

Psycho Shifters Chapter 16 - Tips

SADIE

PROPHECIES

After my soul left my body, aka after the morning run, instead of going to lunch, I limped through the compound trying to find Zed.

I talked to a couple of servants and found Zed outside in the stable, tending to the horses.

When I wandered into the wooden barn, Zed was bent over shoveling horse poop.

A fire pit burned in the center of the structure and kept the horses from freezing in the negative temperatures outside.

“Hey Zed,” I called out, and the null shifter jumped in surprise.

“Sadie, what are you doing here?” He tilted his head down like he was embarrassed to be caught doing menial labor.

Anger coursed through me. I didn’t think any less of him for doing that type of work, but others would. The shifter realm was cruel that way.

“I have some personal affairs I need to handle and was wondering if you could help me?” I let my sincerity bleed through.

He paused for a moment, then nodded.

Zed understood what I wasn’t saying, that I needed his complete secrecy. Between the politics of ABOs, the oligarchy, the fae war, and the servants, people had different agendas in the shifter realm. You couldn’t trust anyone.

“I need a map of the shifter realm,” I said quietly.

If I was ever going to get to Lucinda, or k~~I D~~k before Lucinda came back, I needed to figure out where I was in the damn realm. I knew the names of towns and mountains and could probably figure it out if I searched hard enough.

“How soon?”

“As soon as possible.”

My voice trailed off as Zed looked at me with worry. He squinted, like he wanted to tell me I couldn't leave the compound. Something in my eyes must have conveyed my desperation.

He nodded. “Follow me.”

A few minutes later, Zed unlocked a heavy metal door hidden behind a stairwell on the bottom floor of the compound.

The door opened with a loud creak, and we walked into a wall of spiderwebs.

Clearly, training for war had changed me, because I didn't even flinch when dead flies fell from the broken web like rain.

“Sometimes the chef sends me down here for an old recipe, or an engineer needs a schematic to fix the plumbing,” Zed explained as he flicked a switch and a dusty candelabra lit with firelight.

I wasn't surprised. When I'd been a servant for the tavern, the local bakers and chefs had given me access to old storage units and food safes that other shifters didn't know about.

My mouth fell open as I looked around.

The room was narrow and long, with a low ceiling. Wood shelves held hundreds of heavy, bound books, which were piled atop one another in every direction.

Zed clicked his tongue and placed his fingers along numbers carved into the wooden bookshelves. There was some type of organizational system that he understood.

“Here's a book on maps. It should have what you need.” He handed me a thick, leather-bound book.

I flipped through it quickly and saw that it was filled with hundreds of maps. Some even seemed to depict different realms.

My gut plummeted with disappointment.

I had hoped he would just hand me a scroll of the shifter realm that I could easily use. I was going to have to do some research, which would take time I didn't have.

For some reason, even at school, no one had access to full maps of the realm. The exact schematics were all very hush-hush.

"Thanks, Zed, I really appreciate it," I said sincerely as he locked up the room, and I followed him out into the hallway. "Aran and I were going to have dinner together today, if you want to join?"

"Are you sure?" Zed looked down at me with surprise.

"Of course. It's nice to have friends around."

"Then I'll see you tonight." A massive grin split his face. The heavy exhaustion in his eyes seemed lighter as he looked down at me.

Reaching forward, I gave his scrawny frame a quick hug. Tentatively, he wrapped his long arms around me, and we just stood there hugging.

"Okay, see you later." I pulled away and hurried back to my room with my new book.

Zed had relaxed into the hug. All my practice was paying off. I was definitely getting good at hugging. I couldn't wait to tell Aran.

Tiptoeing back into the alpha room, I was relieved to find that no one else was in it. All the other alphas were at lunch.

My stomach was still cramping with pain from the run, and just the thought of food made me sick. I was also still shivering with cold because of my trip to the stables, and I eagerly huddled under my blankets.

I threw more blankets over my head and let a small crack of light from the window illuminate the book.

I flipped through the old yellow pages and marveled at the sheer number of maps. The book was heavy and thick, and every page had a different schematic.

There were lots of languages I didn't understand. However, there was a chapter I did.

“The Quad” was the title, and beneath it, the page was divided into four sections.

The sections read, “Human Realm,” “Relicta Realm,” “Fae Realm,” and “Beast Realm.”

My stomach flip-flopped, and my head buzzed with confusion.

There were times in life, even if you couldn’t completely comprehend why you had come to that conclusion, you just knew—you were fucked.

