

Psycho Shifters Chapter 18 - Tips

SADIE

SNAKEBITES AND OTHER APHRODISIACS

I was never running again.

While I sat on the toilet, my intestines screamed in agony as I suffered ballistic diarrhea.

I fantasized about clawing Cobra's smirk off his face and pictured the alpha writhing in pain. It was the only thing that was getting me through this t~~~~e.

As I died on the toilet, I thought back to the epic book of battles I'd used to read growing up.

In the bootleg book from the fae realm, the three half warriors, Demetre, Shane, and Noah, chased down vicious monsters.

Part alpha and part fae, they were the strongest warriors in all the realms. Demetre was even rumored to shift into a dragon.

Yes, I know what you're thinking: I did have an intense crush on him.

He was a freaking dragon. As a ten-year-old, I'd found that s~~y. In contrast, Lucinda thought Demetre "seemed scary and mean."

Our reactions to Demetre probably spoke loads about our mental health; one of us was well, and the other had deep psychological issues from being whipped every other day of their lives.

We all had our things.

Still, in the story about the half warriors, they would chase monsters for days without stopping.

As a kid, I'd thought the long runs had sounded exciting, exhilarating, and adventurous.

Now they sounded like absolute bullshit.

Maybe Demetre had special dragon blood that helped him run fast because my scrawny a~s wanted to nap, lie still, and never run again.

A while later, I limped out of the bathroom.

I fell weakly onto my warm bed and sighed with exhaustion.

“You didn’t eat lunch. You need to eat more food,” Jax said from the other side of the room. He was lounging shirtless on his bed, and his ridiculous biceps glowed in the firelight.

For a moment, my mind froze as I tracked the veins that snaked across his biceps and down his forearms.

His arm was thicker than my t~~~h—hell, my entire torso.

“She’ll live.” Cobra lounged on his bed next to Jax. His upper body was on his own bed, but his feet were kicked up on Jax’s.

I was ignoring the bastard because he had ordered the run from hell. Ignoring him meant not noticing he was shirtless and not staring at the jewels embedded in his abs.

Living with alphas meant I was constantly surrounded by half-n~~~d, annoying men, and it was slowly driving me crazy.

“I’m still recovering from the death march.” I turned so my back was to the room and the three infuriating alphas.

“You need to eat more, now,” Ascher said with a steel edge to his voice, like he was trying to command me to do something.

I almost laughed at his hubris. “All I need is for you to shut up so I can sleep.”

I had just spent the last hour dying on the porcelain throne, and I was too tired to deal with their weird alpha bullshit.

Not to mention, I had seen him this morning, getting his a~s eaten while a twin bobbed on his d~~~k. A woman could only take so much.

“You must eat. You can’t starve yourself and be an effective alpha.” Jax spoke calmly but with each word became more agitated until he growled loudly.

Staring out the snowy window, I searched for inner peace.

Peaceful thoughts, Sadie: sunshine, soft snowfall, a warm bubble bath.

“Go to the dining hall now,” Ascher ordered.

“I just had violent shits. I’m not going anywhere!” I half growled, half shouted into the room.

There was a pregnant pause as everyone reeled from my poop admission.

A couple of weeks ago, I would have blushed with embarrassment. Now my face flushed with anger. They had already tortured me physically; couldn’t they just leave me alone to sleep in peace?

“You’re probably dehydrated. I’ll go get you some water,” Jax said, breaking the awkward silence.

“The girl can get her own water,” Cobra said at the same time Ascher asked, “Why are you so out of shape?”

My vision literally blurred red with rage, and I understood why people committed homicide.

I didn’t access the numb, because I needed it for combat, but my inner voice still told me to stab them violently. My entire body began to tingle until I was vibrating with the force.

Then I transformed into a gigantic saber-toothed tiger and roared at the annoying alphas.

The room shrunk around me, and I stumbled off my bed. The tiger form was too large to fit on the twin frame.

As I bared my massive fangs, they elongated in my mouth and my jaw ached with the need to bite someone.

I turned toward Ascher. He would do. With my advanced vision, Ascher’s onyx horns sparkled atop his head and his eyes glowed a rich amber.

He watched me track toward him, but didn’t move away. His onyx horns lengthened and grew larger on his head.

In my beast form, the hotheaded alpha seemed a little different. There was tension around his mouth and a glint in his eyes. His thick pine scent was deeper, with woody notes.

Flattening my ears against my head, I opened my maw wide and flashed my fangs at him. My beast didn't trust him.

