

Psycho Shifters Chapter 22 - Tips

SADIE

RESCUED BY A HANDSOME ALPHA

Slap.

The tingling cold intensified, and the hands shaking my shoulders refused to let me sleep. Why was my life so hard? Could the moon goddess give me a break, just once?

“Little alpha, don’t you dare go to sleep on me now,” Jax alpha-barked, and my eyelids fluttered open against my control.

“Whaa?” I tried to say “what,” but my l~s were numb with cold, and they were tingling like the rest of my miserable body.

Snowflakes fell heavily around Jax, and even dying from frostbite, a part of me was shaken by how beautiful the large man was.

I was also jealous that he had been blessed with so many muscles and I had been barely given any.

“It is too cold. You can’t fall asleep. Your heart will stop beating!” Jax shook me with increasing ferocity as he stared down at me in concern.

He had me gathered in both his arms and pressed against his chest as he ran through the snow.

“Fabulous,” I garbled and let my neck fall back. It was too much effort to hold it up.

“You’re immortal but you’re young. I can’t risk it and this isn’t working. It’s too far,” Jax said mostly to himself.

Abruptly, he began to unzip his heavy coat and take off his massive sweatshirt.

My mouth lolled open, and I would have told him I was not feeling sexual, but I was too busy admiring his eight-pack and ridiculous V lines.

My eyes started to drift shut, and I wondered how many sit-ups I had to do to look like him.

“I’m going to tuck you against my chest for warmth. It’s the only way.” Jax maneuvered me against his n~d chest. Somehow, he pulled his sweatshirt and jacket on top of both of us.

“One b-b-billion sit-ups,” I said with a manic giggle. My tongue was numb in my mouth, and the world was spinning.

“You’re losing it. Keep your eyes open, Sadie,” Jax alpha-barked again.

I giggled as his hoodie completely encased both of us. The head hole was too tight, so Jax leaned down and ripped it open so we could both fit.

“T-T-Two heads!” I pointed out helpfully and sighed at the delicious warmth wafting off Jax’s chest. It was so much better than the freezing cold.

It was also a good thing that Jax was a massive man, because his clothes were also massive. He easily put his arms through the jacket and zipped it up atop both of us.

I was completely curled up in a ball against his expansive chest, and he supported me with a hand across my backside.

With me cocooned against his warmth, buck n~d, Jax sprinted faster through the forest. It wasn’t sexual at all.

Just one alpha giving another alpha heat.

The longer I was pressed against his warmth, the more my skin tingled with pain. Little pinpricks bit me everywhere, and I wished I had access to the numb.

F~~~~g John had really done it, dragging me out in the cold, a~s n~d. What a jerk. You really couldn’t trust shifters these days.

“Th-Th-Thank you,” I said softly as my teeth chattered from the cold.

As my core temperature was slowly heating, sanity was also returning.

The pain focused my brain, and the world stopped spinning around me.

“Where was John taking you?” Jax asked softly, and I sighed heavily in response.

I leaned my head against his chest. Cradled against him, I felt protected from all life’s evils. There were a lot of them.

I was also really grateful that Jax had been the one to find me. Cobra would somehow have spun it so that I was on John’s side, and would have found a way to blame me. He was always angry with me lately.

“He said to the f-f-fae qu-qu-queen.” I gnawed on my cold lip to try and stop my teeth from chattering. It wasn’t a good sign that she wanted me. My short, miserable life was looking like it was about to be way shorter and more miserable.

“What? Why?” Jax stopped running for a second and stared down at me in shock.

I gave him a small, pitiful smile, and he immediately resumed sprinting. His chest and ab muscles bunched against my skin.

“Does it have something to do with the scars covering you?” Jax asked softly, and my stomach plummeted.

Bile climbed up my throat at the reminder of my hideous scars, and I fought the urge to distance myself from Jax.

He knew. He fucking knew.

I sighed heavily and had a small pity party for myself. Then I girded my lady loins and told my truth.

“I w-w-was an indentured s-s-servant before I became an alpha. He liked to use his b-b-belt. G-G-Growing up, I was s-s-so s-small and weak. I thought I w-w-was a null.” I tasted blood as I gnawed on my lower lip and my chattering teeth slammed into it.

Jax didn’t say anything. The world seemed eerily quiet, even though the wind and snow shrieked around us.

