

## The Omega's Triplet Hybrids

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### 1 - Down, And Out

~Daphne's Point of View~

"It was an honest mistake. Don't fire me please, you know how much I need this job," I whined, pathetically.

The look on my manager's face told me all I needed to know. I was already as good as shit canned. One too many mistakes this month, most of which legitimately weren't my fault but all ended up looking that way. It seemed like I was constantly defending myself and it seemed like that was all anyone saw.

"Get your stuff Daph. You can get your check for this week on Friday, I'll pay you for the rest of today," Brandon said, sticking up his nose and walking away.

My hand pulled back on its own, nearly ready to punch his lights out. I could hardly stand to add assault to my current predicament. I glanced at the clock on the wall and saw there were only 45 minutes left in my shift. How freakin' generous of him. I was certain he knew already he'd fire me today, he was just waiting until I did tonight's work.

I sighed and took off my smock, dropping it on the floor for good measure. It's never anyone's fantasy to work in a warehouse, running around for miles a day sweating your ass off. But the pay was enough to make me put up with it. Not to mention it was the free diet plan I desperately needed.

At least my rent is paid for this month. It's only the sixth, surely I can find something else. I'll have to. My worthless sister can't be depended on for much. Supporting her had drained my freakin' savings, someday soon I've gotta cut the cord.

I tried to let the long walk home clear my head, but I was so strung out I couldn't keep one thought to save my life. It doesn't help that I work the night shift and my body is completely out of whack. Day, night ... It's all the same to me. Whenever I can lay my head down is when I sleep no matter the time.

"Good morning Mrs. Crane, nice weather," I said, smiling at the old widow who was always in a chair in the lobby of my building.

Instead of her usual smile, she just gave me a glare. I opened my mouth to question her, but thought the better of it. She lifted her paper back up and I just kept moving. I guess everyone's in a great mood today.

I just need a hot bath, some cheesy eggs and toast. Hmm, damn that sounds good. I'll be good as new.

Finally making it to the third floor, I let out a hard breath. Guess I'm still not as in shape as I should be, jeez. Freakin' stairs anyway.

Fumbling around in my bag I grabbed hold of my keys just as I came to stand in front of my door.

"EVICTED."

My jaw fell as my eyes darted all over the note. They had even stuck a padlock on the door. Like an idiot, I quickly tried to open it anyhow. I tried my key, nothing. They changed the damn locks??

Greta.

My fucking worthless sister!! I just knew it in the pit of my stomach.

I fell forward with my forehead meeting the wall in a loud thump. Tears began to well in my eyes as I snatched the note. No, no no no. This can't be happening!

I forced my back up straight and wiped my face. My mind flashed to handing her the rent two weeks ago when I didn't have time to run it into the office. How could she do that to me?? Surely there's gotta be something else I mean, would they really kick us out for being one week late?!

Getting out my phone I dialed my irresponsible sibling, ready to cuss her out.

Straight to voicemail.

Oh hell no!! I pay for this damn phone, she needs to answer me!

I practically flew back down the stairs, fueled by pure rage. She's done some seriously stupid shit before, she's taken money from me. But never anything this bad. She's never cost me my place and ALL my stuff. Oh god!! My stuff!!

When I finally made it down to the office I was out of breath again.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

"I'm done for the day," George shouted.

At 8:22am? Yeah okay.

"Well I'm not," I yelled back, as I tried the doorknob.

Thankfully, it flew open and there sat my nasty landlord. Well, his family owned the building but he piss poorly runs it and he thinks he's God. He's a chainsmoker with missing teeth and a weird bowlegged walk.

"You got some balls showin' your face here kid," he said, getting up fast and sticking his hand in my face.

"Why? What happened? Why didn't you call me first? Is this seriously necessary," I said, trying to keep my voice firm.

He cocked his head to the side.

"You don't know," he asked.

"Know what? That's you're tossing me out on the street with no warning? Not even a courtesy call so I can get my things? Come on George, I've lived here for two freakin' years. You've always worked with me. I can try to get straight with you Friday if Greta didn't give you my rent," I said, feeling even more pathetic.

Could hardly add in that I lost my job. Technically Greta wasn't even supposed to be living with me but he looked the other way. I only had a one bedroom and there was no subletting allowed. It was a miracle I could even afford to live on my own in Brooklyn but I was just barely making it. True, I killed myself with tons of overtime but I wanted to be independent.