I leaned forward to take a small nibble from Ascher's t~h to assert my dominance.

"Calm down, little alpha. Turn back now," Jax alpha-barked, and instinctively I went to transform back.

At the last moment, I remembered I was free from D~k and no man was ever going to tell me what to do. Never again.

Whipping my head around, I roared at Jax. The sound was loud and vicious and echoed through the small space.

On large, tufted feet, I prowled forward toward the large man. In my beast form, my head was almost at his shoulders, although he was still a formidable mountain of muscles. It would take some work to break him, but I could do it.

I stalked toward Jax, my dagger-like claws distending and releasing as I kneaded them against the hard floor and padded forward.

My claws clenched uncomfortably, so I reached my front legs in front of me and dragged my nails across the hardwood.

The sensation of my nails slicing through the hardwood sent a shiver of satisfaction down my furry spine. My tail whipped back and forth with excitement as I cornered my prey.

"Um, the princess is ruining the floors," Ascher said dryly, but I stared down Jax.

The big bastard held himself completely still and looked down at me. His gold jewelry glinted in the firelight and refracted pieces of light across the room.

Shiny.

He was so big that I wanted to wrap my maw around his bicep and gnaw. He looked chewy.

“Little girl thinks she can handle Jax’s bear?” Cobra’s silky voice taunted me, and I lunged at him.

Cobra had been slowly inching closer from my side, and I had been tracking his movements in my peripheral vision.

Now my furry body slammed into his frame and tackled him onto his bed. Instead of screaming in fright, or at least trying to get away, the beautiful man laughed underneath me, like we were playing.

“Little kitty’s so dramatic,” Cobra drawled between bouts of laughter.

From his tone and manic chuckles, it was clear he thought he was the only one who could handle Jax’s beast form.

Bastard thought he was more dominant than me—I would show him.

I bared my fangs and placed them around his warm neck. Holding him lightly, I let my fangs gently pinch the skin. If he moved a bit, my razor-sharp teeth would k~~l him.

Little zaps started wiggling across my face and down my body. I recognized the sensation. Cobra had unleashed his shadow snakes.

“Sadie, release Cobra! Cobra, pull back your snakes!” Jax alpha-barked at both of us, but I fought the compulsion. So did Cobra. The snakes moved faster across my fur.

Cobra wasn’t letting up, and neither was I.

A massive arm wrapped around my throat and began to exert pressure. Flexing my thick neck, I easily countered the pressure and held my ground.

Cobra’s body jerked beneath me, as if someone was trying to pull him free.

“Remember this moment, little girl,” Cobra whispered with his silky voice.

The zinging sensation changed until it felt like thousands of needles were scraping against me; it was Cobra’s shadow snakes.

From the prickles across my skin, their lethal fangs were bared, and they were slowly dragging them across my skin.

He wouldn't.

Gently, I exerted pressure against Cobra's neck, until warm blood flooded my mouth. Reaching out my tongue, I slowly lapped it across his Adam's apple and consumed every drop.

The pungent taste was like an aphrodisiac. Trace amounts of Jax's warm chestnuts were on his frosty skin. The flavor was divine.

Cobra's large body jerked beneath me, but the m~~n that escaped his l~~s wasn't a sound of pain.

If I could smirk in tiger form, I would have. I was the more dominant alpha. He was putty beneath me.

Abruptly, bursts of pain exploded over every inch of my body.

Lethargy shot through me, and I struggled to exert pressure against his neck and keep my eyes open. Pain snaked through me, and I fought the u~~e to sleep.

The bastard had bitten me with his snakes.

Falling away from Cobra on shaky legs, I detached myself from the pile of alphas and stumbled toward the bathroom.

Ascher and Jax roared at Cobra, and there were heavy thumps as men were tossed against the wall.

Uncaring, I leaped into the bathroom and head-butted the door shut.

Focusing on pushing through the metaphorical wall, I transformed back into my n~~~d skin. I gasped as sweat ran down my brow and my body burned unnaturally.

I stumbled around the large bathroom and dug out the clothes I kept for easy changing so that the alphas would never see parts of my torso in a towel. I barely tugged the clothes over my burning flesh before I collapsed onto the cool ground and m~~~~d in agony.

The pain was different from anything I had experienced before. What the f~~k had been in that bite? The worst of it emanated from my core, and I burned alive with heat and queasiness.

Overwhelmed by the sensations, I barely noticed that the bathroom door was thrown open, and Jax tenderly gathered me into his arms.

