

Psycho Shifters Chapter 19 - Tips

SADIE

STILL FIGHTING, UNFORTUNATLY

“So let’s go over this one more time. You’re telling me Cobra’s freaky shadow snake things bit you, and then you became feverish and super weird and everyone started touching you and freaking out? And since then, none of them will even look you in the eye?” Aran’s blue eyes were wide as he stretched before for our morning training.

Aka, our morning death march, where I considered ending it all.

It was a week since I had been bitten by Cobra’s shadow snakes, and every day I became more confused by what had happened.

We had been training brutally all week, and I had been too embarrassed to tell Aran about my bizarre experience with the alphas. However, now we were stretching for a while and everyone was chatting.

Plus, I just needed to get it off my chest to someone.

“Yep.” I popped the p and debated if I should tell him about my ballistic diarrhea that day or if that was over sharing.

Lucinda was my little sister, and we told each other everything, but I’d never had a best friend before.

After a week of training together and suffering beside Aran, I would definitely consider him one. I wouldn’t have survived without him.

“Dude, it sounds like when omegas go into heat. That’s super weird.” Aran contorted his leg behind his head in a wicked stretch.

“Wait, what?” I stared at my blue-haired best friend and barely touched my toes.

Some people were born flexible and good runners; others were born inflexible and barely able to maintain a brisk walk.

Unfortunately, I was in the latter category, and it was a highly disappointing, upsetting one.

You would think as an alpha, I would be a beast of physical stamina and performance.

Sadly, the moon goddess hated me.

“Yeah, omegas go into heat around alphas, and they lose control of their bodies. But you’re an alpha, so it must have been some freak thing. I have no idea,” Aran said with confusion as he contorted his other leg behind his head.

“Oh.”

A few weeks ago, I would have blushed with someone talking to me so frankly about being turned on.

Getting pulverized daily in running and combat training had really changed something inside of me. However, my stomach did twist as the implication of what he was saying hit me.

“They were horrified by me in that state,” I whispered as I touched my toes.

Ascher telling me he wasn’t interested in me and all the men saying that they couldn’t touch me reared in my head.

They hadn’t even seen my hideous scars.

Aran said, “Hm, I don’t know. Remember that whole ethical dilemma thing. I feel like there could have been more to it, then. Plus, they have been death glaring at me like every second of training this week, so I’d bet they have feelings.” He dipped into a full split and rested his blue head on his t~~h.

The dude was freaky flexible.

“My h~~s would crack if I tried that.” I reached for my toe, but it was so damn far away. My legs were short, which should have meant they would be easier to reach, but nothing in life was ever easy.

“We’re running today. Start now,” Cobra snapped, and everyone sprung to their feet, ready for action.

I glared daggers at the a~~~~e, and satisfaction filled me when I saw twin scars on either side of his neck. My beast had marked him—permanently.

It was a small victory and arguably not one I should have found so satisfying, because of my own physical issues.

I'd never pretended to be completely sane, mentally well, physically well, or spiritually well. In summary, I was unwell.

Sara and Sora, aka the beautiful twins who hated me, bumped my shoulder as they jogged by. All three other alphas were looking forward, so they didn't notice.

Aran tried to leap after the twins like he was going to slaughter them. I held back the blue-haired beta and chuckled at the murderous expression on his face.

It was like no one thought I could handle myself.

I held Aran back and was once again struck by how lanky he was. The beta was built smaller, like me. But where my legs were stumpy, his were super long.

"They're not worth it." I kicked him gently in the shin to get my point across.

"They keep disrespecting you. It's inappropriate," Aran said with annoyance, but his trademark grin was back on his boyish face.

That was what I liked most about Aran: he didn't hold grudges or get all crazy like the alphas. He was chill, for the most part.

"Honestly, I still can't run a mile without low-key dying, so I kind of deserve to be disrespected." I chuckled, and Aran joined me, laughing.

It was hard to explain to people, but when you had literally been a~~~~d by a physical monster your whole life, you recognized when people were threats and when people were just juvenile. The twins were in the latter category, and it was easy to ignore them.

I still hadn't decided what the alphas were.

“Fae breach, portal three. Four midsize fae battle creatures, species unknown. Fae breach, portal three. Four midsize fae battle creatures, species unknown,” blasted through the speakers on repeat.

Relief rushed through my body that I would be getting out of running.

As soon as the relief came, it left because I realized there were four creatures attacking.

This was about to be a shit show.

The numb clicked on.

A few moments later, I ran through the forest in my beast form.

Run faster. Don't stay at the back.

Branches slapped my fur, and the snow fell in a cold white sheet of snowflakes and hail.

From every direction, the wind screamed, and even with my advanced vision, the visibility was only a couple of feet in every direction.

The scents of pine, chestnut, frost, and cranberry burned my oversensitive nose. The four of us ran together. We were alphas in beast form, and we did what we did best.

We hunted.

“Screeeeeeeeee, screeeeeeeeee, screeeeeeeeee, screeeeeeeeee.” The chattering screams of the spider fae echoed throughout the forest from four different directions—there were four of the f~~~~g creatures.

Holy f~~k. Even numb, something close to fear squeezed my gut.

Shaking my furry head, I roared back into the forest.

Slit their throats and mount their heads.

My numb self didn't know fear; there was just conflict and power, and it conquered both.

