

Shift by MishanAngel

Chapter 4

“What did it look like I was doing? I was playing music for my fellow classmates.”

My eyes found Emmett’s and I stared at him, trying to ask if he was okay. He gave me a quick nod, now that our father was turned to face me. Emmett was my savior and I’d do anything to protect him. He was social, kind, sweet, and compassionate despite our upbringing. Not to mention with our blonde hair and soft features, he was a panty-dropper when he smiled.

Emmett, however, had no spine when it came to our father. He took everything without so much as complaint or attitude. His grades were fairly average, but he also coasted, trying not to make waves. His wolf wasn’t always happy with his docility, but he never took control.

I was the complete opposite. Outside of Vince, Steph, and Henry who I had known since kindergarten, I was a social disaster. For some reason, I received the social anxiety trait, barely able to speak to people normally. I’d ramble or stutter or just straight up be unable to speak. The band helped me work through some of that, but it was still pretty bad when I was nervous.

But I wouldn’t take anything from my father. I would protect Emmett from his wrath whenever possible. I refused to allow him to be hurt which meant I was on the receiving end of a lot of verbal and physical abuse. It didn’t matter though. I was protecting Emmett. Our father was cruel and mean and ruled with an iron fist that caused fear in the pack, keeping everyone in line. A leadership tactic I didn’t agree with. Our mother wasn’t much better, her spitefulness on full display when it came to Emmett and me.

We were backups. My eldest brother Caleb and elder sister Catherine were the perfect children. They had their rebellious streak against my father's cruelty but that ended as they got older. My brother realized he was going to be Alpha and suddenly he followed our father around like a puppy. Now, I could barely recognize him from the older brother I thought of as my knight.

My sister was a rebel too until her senior year. Suddenly, she started talking about the most important thing was to provide pups and take care of a household rather than the world traveler she'd been dreaming about her whole life. When she turned 18, she and my brother's now-Beta were fated mates. It made me sick. I hated Greg's guts and wanted nothing more than to kick him off his high horse. He told my sister in no uncertain terms what he expected of her, and she submissively agreed.

They now already had three pups with a fourth on the way. My eldest brother had a beautiful mate, but she was trained to be submissive. She was an Alpha's daughter from an allied pack and our father deemed the agreement of my brother mating her as profitable. Alice was spoiled and followed in the footsteps of Francesca. Not caring about the work that came with the title of Luna, only the power and notoriety. They had two pups as well, leaving my brother to raise them since Alice made it clear she didn't like kids. My poor niece and nephew were neglected at such a young age but I was just glad that Caleb wasn't abusive as our father was.

All the while Emmett and I were left alone with the mad cow and mad dog. We both just turned seventeen, but we had grand plans. Plans to leave this pack and go out on our own after high school. We were backups anyways, in case something happened to Caleb or Catherine.

A hand came across my face and brought me out of my thoughts. I hadn't braced for it, so it threw me to my left, making me fall down. No sound escaped me as it happened, I knew better. Looking up at my father as he was livid, I smirked.

“Sorry, I wasn’t listening, what did you say?”

This earned me a boot in the ribs. The wind got knocked out of me for a moment and I blinked back the tears.

“You stupid girl. You will regret crossing me.”

My voice low, I grumbled. “The only thing I regret is being your fucking daughter.”

I didn’t feel the blow this time, it was just straight to lights out.

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My eyes peeled open and I blinked as they adjusted to the darkness. The pitched ceiling meant that we were back home in our attic. Turning my head, Emmett was asleep next to me on his mattress. Reaching out, I pulled up the blanket that had slipped down over his shoulder. Looking around, I found my phone lying on the floor next to our mattresses.

The screen blared 3:25 a.m. and I sighed, flopping back onto the mattress. Pulling up the group chat, I had several messages from Vince, Steph and Henry asking if I was okay and confirming they got home with no issues. I couldn’t help it. I grinned like a madman. I’d done it. We actually pulled that shit off. Not to mention we confirmed my hypothesis that you could stop the Alpha Command. It was a huge discovery.

“Sky, go back to sleep.” Emmett mumbled into his pillow.

Shaking my head, I rolled over on my side to face him. His eyes were closed but you could tell he was battling not to smile.

“We are one step closer to getting out of here, Emmett. Just a few more months. That’s it. Our dream will be a reality.”

Emmett reached out and took my hand. I squeezed it and held it tight, closing my eyes. We would get out of this pack. No matter what. We'd get out, start our own business, and maybe find our real mother. Live life free of packs and Alphas and all the bullshit that came with them. Sleep started to take me again and I closed my eyes, still holding onto Emmett's hand.

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A bucket of cold water startled me awake as I looked up to see Francesca. Emmett bolted up as well, his eyes wide with fear. Water was not his strong suit, and I squeezed his hand, trying to calm him down. I glared at Francesca.

“What the actual fuck?”

“Insolent girl, you dare speak to your Luna that way?”

I scoffed but didn't dignify it with an answer.

“You need to be out. We have guests and I don't want your mangy heads around the pack house.”

“Oh no, we are being kicked out. Whatever shall we do? I wanted to be here all day with these wonderful wolves.” Sarcasm dripped from my words as I glared at her.

Her eyes glowed as she got angry. “Anastasia, one of these days you will learn obedience.” She smirked. “And that day is coming real soon, so you better watch yourself. Get out of the house by eight or your father will put you in the dungeon for the day.”

She slammed the door after her and I looked at Emmett, wiping the water from his eyes.

“You okay?”

He nodded. "I'm fine. I guess we have to go. I'm surprised they didn't just throw you in the dungeon after yesterday."

I laughed and got up, careful not to hit my head on the roof. "It was glorious, wasn't it? Goddess, it went so well. Better than expected. The experiment was a success!"

Emmett shook his head and rubbed his eyes. "I worry about you. Your blatant disregard for your life when it comes to Dad."

Grabbing my towel, I threw it over my shoulder. "That man doesn't scare me. He's already done enough damage." I grimaced, the scar on my back that became the centerpiece for my tattoo was the height of my father's hatred for us. "I'm taking a shower first. Then you can jump in."

Emmett shook his head. "Don't worry about it. I don't mind the showers at Carl's."

Nodding, I jumped into the shower. We had 30 minutes to get the hell out of here. After a 15 minute shower, I got dressed in some dark jeans and a black tank top. Emmett also was ready in some jeans and an old muscle shirt that had holes in it. I guessed it was one of Caleb's hand-me-downs.

"Ready?"

I nodded as we headed out into the chaos that was the pack house in the morning. Some of the servants were making a mad dash getting everything ready and we floated through the house like ghosts. No one paid any attention to us. Not until we got to the kitchen where Caleb and Greg were talking did anyone acknowledge us.

"Anastasia, Sebastian." Greg purposefully used our middle names.

"Oh look, Emmett, I think someone let a cockroach in the house." I glared at Greg as I slammed the refrigerator shut.

Handing Emmett a bottle of water, he traded it for an apple he'd grabbed from the counter.

“Watch it, little wolf. I'll be your Beta soon.”

I snorted. “Oh yeah? What makes you think Beta outranks an Alpha wolf? Or is it that you think ‘cause you have a dick you're better than me?”