“I don’t know what is happening to her. What the f~k did you do?” Jax yelled at Cobra as he carried me back into the bedroom.

Through hooded eyes, I noted with satisfaction that both sides of Cobra’s neck were cut open and blood was still pouring from the wounds.

My satisfaction transformed into anger when the snake shifter grinned at me with his classic sneer.

The gorgeous bastard wasn’t shaken at all.

For a long moment, I considered transforming back and biting off one of his fingers. That would show him.

My core convulsed with a spike of burning need, and I m~d in frustration.

Concentrating on surviving the feverish pain consuming my entire body, I was distracted from fantasizing about maiming Cobra.

“What the f~k did you do to her?” Ascher bellowed into Cobra’s face, and the pale alpha’s cold sneer faltered.

“It was a small dose of my poison.” Cobra laid his hand on my forehead with concern.

“That should not be causing this.” I vibrated in Jax’s arms as his growl shook through me.

“The smallest amount. It should only cause lethargy.” Cobra’s usual silky tone was clipped and forced, like he was internally panicking and didn’t know how to express it.

“It burns,” I whispered and writhed in Jax’s arms. My feverish body simultaneously wanted more and less of Jax’s touch. I wanted to consume him, but he was already consuming me.

I needed to get away.

Kicking out, I struggled until the large alpha deposited me gently onto my bed. Gasping on the fur covers, I squirmed, desperate to squelch the burn that was roaring through me.

“Where does it hurt?” Cobra yelled down at me. It was the most agitated I had ever seen him. His perfectly sculpted face strained with worry.

My core spasmed, and a m~n ripped through my throat. “Please,” I begged, as the fire consumed me completely.

All at once, the scents of frost, chestnut, and pine filled the small space. For some reason, the alpha pheromones stoked my pain, and my back arched off the bed in desperation.

“She’s f~~~~g turned on!” Ascher’s deep voice cut through the room like a hammer.

“What did you do?” Jax slammed Cobra against the brick wall. Bits of brick broke off and fell to the ground and logs in the fireplace rolled from the force of the blow.

“I don’t know.” Cobra looked at me frantically. His emerald eyes bore into me, and his lush mouth opened slightly, red tongue snaking out and l~~~~g his l~s.

The fires within me reached a fever pitch. All of a sudden, I was fantasizing about Cobra’s perfect body atop mine.

“We have to help her,” Ascher said, like he had come to a decision. In a blur of movement, the horned alpha stood over me, and his hand gently moved up my clothed knee toward my core.

My body burned hotter, and I opened my mouth to beg him. I didn’t know what I wanted him to do, but I knew I needed it with every fiber of my being.

Ascher’s tattoos bunched across his tan skin, and he leaned forward toward my face. His harsh jaw tensed, and his full mouth slightly parted.

Cobra slammed into him and threw him across the floor. Somehow, he had gotten away from Jax.

Anger spiked with need, and I wanted to howl with frustration. Without Ascher's touch, the pain increased tenfold.

On the floor, Cobra sat atop Ascher and slammed his fist into his face. In a clash of muscles and testosterone, Ascher rolled over and pummeled Cobra back. They pounded each other mercilessly.

"I am so sorry, little alpha. No one will hurt you." Jax looked down at me with worry and stroked his massive hand softly across my hair.

A low, guttural m~n ripped from my throat, and my back arched.

"It hurts," I whispered to the gentlest alpha.

The hand on my head stopped stroking, and with excruciating slowness, he dragged it down the side of my face, across my neck and my collarbone.

Jax's hand ran along my sweatshirt, but it felt like the most intimate touch in the world.

Gray was usually cold, the color of the sky in a vicious blizzard, but Jax's gray eyes were soft and warm, his high cheekbones and prominent nose stunning in the dim candlelight.

Once again, I wanted to lose myself in the large man's gentleness and strength. I wanted to let him take care of me and fix the pain.

"It would be wrong, little alpha." He removed his hands from my chest.

I wanted to shank him.

Ascher and Cobra must have been done beating each other up, because their large frames huddled beside Jax. Looking up at the three alphas, I mewled like a pathetic creature as pain shot through me.

"We must," Ascher said, but Jax punched him in the gut.

"We can't." Cobra groaned and raked his hand over his face as his eyes flickered back and forth between man and snake.

"Just make the pain stop!" My poor body had almost given out after the damn run this morning, and now I was going to die from a different type of pain.

“Sleep,” Jax alpha-barked at me with such strength that immediately everything went black.