Then Jax's bear bellowed from beside me. His beast's call joined mine and sent vibrations through the forest floor.

Bark cracked like gunshots as the spider fae maneuvered their massive bodies through the tight tree trunks.

Whipping my furry head side to side, I tried to track the four fae, but it was nearly impossible with the limited visibility.

The wind howled and slammed branches back and forth. They clattered all around, and thick green pine needles slammed against my body. If I weren't over a thousand pounds, I might have been knocked to the ground.

Looking back, I saw the betas hunched low with their guns pointed high as they fought for stability in the brutal conditions.

Beside me, Jax's bear and Ascher's half-ram form were heavy enough to withstand the punishing wind.

Cobra, with his snake eyes and shadows, stood eerily still in the onslaught. His smaller form should have been blown back, but he stood with his characteristic snake stillness.

He was a predator waiting to pounce.

"Betas, stay with the alphas. We'll each take one fae," Cobra alpha-barked, and somehow the sound carried in the shrieking valley. Since he was the only beast that could speak, he was in charge of directives during the battles.

Immediately, Jax roared back at him, his furry muzzle opened wide to showcase his dagger-like teeth. Jax tossed his head toward me and it was clear what he was trying to say.

He still wanted me to stay behind him. I kept my eyes forward, my breath puffing in a frosty cloud in front of my face.

Show him.

Cobra and I were on the same page. For some reason, when Cobra was in his beast form, he was the only alpha that treated me like an equal, and not a weakling that needed to be protected.

I was the opposite of weak. I was made for power, for killing, and I would show them.

A loud “screeeeeeeeee” echoed closely, and everyone b~t into action.

Jax took the lead and sprinted after the creature, and everyone followed.

Head whipping from side to side, I searched the forest for the other three. As we ran, the massive black exoskeleton of the spider fae came into view.

In the howling white wind and green trees, the shiny black glistened as it flashed. The fae jumped from tree to tree. Once again, its legs shone with thousands of daggers.

K~l it and rip off its legs.

Jax sprinted ahead, his massive bear moving much faster than expected. However, the fae didn't turn to fight him. Instead, it jumped from tree to massive tree and sprinted toward the mountains on the edge of the valley.

With my ears flicking back and forth atop my head, I pinpointed the clattering noise of the fae's spindly legs slamming against the trees.

All four of the fae were headed toward the mountain. As a group, we turned and sprinted after them.

My powerful legs bunched and contracted beneath me as I flew over the snowy ground.

Leaping over snowbanks and fallen trees, I sliced through the frosty air like a bullet.

In my non beast form, running felt like a thankless chore and my lungs collapsed in pain. In my beast form, my lungs expanded and my body flew. Running was freedom.

Follow the spider. Catch it.

The numb egged me forward. I could have easily overtaken Jax in pursuit, but I held myself back. He was still the leader.

As we followed the fae closer to the mountainside, the trees became less dense, and the fae started making larger leaps among them. Jax was close to overtaking it.

Suddenly, the fae whirled in a flash of black, its hundreds of eyes glaring as its massive pincer opened and it screamed at Jax.

In a collision of force, Jax leaped with his claws and maw extended directly at the spider fae. There was a loud crunch followed by a deafening roar as the two beasts collided.

Jax's sharp claws fileted the creature as he dug through its neck, and the fae kicked him with its shiny legs.

Jax's red beast blood and the fae's black blood sprayed across the white snow, creating a macabre painting.

The putrid stench of black tar burned my nostrils. Roaring, I halted in the thick snow and tensed my muscles, looking for an opening to help Jax.

Suddenly, to my right, three loud shrieks echoed, and I whipped my head in their direction, where three black spiders skittered away.

Jax snarled, and the betas ran up to help him battle the other spider with bullets. He had backup, and Cobra had said each alpha was to handle one beast.

Go after it. K~~I. Hunt.

The numb screamed in my skull, and I listened.

Turning, I sprinted after the three other spider fae. Ascher and Cobra followed closely. Ascher's hooves clomped behind me, and Cobra moved like a ghost. His unique frost scent was the only thing that alerted me to his location.

Screeching ahead of me, the fae sprinted up the side of the massive mountain.

The air grew thinner and powder snow transformed into icy rocks, which rolled down behind me.

Somehow, the howling wind became more punishing, and the air became so cold that even in my beast form, a slight chill bit at my nose.

With fewer trees to hide them, the large black spider fae flashed before me as their many legs scurried over large boulders and slipped on slick ice. Still, the sleet fell faster and harder the higher we climbed, and the visibility became worse and worse.

Faster. Hunt and kill them.

Ascher and Cobra fell farther behind me as my powerful muscles allowed me to leap over massive boulders, and my thick, tufted toes helped me easily maneuver the icy conditions.

I was built to rule the mountains.

The clattering of the spider fae's exoskeleton slapping against the rocks vibrated beneath my paws. I was gaining on them.

With a powerful leap, I cleared an enormous boulder and saw the spiders were a few feet away. All three stood behind an opening framed by two massive snowcapped boulders.

I launched myself at the creatures but realized my mistake.

Turn back.

It was too late to change direction, with my massive form flying straight at them.

My momentum stopped, and I hung suspended in midair.

Shiny white strands covered in sharp, little grooves tangled across my fur. The strands were unnoticeable from a distance; they blended seamlessly with the white-capped mountain terrain.

I was caught within their web.