I had experienced the exact feeling a few times in my life: when D~~k had first told me I was his possession, when Lucinda had told me D~~k was looking at her weird, when the numb had first told me to stab someone, and when the sacred lake had turned black.

The “relicta realm” was covered in snowcapped mountains, and there were three black circles to the fae realm and one to the human realm. The key at the top of the page labeled the black circles “realm portals.”

There was no shifter realm labeled. It was called the relicta realm.

Also, there was a beast realm on the opposite side of the fae realm, and I had never heard of such a place. If the map was correct, why was the beast realm a secret, and what did “relicta” mean?

I hadn’t had free time to do my homework after school, since D~~k had me working at the tavern constantly, but languages had always come easy to me.

Relicta was the Latin word for “abandoned.”

I stared at the ink-etched snowcapped mountains that dotted the realm labeled relicta. It seemed to be the shifter realm, but it wasn’t labeled as such.

My eyes watered as I stared at the page, hoping the answers would jump off and reveal themselves.

The longer I stared, the more I was convinced the ink was slowly moving on the page. Little ink snowflakes drifted down around the mountains.

“F~~k, I want you so bad,” one of the twins m~~~~d nearby.

I was no longer alone in the room.

“F~k, we want you now,” the other twin begged with a high-pitched whine.

My heart jack hammered, and I quietly shut the book of maps, discreetly tucking it under my pillow.

Stomach twisting with nausea, I was afraid I would be caught with the book.

Every bone in my body was screaming at me that I shouldn't have seen the different realms on the map. Was there a reason the realm was mislabeled?

No one called me out for hiding in the bed. The mountain of fur blankets atop me kept me concealed.

This morning, Ascher had thrown one of his blankets onto my bed and told me he didn't want it. Now I was grateful for the added cover.

I lay completely still and held my breath as my heartbeat slowed in my chest.

“On your knees, ladies,” Ascher drawled lazily, and sloppy k~g noises filtered through my blanket hut.

I cursed the sun god and wished I had gone to lunch instead of hidden in my room. Now I was about to be a reluctant voyeur. Again.

There were loud slurping noises, and Ascher m~d softly.

In contrast, the twins squealed and chattered endlessly. “Oh, Ascher, it's so big,” a twin said exaggeratedly.

“Sun god, your tattoos are so hot,” the other twin m~d even louder. She wasn't going to be shown up by her sister.

Ascher grunted in response and didn't say anything as the twins continued to wail. Eyes closed with horror, I couldn't help but envision what was happening so close to me.

Ascher's insane body was probably on display, and I had a feeling the girls were going down on him.

His tattooed d~k was probably swollen with his massive alpha knot, his golden head thrown back in ecstasy, onyx horns growing larger as he found his pleasure at the hands of the beautiful betas.

He was in heaven, and I was in hell.

My stomach pinched with a gnawing sensation I had never felt before. Lying silent while Ascher found his pleasure with others made me feel dirty.

If Ascher knew I was here, it would just be one more reason to hate me. He had made it clear he was disgusted by me.

It made sense; I was nothing like the beta twins.

“F~~k, Ascher. F~~k yes, give it to me!” Sara screamed, and I almost jumped in surprise and gave myself away.

The grunts and slurps rang louder through the room, and I couldn’t help but imagine what was happening. How did one guy take two girls? How did it work? My curiosity grew as the beta moans became louder.

Discreetly, I created a small crack in the blankets that covered my eyes.

Ascher’s alpha scent of pine and conifer overwhelmed me. It was mouthwatering. Unfortunately, my other senses were less impressed.

One of the twins was completely n~~~d and kneeling in front of Ascher.

His hands were buried in her blonde hair, and he slammed her head down on his hard c~~k.

She m~~~~d exaggeratedly, but couldn’t fit his alpha knot in her mouth. Her eyes watered, and she choked on his large member while dramatically squealing and pushing up her heavy t~~s.

Ascher’s head was thrown back, and his eyes were squeezed shut.

Colorful tattoos bunched across his body as his muscles glistened with sweat. His onyx horns curled against his tousled golden locks.

All three of them were completely n~~~d, and they made an impressive picture. The beta twins were gorgeous, with thick asses and large boobs. Ascher looked like a fae god of lore with his horns.

My heart rate really sped up at what the other beta twin was doing.

The blonde knelt behind Ascher and had his thick, tattooed a~s parted as she fingered his b~t hole. When she leaned forward and licked it, my mouth fell open in shock.

