

## **Shift by MishanAngel**

### **Chapter 2**

\*\*\* Skylar POV - Present Day \*\*\*

“Sky, are you sure you still want to do this?”

I looked up at my friend, smirking. “Are you kidding? Vince, we’ve been planning this for months. Literally months. I’ve paid all the freshmen to pull as many fire alarms around the school as possible.”

“Can we really do this though?” Steph came up behind me and helped steady the speaker I was setting into the ground.

Taking out my ruler, I checked the angle of the box before tilting it back two degrees and bolting it down.

“We got this, guys. Stop worrying. You have your masks and your escape plans. You don’t need anything else other than your rocking soul.”

Steph sighed and nodded. “Yeah yeah.”

“Are you going to be okay? You’re the only one without a mask. They are going to know it’s you.” Vince was always the one who wanted to worry for me. He hovered a little too much sometimes. I already had two older brothers and a sister, I didn’t need anyone else hovering.

“I’ll be fine. I know the worst my father can do to me. Nothing out of the ordinary. It will be worth it.” My smirk turned into a full blown evil grin. “Plus, if this works, this can be the biggest weapon against any Alpha that I’ve heard of.”

All three of them shook their heads as I started to cackle. We had been planning for months, planning our ultimate concert. Not just practicing

our asses off for the songs to be perfect, but a way to help mitigate the Alpha command so that everyone could get free and head home.

This week was the starting week of the Alpha Conference. It spanned over the course of three weeks. Alphas from all over came to our pack to renew treaties and build more advantageous alliances. It meant that the warriors were spread just a little bit thinner. That everyone was a little more on edge, and it was the perfect time to add a little chaos that everyone could get away with.

“Alright. Speakers set at the correct angle and volume.” I checked my watch. “T-minus five minutes till fire alarm pull. Battle stations, everyone!”

As much as they were giving me shit, all their faces spread into wide grins. They were just as much rockers at heart as I was. Making our way to the little stage we pieced together from gym equipment, they pulled on their masks and I pulled up my striking blonde hair into a pony tail. Sadly, blonde hair and brown eyes weren't very metal but I made it up with piercings, black lipstick, dark markup, and a couple tattoos that I'd gotten when I was sixteen. My leather jacket was well worn enough that it didn't hinder my movements and I'd worn a black shirt that looked like a tiger had ripped through it.

Steph was at the bass with a mic in front of her, Henry was on the keyboard, and Vince had his electric guitar. Vince and Steph were both in front, and Henry was in back with me. Vince was our main vocal of our band, whereas I was backup and Steph was harmony. Sitting down at my drum set that I kept at school, I pulled out my sticks from my back pocket and twirled them around. We were *so* ready for this.

They all had awesome masks on that we painted together. I did have one as well but in this case, it would be dumb for me to wear it since everyone would know it was me. Considering I was the Alpha's daughter, it put a huge target on my back as well as anyone who was willing to break the rules and rebel with me. That's why we created

personas. Vince was Flame, Steph was Deet, Henry was Quake, and I was Sky. Mine was the only one that was just short for my name, Skylar. Though the pack themselves called me Anastasia and I hated it. It was my middle name and given to me by my father. It gave me shivers down my spine whenever someone called me that.

Our nicknames protected us. If we were Alpha commanded for each other's name, that's what we would give. We built our personas up so much to make sure our identities would remain a secret with how many underground places we played at.

“One minute.”

Everyone shifted as I whispered, flipping on the switch that turned on our instruments. Sure enough, the clock hit 1:45 pm and the alarms started to ring throughout the entire campus. I smirked, it was like a symphony of fire alarms as all three buildings went off at once. Kids started to pour out into the football field where we were set up. Taking a deep breath, we waited silently until I figured about half the high school was poured out onto the field. Nodding to the others, I leaned forward into the mic.

“We are Dark Failure and you have been caught!” I yelled into the mic as I counted us down, slamming my drumsticks together.

We now had the entire high school's attention as the six speakers crackled to life that we set up in the field. Slamming down onto my drums, we had decided on our set list and first song we had to go hard, pull everyone in. Vince leaned in from playing his guitar and started to sing.

*‘In her heart, there's a hole’*

*‘There's a black mark on her soul’*

*‘In her hands is my heart’*

*'And she won't let go 'til it's scarred'*

I jumped in. Starting to sing the next few lines of the song. This was the defining moment. Would our school join in with the concert or would we just be the laughing stock of the high school? We continued to play as more of the school poured out. But we were amassing an audience.

*'She got two little horns'*

*'And they get me a little bit'*

We slammed into the instrumental break and the crowd went wild. A smile spread to my face as we rocked out into the second verse. More and more of our classmates joined, eager for the free concert being put on.

We glanced at each other, and I know their faces had huge smiles, considering this was the biggest group we'd ever played for. There were over 2,000 students in our high school since we were akin to the capital city of our pack. The territory was huge with multiple cities sprawling out over the territory, but we were the biggest and housed the more wealthy and prominent wolves. There were about 500 to each grade and all of them were pouring out onto the field and joining the crowd.

Flipping into the next song seamlessly, I slammed down on my drums, starting to lose myself in the music, my eyes shinning bright with my own Alpha aura.

*'Careful, Sky, not too much.'*

I smirked. My wolf reminded me to rein it in. Somehow, music brought both a release and an amplifier to my aura. So much that in these moments I was stronger than even my older brother, the next Alpha in line. I didn't want to subject my friends too much because while they were used to it, it didn't make it comfortable for them.

*'You show me love then spit in my face'*

*'Making your money off all of my pain'*

Vince leaned into the mic and sensually sang out to the crowd. I smiled as Henry was playing the piano and Steph plucked at her bass guitar. This was our element. Taking a deep breath, I readied for the drop.

*'Not only will I soar again, '*

*'I'll own the fucking sky, Yeah'*

I slammed down on the drums and we hit the chorus, Steph and I leaning in to the mics.

*'So I put my middle finger up'*

*'I'm done being your slave'*

*'My generation's had enough'*

*'And you should be afraid'*

*'Oh-whoa, oh, not your prisoner'*

*'Oh-whoa, oh, better listen when I say'*

*'I put my middle finger up'*

*'I'm done being your slave'*

The crowd of kids roared and we knew they were ours.