

Psycho Shifters Chapter 25

COBRA

INTERROGATIONS

A few days later...

I pulled another one of John's toenails off.

Unfortunately, the enchanted fae handcuffs took all the fun out of torturing someone. They forced them to tell the truth.

Fortunately for me, John was mumbling and wouldn't wake up. Everyone knew pain was the best wake-up call.

He had awoken a short time ago, but his brain was so concussed from Jax's fist that his words had been incoherent.

His body had passed back out to heal. I wasn't worried. I had seen betas heal from much worse injuries.

It just took time and enough of it had passed that I was pretty sure he should be coming back to the living soon.

Slowly, I pulled off his next toenail, going down the line.

Hurting John calmed the black void. But only a little bit. For some reason, the abyss was swallowing me whole, and I didn't know why.

I hadn't been this irritable in a long time. Not since the dark time in my life. Still, with each toenail, I felt a smidge better. It was the little things.

With a vicious yank of John's big toenail, the beta sputtered into consciousness.

Both Jax and Ascher crowded the prisoner. They had been lounging against the wall, letting me work.

John mewled like a little baby, and tears streamed down his mottled face. Poor little fucker was scared. Boo-hoo.

I pulled another one of his toenails off. For no reason other than fun. Fucker deserved it.

“Why were you kidnapping Sadie? Tell us everything you know regarding her and the fae queen,” Jax alpha-barked down at John with disgust.

Instantly, the cuffs flared a bright blue, and electricity traveled down John’s arm, up his face, to his mouth.

His entire body shook violently as the electricity took him over. Gotta love fucked up fae enchantments.

When John spoke, it wasn’t his normal voice. The enchantment spoke for him.

“The fae queen has a massive bounty for whoever can bring her in alive. All alphas have bounties for live capture, but hers is the largest.”

The thought of the fae queen getting her f~~~~g putrid hands on the girl made me sick to my stomach. She might annoy me, but she was still mine to torment. Nobody else’s.

“Why does the fae queen want alphas?” Jax ran a hand through his braids with frustration.

It didn’t make any sense. Why pay for prisoners? It was easier to try to k~l us than to pay massive amounts of money to capture us. What game was that b~~~h playing at?

“The fae queen doesn’t want alphas. The beasts do. They pay the queen to bring them back. But the fae queen is playing both sides. You don’t know who you are fighting for. You are all fools.”

Jax grabbed John’s face and screamed at him, “Who are the f~~~~g beasts?”

“The beasts are, are, are—” John began to choke, and foam came out of his mouth. Jax slapped his face, but the beta just convulsed and said nothing.

Abruptly, he gasped loudly and spoke in his normal voice, “Fae flame, fire, flicker, burn.”

There was a loud crack, and shimmery blue flame twirled lazily in the air.

The void consumed me, and I took a step back. I knew that blue flame. Had felt it along my flesh.

It had broken me.

The fire came from the tiny glass vial hanging around John's neck, and we hadn't seen it because it was covered in his blood.

The bright, shimmery blue began to crackle and pop. Then it defied gravity and lunged forward. John gasped as it rushed into his nose and open mouth.

Immediately, John's body collapsed.

"No, no, wake up, damn it." Jax leaned forward and shook John back and forth, desperate for answers.

Ascher looked sick and backed up.

I grabbed Jax around his shoulders and pulled him away. He needed to get away from the f~~~~g blue fire. I knew just how dangerous it was, how painful it was.

It was still in John.

"Don't touch him." I pushed Jax against the far wall, and he stumbled back in shock.

"Who are the beasts? Those were truth cuffs. If he says we are fools, then we are." Jax's hands were shaking as he stared across the room at the dead beta. Jax liked to be in control, to know all the facts.

Apparently, we didn't know anything.

"I have no clue. But you can't touch him. We need to get away from that fire." I grabbed Jax by his arm and pulled him out of the room. The big guy was still in shock, so he let me manhandle him.

Ascher followed. He was quiet for the first time in his life.

The stakes had never felt higher.

Apparently, we were all wanted men. Ironically, by beasts. And we didn't even know who they f~~~~g were or why they wanted alphas. Or why they wanted Sadie more.

When we walked out of the t~~~~e room and into the frigid night air, Jax whirled around and grabbed me. The chilly air had snapped him out of his shock. "What was that fire?"

I took a deep breath and let the cold center me. The void was a burning inferno of darkness. The chilly air reminded me I wasn't back there.

I was free.

"You know how I told you I grew up imprisoned?" I asked.

Jax nodded but didn't say anything.

"I was held by the fae queen. That fire was her power."

"Cobra," Jax said softly as he stared at me with horror. He reached a large hand out, wrapped it around my neck, and pressed his forehead to mine. For a long moment, our breaths mixed as we stood in the icy world.

Warm chestnuts filtered through my nose, and the anxiety that gripped my aching heart began to fade. I was safe, Jax was beside me, and I was free of her.

We didn't say anything for a long moment, just held each other in stillness and offered each other support.

"She covets pretty things." My voice cracked, and I hated the weakness. I was a warrior, an alpha shifter with terrifying snakes, and yet I trembled at the sound of a woman's name.

"You are not a pretty thing," Jax alpha-barked back and wrapped his arms around me in a bruising grip.

"Okay, big man, don't make it weird." I scoffed, trying to hide the way my insides burned with warmth when Jax had barked at me. He understood me, and it made me f~~~~g emotional.

Jax released me with a shake of his head that said he knew I was full of shit. Ascher didn't say anything as we went back inside to our rooms.

Usually we would spar at night, the three of us training and practicing until the early dawn. Sometimes we pulled all-nighters. Alphas didn't need as much sleep as betas, and all three of us preferred to fight out our aggressions.