Why would anyone voluntarily do that to someone else?

Out of nowhere, Ascher growled, "Enough," and pushed off both the twins.

His d~k bobbed against his abs and highlighted the ridiculous V that cut across his h~s. However, the tattooed member started to deflate.

"Please, I want that alpha d~k," the twins whined loudly. One fondled her heavy b~~~~s, and the other literally spread her legs wide on the bed.

I was impressed by their confidence. They were going after what they wanted. In contrast, I was hiding under the covers, watching them.

Maybe I needed to be more like them and just go after what I wanted. Scars, my brain supplied, and my growing confidence disappeared in a puff of smoke.

Other women could pursue the men they were interested in. I was the first female alpha in the shifter realm, with a shit ton of problems that weren't going to solve themselves. S~x sure as shit wasn't going to free Lucinda from D~k.

"Not now." Ascher groaned as he raked his hands over his face tiredly.

Was he having performance anxiety?

"Now." One of the twins took his deflated d~k back into her mouth.

"I said stop!" Ascher's horns straightened on his head as he shoved her away and pulled on his sweatpants.

"But, alpha, please." The other twin started fingering herself dramatically.

"Ascher, are you coming with us to lunch or not?" Jax banged on the door.

I held my breath, terrified I would be caught by all the alphas. Also, I couldn't let them find the book. My scent was masked under heavy blankets, and I hoped if he smelled me, he would just assume it was my lingering scent from this morning.

“Yes, coming now!” Ascher shouted back overeagerly.

“Later, ladies. I just can’t right now. I have to go to lunch, sorry. You know how Jax gets.” Ascher tugged on a sweatshirt.

The twins made pouty faces and nodded like he wasn’t completely full of shit. Once again, I was confused because Jax was usually calm and pretty chill most of the time.

“Okay, we’re ready at any time.” The twins continued to pout and nod as they opened the door.

Jax and Cobra stood blocking the doorway. Jax chuckled when he saw the twins, and Cobra sneered at them in disgust.

“Perhaps you want to play with us, Cobra?” The twins immediately pressed their bodies against him and rubbed their impressive b~~~~s against his chest.

Cobra aggressively shoved both women off him, and they stumbled out into the hall. He didn’t say anything. He didn’t have to. The disgust on his face was clear.

Surprisingly, the twins didn’t seem upset by his rejection. They both smiled and winked at him before traipsing down the hall.

“We’ll let you get fixed up. Meet us in the dining hall.” Jax motioned toward Ascher’s p~~~~s, which were still hanging half off his h~p, exposing part of his d~~k. With that, they walked away.

Once the door was closed, Ascher turned back to the hearth. For what felt like forever, he stared at the massive fire like he was mesmerized by the flames.

After standing still for a long time, Ascher hunched over dejectedly, still staring at the flames. “I don’t f~~~~g know what you’re saying or why you’re yelling at me!”

He stalked out of the room and slammed the door.

I waited a second to make sure he was really gone, then threw the covers off and stared at the fire in confusion. It was just normal orange flames.

Whatever, Ascher losing his mind was a minor problem in the big scheme of things. I had other issues.

I patted the bed and made sure the book of maps was tucked safely under my sheets.

Between the confusing labels on the map and Ascher yelling at the fire like a madman, I was lost. Every day it felt like I understood less.

The clock chimed above the mantel. "F~k." If I didn't hurry, I was going to be late for Auntie's mandatory therapy.

Anyone who didn't arrive on time for Auntie's classes was forced to run laps while the old crone watched. I would rather die than be late.

I ran down the hall and tried not to think about Ascher's tattooed d~k.

Finally, I found Auntie's classroom and threw myself into a chair next to Aran. Breathing heavily, I tried to keep a normal expression.

When Aran glanced at me with his brow raised, I was half-convinced he could see the guilt written all over my face. Ascher's grunts as he'd fucked the beta's mouth still filtered through my ears.

Luckily, Aran said nothing.

A few seconds later, Auntie entered the small room and sat down in front of us.

She wore her signature green dress, which was long and made of heavy wool. I had never seen anyone wear anything like what Auntie wore. Her white hair was pulled back into a tight bun, and thick kohl lined her wrinkly eyes.

"Do you want to k~l everyone at all times?" Auntie asked casually as she scooted her chair closer to both of us.

I guess she wasn't going to be beating around the bush during these sessions.

"Not always," I said. It was the truth. The numb wasn't a constant state, and it didn't always tell me to strangle people. Just most of the time.