“I’m an a-alpha, but I am super s-s-small and my coloring is weird. J-J-John said s-s-something about a reward, giving me to the fae queen, and that the

whole realm was a lie? I honestly have n-n-no idea. I woke up after p-p-passing out from my wounds to him dragging me n-n-n~~~d toward the portal. I swear I f-fought him off as hard as I could. H-He must have taken advantage of the s-s-spiderweb incapacitating me so he could bring me to her?”

I trailed off awkwardly as my teeth chattered uncontrollably. Apparently, fighting spider fae and almost being kidnapped by a trusted beta made me ramble. Who knew?

“I th-th-thought he was a really nice g-g-guy, and I t-t-trusted him.” I tucked my head lower in the sweatshirt hole. I couldn’t deal with Jax’s anger or rejection of me.

It would break me.

“He will pay for what he’s done. I will return and retrieve him once I bring you back.” Jax’s chest rumbled with a slight growl. The vibrations were more comforting than scary. “You are no one’s servant.”

“Thanks for b-b-believing me,” I whispered as tears welled up in my eyes.

Jax’s calm acceptance and large presence made me want to sob in his arms like a little girl. He had an aura of softness about him. Which was ironic because he was built like a boulder.

“Of course, little alpha.” He sprinted faster through the forest.

The training compound came into view, and once again, my stomach plummeted to my toes. My skin still prickled all over with pain, but the anxiety in my gut hurt worse.

“You c-c-can’t tell the other a-a-alphas, p-p-p-please,” I begged him while patting my hands against his chest to get his attention. My worry made the chattering worse, and my words were barely discernible.

“This is a major security breach and impacts the war. They need to know. I will not keep secrets from them,” Jax said calmly, and I fought the u~~e to sob like a baby.

Post numb emotions really sucked.

“P-P-Please, p-p-please. They don’t r-r-r-respect me now. They d-def won’t then.” My eyes burned. As my tears fell, they froze to my face, and it was hard to blink.

“They will respect you. I’ll ensure it.”

“You kn-kn-know that’s now how r-r-respect works.” I desperately tugged at his sweatshirt.

We were a few feet away from the door to the locker room.

Jax didn’t say anything.

Obviously, his loyalty to Cobra was paramount to anything I wanted, and I understood that. “F-F-Fine, but at least don’t tell them about my s-s-scars. That doesn’t change anything!” I shamelessly begged and aggressively tugged at his sweatshirt. “P-P-Please.”

Jax took a deep breath through his nose, and his lungs expanded beneath me. He stared down at me, and I looked up, giving him my most pleading face.

Since I was covered in my own blood, n~~~d, frozen half to death, and tucked in his coat, it wasn’t hard to look pathetic.

Something in my face must have gotten to him, because Jax nodded as he entered the battle room.

“Fine, I won’t tell them about your scars, but that is it. I’m telling them everything else. And you need to debrief us all in detail about what happened, after you get warm and have eaten.” Jax gently lifted his sweatshirt and helped lower me to the ground.

Turning around, he gave me his back and pointed to his locker.

Wordlessly, I pulled on his sweatpants and sweatshirt. The warmth from the building was too much on my frozen skin, and I was barely able to pull the clothes on without screaming in agony.

Each brush of warm clothes over my flesh burned.

Thankfully, the sweatpants had a tie, so after rolling the waistband ten times, I tied them off. I still had to hold them up as I walked, but Jax's sweatshirt fell past my knees, so my modesty was intact.

"You can t-t-turn around now."

I winced at the roughness of my voice. Now that he had seen my scars, it wasn't going to take much for Jax to put two and two together about why my voice was so broken.

So much for him respecting me as an alpha or desiring me as a woman. My secret fantasies were going to definitely remain fantasies.

"You aren't alone now, if you ever need to talk." Jax reached forward and cupped my chin with his rough hand.

His clothes smelled of warm chestnuts, and the scent wrapped around me, comforting. I leaned forward into his hand and smiled up at him.

"H-H-Honey, I need more therapy th-th-than you can offer." I cackled and punched his arm to lighten the mood. The tension in the room was heavy, and I didn't want Jax to view me as broken.

"Go to the ward now, get warm, and eat. I am going to bring back John." When he started speaking, he looked down at me with warmth and care. However, by the end, he was shaking with rage and his gray eyes had become cold chips of ice.