At least, we'd used to. Ever since a certain little girl who reeked of cranberry wine had infiltrated our room, no one stayed out late.

I told myself it was because I needed to keep an eye on the girl, to make sure she wasn't a spy and rummaging through our stuff. But the truth was, I wanted to antagonize her.

I wanted to watch her pretty, little golden cheeks flush with hatred as I taunted and called her names. She was so juvenile sometimes, and it made me angry.

I wanted to f~~~~g throw her onto the bed and taunt her until she agreed I was superior.

My f~~~~g void wanted to swallow her up and welcome her into my darkness. It was fucked up.

I rubbed at my sternum as we walked into the room. The little alpha was still in Jax's sweatshirt, and I didn't know whether to groan with arousal or jealously rip it off and wear it. Jax was my alpha, something the girl conveniently ignored.

Now she sat on the bed, looking pathetic and breakable as she read a large book. From the leather binding, it was one of the ones from the mantel.

I had noticed the little alpha liked to read. She spent all her free time hanging with Aran or curled up in her bed with a book.

The thought of the blue-haired beta filled me with rage, and I decided against leaving her alone. Sadie f~~~~g pissed me off.

"You didn't eat all your food." I pointed to the half-full plate on the floor beside her bed.

A growl erupted from Jax's chest at my words.

She narrowed her eyes at me, like she knew exactly what I was doing, and her little ruby eyes promised death. Her sharp cheekbones stuck out too far on her face, and my gut pinched a little.

The girl was naturally smaller, and we had been running a lot lately. Was she looking thinner?

“Sadie, you need to eat,” Jax growled from behind me.

“Princess is being a snob again. What else is new? Is the food not good enough for you?” Ascher taunted as he jumped onto his bed and began to fiddle with his phone.

An angry flush spread up her neck, and suddenly I was annoyed that all her attention was on Ascher and not me. It was me she needed to worry about, not the hothead.

“Eat your food,” I snapped, and satisfaction warmed my gut when she looked away from Ascher and over at me.

“I’m full. I’ve been through a lot today, and my stomach hurts, so I can’t eat it. Everyone needs to f~~~~g relax. I love food. Also, this is rich coming from you, when you’re the one that makes me run like a maniac so I lose weight!”

“You’re losing weight?” Jax asked with concern and ran his hands through his hair like he was contemplating rushing to the kitchen again.

Those little ruby eyes glared at me, and my stomach pinched. How dare she blame me when she was failing to take care of herself properly?

Before she could blink, I launched myself across the room at her.

“Eat the food. Now. It’s your own fault, not mine.” I grabbed her by the back of the neck and took a bread roll off the plate. At dinners, she always ate bread rolls. They were her favorite.

“I will k~~l you,” she said, and her voice was scratchy and low. Like usual, it sent tremors straight to my groin.

She trembled with rage, and I couldn’t help but note that my one hand wrapped all the way around her tiny neck. My fingers f~~~~g overlapped, for god’s sake.

Images of her underneath me as my hand was wrapped around her for a different reason flashed before me.

The scent of sweet cranberry wine grew strong, and my mouth watered.

I dropped my face closer and whispered in her ear, "Be a good girl."
Underneath my hand, her neck quivered as a shudder ran through her entire body.

Her pupils were blown and her breath shallow.

She f~::~~g wanted me as bad as I wanted her.

The gorgeous red highlights framed her face and made her eyes sparkle like rubies.

Her delicate pink tongue snaked out and ran over her pillowy bottom l~p. It was unfair that her l~s were so f~::~~g lush. It was unnatural.

I leaned forward.

And shoved the bread roll into her mouth.

She spit back at me, and crumbs got everywhere as we tussled.

Her legs kicked into my ribs, and I fought to shove more food in her face.

We rolled about on her bed, fighting for dominance. At one point, she kneed me in the balls so hard I lost my grip.

She slammed her elbow down on my sternum, and she crawled on top of me, shoving bread in my face.

I reached up and flipped her over. Hard. I had been holding back, and her eyes widened as she realized she was trapped.

"Fight, fight, fight," Ascher chanted from his bed as he continued playing on his phone and barely paid us any attention.

We continued to grapple and ignored the annoying fucker. I tried to press a big hunk of chicken between her clenched teeth.

Before it could slip through, she reared up.

Sadie head-butted me hard. Blood ran down both our faces where she had split our skin.

I didn't know if I should be annoyed or impressed, but I was definitely turned on.

"Oh, you wanna go?" I taunted and bared my teeth down at her.

I was about to shove the entire plate of food into her face when Jax grabbed my wrist and yanked me back.

"Are you kidding me? Are you a child? What has gotten into you?" he yelled at me and shook my shoulders back and forth.

"Yeah, Cobra, what has gotten—"

"You too!" Jax turned around and cut off Sadie, whose grin fell as she hid under her covers.

"Don't think I've forgotten that you didn't eat everything." He turned his attention away from me and prowled toward her.

For a second, I thought he was going to launch himself at her, and we both held our breath.

Jax mumbled about psycho alphas who acted like children and stomped into the bathroom. He threw the door shut, and the entire room shook.

"You have chicken in your hair." Sadie broke the silence.

"We are running tomorrow for training," I taunted back and smirked at her.

Her face immediately fell, and my gut pinched at her forlorn expression.

I should have been happy she was upset. I had won our war of words. For some reason, it felt like I had lost.

"I hope the bedbugs bite your frosty a~s," she said as she ate chicken scraps off her bedding and then pulled the blankets over her head.

That night, I dreamed about the little alpha l~~~~g something else as I hand-fed her dessert.