Auntie stared at me with her dark eyes, and I stared back. The wrinkles around her eye quivered, like she was trying to penetrate my soul with her gaze.

“Yes,” Aran said beside me and jolted me out of my staring contest.

I looked over at him in surprise. I thought he had acted homicidal in a show of solidarity. The blue-haired beta was always grinning and laughing like he didn't have a care in the world.

Now he looked pensive and worried, like he was also suffering from violent thoughts. I guessed no one was truly what they seemed. We were all a little messed up.

“What does it feel like, Sadie, when you sometimes want to k~l people?” Auntie asked me.

“It feels like...nothing,” I said honestly as I thought about it. “There are no feelings, just a voice inside me that whispers to k~l and blissful emptiness.”

The room was unnaturally quiet as both Auntie and Aran stared at me with raised eyebrows.

Maybe now they would realize how messed up I was. These therapy sessions weren't going to do anything. I didn't suffer from the numb; I embraced it. It was the only thing that had kept me alive this long.

“And what does it feel like to you, Aran?” Auntie asked him, and turned.

There was a long pause, and I thought Aran wasn't going to say anything. When he finally spoke, it was in a soft hush.

“Rage consumes me completely until I feel like I'm burning alive. But it's not a fiery rage, it's icy and jagged. It stabs at me like icicles until I act on my impulses.” He slumped forward like he was ashamed of himself.

I wondered how often the rage overwhelmed him. Was it like the numb, or was it constant? I reached over, put my hand on his shoulder, and smiled at him grimly. He wasn't alone.

Auntie opened her mouth, but instead of her normal breathless prattle, a deep voice bellowed out,

“Blood and ice will fall the lie,
Color and white to break the queen,
Heir and friend join and tie,
A reborn quad the fates foreseen.”

Suddenly, Auntie’s wrinkly mouth slammed shut and her head slumped forward. With a crack, her forehead hit the desk.

I leaned backward in shock. What the f~~k had just happened? Icy fear gripped my heart.

As the shock receded, my mind spun. What were the odds that I had just seen a map labeled “quad” and now it was mentioned in a fae poem?

Everyone knew the fae talked in riddles. Their language was built on rhymes. And the fae queen led the never-ending war. Was the poem about her?

“What in the moon goddess was that?” I turned to Aran.

Instead of looking confused, the blue-haired beta visibly shook in his chair. He was terrified.

“What just happened?” I asked with more urgency.

He blinked slowly, and he grabbed my hand with his long fingers. “Tha-tha-that was a famous fae prophecy. It’s titled ‘The Apocalypse.’” Aran looked at me with sheer horror, his soft features ashen and tense.

“Why does it matter that she just read it to us?” I whispered softly, my raspy voice too loud in the quiet room that now reeked of fear.

“I have no idea. That shouldn’t have just happened,” Aran whispered back.

“What are the chances that she’s just crazy? It’s a popular poem. Maybe she suffered some type of psychotic episode.”

Aran paled further and my stomach plummeted. He wasn’t telling me something.

He gripped my hand. "Fae prophecies tend to have lives of their own. They aren't just words. The rhymes themselves are enchanted and...alive. Her voice changed."

We both looked at Auntie, who was just now blinking her eyes open. The implication of what he was saying hit me like a beta punch to the face.

A fae prophecy about the apocalypse and fae queen might have just taken over our teacher and read itself to us.

Read. Itself. To us.

Here I'd been thinking watching Ascher get his a~s eaten was the most traumatizing thing to happen today. Instead of crying like a little girl, I took deep breaths and calmed my racing heart. "Let's go get dinner with Zed. We deserve bread rolls. It was probably some weird fluke."

Frankly, I had experienced enough bullshit. Fighting against the fae, running, D~~k's threat, and the alphas f~~~~g in front of me were enough to break me. Especially the running. Just thinking about it made me sick.

My will to live was hanging by a thread, and I was one more fae prophecy away from a mental breakdown.

I was going to deal by not dealing.

Aran nodded in agreement. He also looked like he was about to be sick. We gathered our stuff and avoided Auntie, who was slumped over but still breathing shallowly.

"Bye, girls," Auntie said in her normal voice as we walked out of the classroom.

Neither of us turned around.

Aran was a guy, and clearly Auntie wasn't in the right headspace. I just hoped she wouldn't spout another poem.

The sight of her eyes rolling back in her head and the deep voice had made my stomach churn.

Holding each other's hands in death grips, we went to stuff our faces at dinner.

We deserved it.