For a second, I was afraid for John. You didn't want Jax mad at you.

The large alpha spun and charged out the door, back into the howling wind.

Hastily, I hurried away from the cold door and stumbled back into the compound. I had almost died a lot today, and I couldn't wait to drown myself in a delicious bath of healing salts.

I deserved it.

Stumbling down the long halls and rickety stairs, I wondered for the billionth time who'd designed the compound and what drugs they had been using when they did. They must have been good drugs, because the building was a complex maze of halls and stairs that made literally zero sense.

Arms pressed against the walls for support, I barely dragged myself through the door with an A. A doctor wasn't going to do anything that a good bath filled with healing salts wouldn't fix.

When I walked through the bedroom door, Ascher immediately stalked across the room toward me.

"Where the f~k have you been? We were hunting down Cobra's snake, then we came back, and no one knew where you were. You freaked us all the f~k out!" Ascher yelled, and I noted that both his arms were in slings. Jax must have made him stay in the room, and the tattooed man was pissed as shit about it.

I didn't have time for his drama.

"I was g-g-getting kidnapped." I tried to shove past him.

"What the f~k, Princess!"

I winced; he really was a drama queen. Frankly, it was exhausting.

"Likely story," Cobra sneered. He was propped up against the wall behind his bed with an ice pack across his head. For the most part, he looked fine.

Still, the pale man managed to look paler than usual and his sharp cheekbones seemed to protrude further, his cheeks more sunken. Summoning that massive snake must have drained him.

Shuddering from the cold and the thought of the creepy snake, I ignored his distrust. I had been expecting it.

At least Cobra's eyes were no longer snake eyes. The dark, emerald abyss of hatred swirled in his normal eyes. It was nice that he was back to normal.

"W-W-Whatever, J-J-Jax is g-g-going to bring b-back the kidnapper now. H-He kn-knocked him out," I barely managed to say through chattering teeth. The building was warm, but the cold had spread bone-deep and I felt myself growing sleepy.

"Get in the f~~~~g hot bath now." Ascher shoved me forward toward the bathroom.

Cobra still looked pissed, but he hobbled out of his bed and leaned against the wall for support.

Both men stared at me. Cobra's eyes wrinkled slightly with concern.

"P-P-Please stand r-r-right h-here." I pointed at a random spot on the far wall.

Both Ascher and Cobra looked at me distrustfully, but I filled my eyes with tears and gave a pathetic little sniffle.

They both went to the far wall and leaned against it.

With all my remaining strength, I threw myself into the bathroom, slammed the door, and locked it behind me.

"What do you need from us, Princess?" Ascher called out, his voice thick with worry.

"T-T-To leave m-m-me the f~k a-alone!" I screamed, and they shouted expletives back at me.

Actually, Ascher swore up a blue streak and shouted. Cobra calmly launched into a tirade about my pathetic character and how I was probably a spy.

Ripping off Jax's oversize clothes, I fell over a couple of times as I tried to get my frozen limbs to work.

With my eyes shutting from tiredness, I barely manage to dump the entire bag of healing salts into the tub. Unfortunately, I also dropped the bag itself into the tub, but I had bigger problems.

Stumbling forward, I once again face-planted, n~d, into a hot bath.

Except this time, I turned over and screamed in agony.

The warm water burned impossibly, and I reckoned my skin was melting off the bone. I f~g hated the cold.

I reminded myself why I was putting myself through this shit. Lucinda was still safe and at school. I needed to get her away from D~k.

In the meantime, I couldn't get myself killed. I had to obey the oligarchy.

Outside, Ascher bellowed as I screamed, and slammed against the door. Cobra laughed like a psychopath.

“Congrats, little girl. If it burns, that means you’ll live.” Cobra chuckled like my agony was the funniest thing in the world.

I f~~~~g hated it here.

Lying back in the boiling tub, I squinted my eyes shut with pain and fantasized about slowly dismembering a certain pale alpha.

There was a small zing on my back as the little shadow snake laughed in agreement. It didn’t care about how violent my thoughts were; it always got happy when I thought about Cobra.

Little snake was as fucked up as he was.

Sinking deeper into the boiling tub, I closed my eyes and prayed I would wake up in a different realm. I prayed that everything about the shifter realm was just a bad dream.

Spoiler—it wasn’t.