

Shift by MishanAngel

Chapter 5

“Skylar, stop. You too, Greg. Quit it.” Caleb chastised us both but neither of us let up glaring at each other.

“What are you guys up to today? Since you can’t be home.”

I clamped my mouth shut. He was so out of the loop. Caleb didn’t understand the hell we went through. That we took every opportunity to leave this place. That we never considered it home. That this wasn’t a normal childhood like he and Catherine had. The only thing they were ever subjected to was the petty anger that Francesca directed towards them.

It wasn’t until we were ten that we found out she wasn’t our actual mother. It made sense, not a single one of us looked like her or our father. All of us had the same blonde hair and brown eyes. Our dad had black hair, blue eyes and sharp features that looked like straight edges. He probably would be handsome if he wasn’t scowling or barking orders. Francesca looked like she used to be beautiful. But time and anger twisted her features into an unattractive woman with brown hair and green eyes. Everything about her was dull and not a single one of us looked like her.

“We are probably going to the library. Maybe the park after lunch.” Emmett smiled as he answered Caleb.

“Well, have fun you two. Don’t be out too late.”

Emmett nodded as he took my hand and pulled me out of the kitchen out the back door.

Caleb sighed loudly. “You need to chill. You can’t fight my siblings like that. She’s right. She’s more powerful than you think.”

“I can’t wait till she finds out what her dad has done.” Greg ground out.

“Greg, shut up. Seriously.”

I couldn’t hear the rest of the conversation as Emmett pulled me away. A prickle of worry started to form but I stuffed it down as I caught up in stride with Emmett. Luckily, he was only six foot one and I didn’t need to run to catch up to him like I did Caleb.

“You need to stop pushing his buttons, Sky.”

Wrinkling my nose, I took a bite of my apple. “You would deny me that simple joy in life?”

He chuckled and shook his head. “You’re just lucky we got out today. We can work at Carl’s all day.”

A genuine smile graced my lips and I skipped a little. Carl’s Automotive Shop was on the south end of the city. We’d been going there since we were twelve. Carl, a wonderful wolf, showed us real kindness and fondness. The first real interaction with an adult that was positive in our lives. One of the only ones that stuck around, too. Everyone else was either bought or threatened by our father into making sure we weren’t happy.

It was a fifteen minute walk to the bus and then another twenty minutes before we got dropped off at the intersection near the shop. Emmett pulled out his phone and scrolled through social media as we sat in the back of the bus. I pulled out my text messages.

Sky: Sorry. I passed out last night. Everything is good.

Hen: You sure? I’m not sure I’ve seen Alpha so livid.

Sam: Seriously. I thought we wouldn’t hear from you for at least a couple days.

Nah. I'm gucci. Practice on Sunday?

Vin: Can't. Grandmas in town.

Hen: Ouch.

Sam: Damn.

Sky: That's sucks dude.

I grimaced at my phone.

"Everything okay?" Emmett asked, spying my facial expression.

"Vince's grandma is in town."

He also grimaced. "That woman is terrible."

I nodded in agreement. She was a right piece of work. She also happened to be our great aunt. She was the sister to Francesca's mother. From the stories, Francesca's mother was actually a sweet and wonderful lady. She was kind and apparently had a green thumb. In Francesca's home pack, she was a revered herbalist. But when Francesca was little, they were attacked by rogues and her mother sacrificed her life to save both her sister and Francesca.

From then on, her aunt took custody of Francesca. Her father was an Omega and therefore had no rights to her. It was her aunt who paved the way to her cruel and terrible personality.

Vince was technically my cousin but not being blood related to him, we never really called each other cousin. We were just really good friends. I hung out with him, Steph and Henry more just because Emmett was far more popular than I was. He was the extrovert between the two of us. I just found solace and strength in music.

"So, no band practice?"

“Nope. I think I’ll work on Thing, though. Now that I know the precise angle of the speakers that is needed, I can install them in her.”

Emmett smiled and nodded. “Sounds like a plan.”

Thing was a beautiful work of art. Originally, she was Caleb’s love. He purchased her for 500 bucks off one of his ex-girlfriend’s fathers. It was a 1974 Volkswagen Thing, also known as a Type 181. The saying ‘a face only a mother could love’ applied to this car. It was in shit shape when Caleb bought it. But he worked on it during the weekends.

One day when I was eleven, I snuck into the garage to see what he was doing. I was enchanted by the car. The moving parts, how it came apart and back together. Caleb started to teach me how to work on cars. Soon, Emmett joined us. All three of us worked together over the years. Over and over, Caleb said it wasn’t quite done. Not yet.

Then, disaster struck. His mate, who was thought to be submissive, took one glance at Thing and decided she wanted nothing to do with it. Therefore, Caleb should want nothing to do with it. Now, Caleb hadn’t touched her in over five years. It was just Emmett and I now taking the time to work on her when we could pay for the parts and find the quiet time to work.

Emmett elbowed me and I looked up as he got up. Our stop was coming up and I followed him off the bus when it stopped. We picked up our walk and crossed the street a ways down from the bus stop.

Carl’s Automotive Shop had three full garage sections as well as a large lobby on the left-hand side. There was an upper deck that covered the whole back of the warehouse you couldn’t see into from the front. That’s where Carl lived. We got into the lobby where we opened the red lockers under the stairs and grabbed our official uniform shirts. Carl was leaning over the hood of a car with a flashlight shining down the side of the engine. I leaned over and looked at the area he was looking at.

“Fuel hose puncture?”

Carl cursed as he jerked up, hitting his head on the hood of the car. Before it could fall on top of him, I grabbed it to stop it from falling.

“Goddess, Sky, don’t sneak up on me like that!”

I chuckled. “You should be used to it by now.”

He shook his head and propped the hood back up. Looking at me, his thumb brushed my cheek and the bruise that formed on it and around my eye.

“What was it this time?”

I smirked. “Putting on a concert in the football field and made sure the entire school came out by pulling all the fire alarms?”

Carl threw his head back and laughed. Carl was a menacing wolf on the best of days. He was built like a mountain and kept up his tough guy appearance in the gym he’d built here. But he was opposite of his appearance. A prankster at heart, he laughed easily and considered many as family. He was trustworthy and it’s the reason why he never had a day he wasn’t busy.

“How’d it go?”

I threw up my hands and twirled around. “Carl, it was amazing! Two thousand kids, jumping up and down, clapping with the beat. It was incredible! We didn’t make a single mistake and I don’t think I’ve heard Vince sound so damn good.”

He nodded. “Damn, I’m sorry I missed it.”

Emmett came up behind me and put a hand on my shoulder. “You should have seen the mass exodus and kids dipped when we finished the

last song and Dad was there. It was like a sea of kids but then everyone was helping each other get the hell out as to not be caught.”

“Did anyone get caught? Your band mates?”

I shook my head. “They all wore masks and we had an escape route for them out the back. Only Emmett and I were left.”

“You better be careful, Sky. Something real bad might happen. More than just this.” His hand brushed my back.