I stood with my hands planted on his desk, leaning over for good measure. Looking people in the eye sometimes gives you a bit of leverage. Harder for people to be a dick when it's point blank like this. I hope so anyhow.

"Sit on down shug," he said, his southern twang showing.

I made a face.

But if he was willing to at least talk to me I can't be rude. I'm in deep enough shit as it is. I fell into an armchair that had seen better days.

"Your sister's been selling meth out of your place at night when you're gone. I find it very hard to believe you didn't know," he said, sitting down.

My jaw dropped and I leaned forward.

"What? Meth?? You can't be serious! What? Shit! Is she... is she in jail? Come on George, you have to believe I'd never allow that," I said, in shock.

Meth?? Jesus fuck Greta!

"I got a frantic call from Mr. Gerber at 2am, his place was flooding. Fucking flooding! I gotta pay to put him and the wife up in a hotel until we can fix everything," he snapped, then rubbed his face.

I buried my face in my hands, knowing full well that Greta probably fell asleep in the tub. Wasn't the first time.

"Damn it. Look, I'll throw her out, for good this time you have my word. I'll do anything I can, I'll paint, I'll help. You can tack a couple hundred onto my rent until I can pay you back," I said, my eyes pleading.

Being homeless in New York City is NOT a fucking option. Any friends I had were in similar situations to me, or had kids. There was literally NO where else for me to go. Nowhere.

I began to feel sweaty, and like I could throw up any second. The thought of sleeping outside, not having food or running water... For all the awful shit I'd been through I'd always made sure I had a roof over my head. I'd pretty much been on my own most of my life, well Greta and I.

"Look kid. I like ya, you're a sweet girl. I'll let you back in to get what you can carry for just a couple minutes but it's uh... It's a mess up there. I'm afraid your sister was still in the tub," he said, leaning forward and patting my hand.

"What did she have to say for herself," I snapped, looking up.

He made a face but it wasn't anger.

A few seconds passed with his face not changing.

"Oh god..." I trailed off, instantly covering my mouth.

I fell back into the chair and stared off into space.

No. No. She can't...

"I'm sorry honey. I figured someone called you. I gave the detective your number, he told me to stay out of it. Come on, I'll let you get some stuff. Oh and here's the detective's card," he said, waving his hand.

Half an hour later and with a courtesy bottle of water, George officially booted me onto the street. I had a backpack and a single suitcase that held literally all I owned now. Gone is my furniture, decorations that I'd spent years collecting. All the stupid shit I used to think was so important.

I wandered for a while, completely unsure what to do. It was fall and already a bit chilly, I'd never survive out here for long. Feeling more pathetic than I ever had, I finally deposited myself into a coffee shop.

My appetite had vanished, but I was starting to shake. I ordered a large chocolate chip cookie and a hot chocolate. Quickly checking my bank account I saw there was less than \$340 and I had barely \$10 in cash.

Enough for a week on a roach motel at best.

I dropped my head to the table as tears fell. No job, no home. No family.

This is what it feels like to lose it all. To have nothing. I felt hollow, and totally empty.

I knew Greta had issues, I'd caught her clicking a few times. But I had no idea it was this bad. But now, it was all clicking in my head. Her phone constantly going off, all the weight she'd lost this past year. It still just wasn't real.

"Here you go. You okay hun," the waitress asked, as I lifted my head up.

I must have looked pretty damn scary because she made a face. She then very deliberately sniffed the air and cocked her head to the side. I showered last night. I can't be that bad. But maybe I was, who knows.

"Been better, but thanks," I said, reaching for the cookie.

When I looked back up she was still staring at me. I wiped my eyes instinctively, figuring I had mascara all over. It was about the only make-up I wore these days. It wasn't like I had a man to impress. I hadn't had a real date in over a year. When they're all nasty and just out for an easy lay, it's easy to close yourself off.

"It's none of my business but there's people who could help you. People that can keep you safe and make sure you have what your body needs," she said, as she reached in her pocket.

Aww jeez. Probably some religious nut. Going to tell me how her church can save me. Sooo not in the mood.

"A conversation is always free. Keep an open mind," she said, laying down a card and gently touching my shoulder. She quickly walked away.

I made a face as I picked up the card. Boy, just collecting cards today! But losing everything else!

"The Sky Light."

That was literally all it said, plus the contact info. I quickly noticed the address wasn't that far, well not by subway anyhow. Was it a shelter? It had to be.