fuck me! Yes fuck me big fucking time! I scream my lungs out. How could I? How could I forget today is my Love's birthday?

Jesus Christ.

This is so heavy on me. Now I feel like Avera. I feel like the fucking bitch. I didn't mean to forget your birthday dad...I'm crying, crashing myself on the floor. I usually set a reminder alarm for my father's birthday but that doesn't mean the date has to leave my head but I just got fucked.

No, No dad, I'm sorry. I put down my glass and run out of the kitchen, holding my phone tightly. I'm happy I haven't started drinking yet. If not, I wouldn't have been able to drive tonight. I was about to take a sip when the alarm came up. Gosh, how could I do this to dad? I'm so messed up. I fucking feel pain and hate myself more now than I do Avera.

I can't find Ava or Ella in this crowded party. I want to tell them I'm going first, but I can't find them and I can't spend one more moment in this mansion with the guilt burning inside me.

I'm running out of the house, finding my way to the parking lot when I hear Ella screams. I look back and see her tied up at the balcony and a rope holding her not to fall down, but if that rope should be set free then all I will take back home is Ella's dead body.

No!

Elena

My time is up. Running from these bastards has finally come to an end. I'm fucking in their trap and there's no way out for me. I will have to pay for something I didn't do. If I don't go to them, Ella will die. I know what they want—they want to mess me up.

I don't have a choice. I have to save Ella's life. She's my responsibility.

"You have me, let her go." I say, my breathing picks up. Poor Ella must be cold. she's been there for over an hour, and half naked. Nobody knows what is happening yet. They are all in the living room, enjoying the party. That's one advantage to Ella. No one will see her naked because they are all busy inside.

"Beg. Crawl to your knees to us." Darius yells, Ryan is smirking at me with his deep blue eyes that are as red as the blood stain in his knuckles.

"Please." I fall to my knees, squeezing my eyes for the pain of letting go of my pride. I have to do this, for Ella and whoever who is framing me.

I'm crawling on my knees towards my fucking mates. Ella is screaming for me not to, but she doesn't know I have much more price to pay. The bastards are just beginning to ruin me. I know it. I see it in their devilish eyes.

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Darius

Poor girl. She's so messed up. Ryan messed her up with alcohol last night. But this is just the beginning. We don't reveal to her what our real plans are yet. Ryan locked her up in the guest room bathroom, he doesn't care about her. He hates her more than anything in this world. He doesn't care if he shares a bond with her or not.

I'm here acting like the nice guy I'm not. Last night, I saw Ryan very pissed, drinking his life to waste when he told us what he did to the girl. I have to live the girl alone for the night before coming to act like a nice guy this morning.

I'm in the bathroom right now, staring at our little tired mate in the face. Her eyes are close, but she looks sick and tired.

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Elena

I don't know where I am. I am moving as if I'm inside a car. I slowly open my eyes into a squint. I feel pain shooting up my neck. I growl a little as I try to sit. I'm really in a car. I just don't know whose car. How did I end up here?

Wait...I remember I was locked in a bathroom. I am about to panic when I hear a familiar voice.

"Elena, are you okay? Don't worry, we are almost home," she says in a tense voice. She's driving somehow fast as though someone is chasing her.

"E-Ella?" I try to speak, but the pain I feel all over my body are unbearable. My wrists hurt badly. It must be the rope tied to my hands all night. But how did I get out?

“Elena, I’m sorry.” she says as she drives, and I can hear a little cry from her voice.

I feel a little tipsy, but after blinking a few times, my vision becomes clearer. I’m in my car and Ella is the one driving me home.

“Ella, are you okay? Where did you stay last night?” I’m instantly worried about her now that I get my senses back.

“Don’t worry, about me. That question should be for you. Are you okay? You don’t look good at all. I’m sorry, it’s my fault.” her voice breaks, as she takes a left turn driving into where we live.

“I’m fine.” I struggle to say, swallowing saliva down my throat. My throat feels sore from screaming and crying last night.

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Elena

The weather feels so hot today. I don’t know if it’s really the weather, but nothing has been cool for me. My heart hasn’t gotten enough space to breathe and I haven’t had enough oxygen in my lungs. It’s tight.

Maybe because I’ve been crying nonstop.

I feel like the most terrible daughter on earth, maybe I am. I’m standing in front of the place where my father was buried two years ago. I see all the flowers I bring to him every year all withered.

The wind is strong. It blows my red hair on my face, sticking to my face because of the tears. “Dad.” I whisper, dragging a shaky breath as I try to speak.

“I’m here Love, your little angel is here,” A small smile parted my lips when I say out the name he always called me.

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Elena

Ava arrives after a few minutes. She bursts out of the car and runs towards me. I smile, standing firm, opening my arms to embrace her as well.

“Poor Elena.” she exhaled, dropping her neck on my shoulder. My hands rub her back as I hug her tighter.

“Thank you for coming, Ava.” we let each other go.

She smiles. Her brown eyes soften as strands of her blonde hair fall on her face. Then she narrows her eyes at me. “Elena have you been crying?” she touches my cheek, wiping off the remaining tears.

“I forgot dad’s birthday.” I say in my soft voice.

“I’m sure he understands, Elena. I’m sure he understands how you are trying to cope without having him anymore.” she says. She slightly pulls my cheek, my lips part, giving way for another smile.

“Is there something wrong? Apart from the Quads? I mean you look pale.” she says as she walks back to her car. she reaches inside through the window and takes out two ice cream cups.

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Elena

“We are here.” Ava says, staring at my face. She probably has been doing that while she’s driving.

We both get out of the car. This place is called the Sport Hidden Valley. It’s hidden because people barely know about it, the Alpha, the Quads’ father, owns the place. People think it belongs to the government. The Quads and other guys come here to master football. That’s how they get to play better in the real matches.

As for the girls, we also do have matches but it’s not as often as the guys. Some students also come here for other things. For some, it’s just their way to escape boredom on Saturdays.

The last Saturday before the summer break, I caught some students fucking at one of the empty rooms. There are lots of empty rooms you can find in this place. My presence didn't even disturb them, they were so into it. Well here, people get to do whatever the fuck they want.

"Ava what took you so long? We have been waiting for you." a girl I have seen on one of the Quads' lap, says to Ava. Ava turns to see who it is. The girl is in her pink sport wear just like the one in Ava's hand.

"I will join you soon. I have to make sure my best friend is alright before I leave her." Ava says to her and immediately stares back at me.

The girl doesn't leave yet, as if she is waiting for Ava but she doesn't come closer. She just stands some inches from us.

"Hurry up, Ava. Our match is about to start." The girl says.

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