

Psycho Shifters Chapter 26

SADIE

TURN UP

We were in a large town I had never heard of, in an elegant nightclub with a red carpet laid out for the ABOs of the realm.

I teetered down the red carpet. My towering heels pinched my toes, and I just barely caught myself from falling over by grabbing onto Aran's forearm.

Of course, my dress was so f~~~~g short that I was sure half the room had just seen my v~~~~a l~~s flapping. I should have known the tailor ladies would do this to me.

Loria definitely had beef with me.

What else would explain the skintight long-sleeved gold dress that hugged every inch of my body? Literally, it was so tight that it hurt to breathe.

Sure, the dress covered every inch of my scars. It went up to my neck and was plastered across me like stretchy silk.

It also stopped barely below my a~s cheeks. And I was short, so I knew those b~~~~s had done this on purpose. They had also included a pair of towering red heels in the box, with a smiley face.

A f~~~~g smiley face. I almost tripped again, and I cursed under my breath. They were pure evil.

As I fumed and struggled not to bare my v~~~~a to the crowd and horrify the young shifters, Aran preened under the attention.

Shifters screamed our name as we walked down the long, elegant red carpet.

I brushed my hair out of my eyes and tried to avoid their creepy wails. Zed had procured a wand that heated in the fire and curled my hair at Aran's instance.

I didn't know how Aran knew how to curl hair so expertly, but he did an amazing job.

My long white locks, with red highlights framing my face, curled down my back. The one good thing was I felt like a bad b~h with red highlights. They contrasted with my gold skin and accentuated my red eyes.

Said red eyes were lined with thick black kohl, and mascara weighed my lashes down. I struggled not to itch at my face.

A part of me loved that I looked like an edgy b~h with my pretty hair. The other part of me wanted to scrub off my makeup, put on sweatpants, lie down, and read a book.

Besides the screaming null shifters, the lanuarius celebration was way more intimate than I thought it would be.

We walked down a narrow hallway with low lighting. Which made it hard as f~k to walk without tripping.

“Smile.” Aran turned and flashed a megawatt smile at the null shifters.

At one point, he blew them k~s, like he was an actual celebrity. I rolled my eyes and tried not to throat punch the shifters who leaned over the barrier and reached for me. They got way too close for comfort.

Finally, we reached the end of the carpet, but the room we entered was not what I’d expected.

I gasped at the opulence.

The low ceiling was covered in glittering chandeliers. Gold and silver glinted everywhere.

Small tables held food, and people stood around them. In the center of the space, betas and alphas from all the portals ground together on the dance floor.

The whole compound had been in a rush getting ready, and I’d left with Aran. I didn’t see my alphas but assumed they would be here soon.

The lighting was low. Surprisingly, it was a mood. Not stuffy like I had expected.

Aran wiggled his suit-clad shoulder against mine. His blue hair was slicked back, and the suit fit his body like a glove. He looked swanky.

As we walked forward into the room, people turned to stare at us. My nose tickled, and I fought the urge to sneeze. The smoky scent of betas overwhelmed me. I had never been around so many at once.

At the same time, the pungent pheromones of alphas wafted at me. Some had earthy scents, like dirt or rocks. Others smelled like fruits and candies.

I would estimate there were about six alphas, all from other portals.

Not a large number compared to the betas, but with each alpha having a strong presence and even stronger scent, it was overwhelming.

“What do I smell like?” I turned to Aran. Until now, I hadn’t really thought about my own scent.

Aran smiled and wiggled his eyebrows at me. “Like sugary cranberries when you’re happy and like cranberries on fire when you’re mad. It kind of burns.” He flashed his perfect white teeth as he laughed at me.

Whatever, I liked cranberries.

I leaned forward and tried to smell Aran. Maybe it was because there were so many people around, but I realized why I enjoyed hanging out with him.

He didn’t reek of smoke like most betas. He almost didn’t smell at all.

All of a sudden, a large man stepped between us. “This exquisite creature can’t be the new female alpha?” His scent reeked of sandalwood, and I coughed as it irritated my nose. He was definitely an alpha.

For some reason, all my instincts warned me to get away.

So I listened.

“Don’t f~g touch me or my friend.” I shoved him out of the way and grabbed Aran’s arm, pushing us through the dancing crowd and away from the creepy alpha.

As we shoved through the dancers, my a~s was groped by multiple men. I punched one in the kidney and slammed my stiletto down on the toe of another. But I couldn’t get them all.

Finally, we gasped with relief as we extracted ourselves from the crowd.

“I think I just got fingered in the a~s?” Aran whispered in horror, and I choked on an inappropriate laugh.

It wasn't funny. But that didn't stop the chuckling from bursting through me.

“Oh, you little hussy.” Aran reached for my a~s with his finger pointed, and I screamed like a lunatic, jumping away from him.

A server stopped in front of us with her eyebrows raised and two drinks in her hands.

“Oh, we're just friends. No worries.” I laughed and took the drinks from her hands. She backed away with big eyes like we were crazy.

I handed Aran a flute, and we both immediately tossed the contents down our throats. We needed the liquid f~~~~g courage.

I had drunk alcohol before but nothing so thick and bright-colored.

Immediately, stars sparkled in my vision and the world spun deliciously. They had broken out the special alcohol for this event. Nothing I had ever drunk had made me feel like this.

“Oh my moon goddess, this is it. We needed this.” I giggled as Aran flung his arms around me dramatically.

“Oooh, sweet cranberries.” He laughed and twirled one of his long fingers around my hair.

I leaned closer to him and practiced my hugging. Not to brag, but I was getting really good at it. Pressed against him, for the first time, I smelled his scent.

It made me realize again that I had never noticed Aran's scent before, which was weird because usually betas reeked.

“Wowza, you smell like cold death.” I giggled as it burned my nose. Holy moly, he smelled dangerous. My beast would love it.

His scent reminded me a little of Cobra's frosty scent but it was different. It had more bite.

“Oh, honey, you have no idea.” The noise that erupted from his chest sounded suspiciously like a giggle.

Then we proceeded to grab more drinks from the same servant and throw back the contents. I didn't know how long we stayed huddled and giggling around a table, but it was long enough for the lights to get even dimmer.

Suddenly, the sweet, lyrical music transformed into something dark and heavy. The bass shook through the room, and my body vibrated with its force.

"Holy shifter moly," I said. Bodies had been pressed together on the dance floor. But now they writhed. Bumped. Ground.

"P~~~s!" Aran pointed to the dance floor, and we both looked to see a n~~~d male with his d~~k out while he openly fingered the girl grinding against him.

"He's not even using it?" I giggled and pretended my finger was a p~~~s flopping about like the guy's.

Weirdly, the same servant from before made eye contact with us from across the room and quickly turned around. She was avoiding us. Rude.

When she brought the last drink, I only told her she would probably be really good at stabbing people because it was true. You could see it in her eyes. She was violent.

Whatever, we took drinks from another servant.

Also, we started a game: we screamed every time we saw an exposed p~~~s on the dance floor. Excitingly—and also upsettingly, depending on your perspective—we saw a lot of them.

So many that I was definitely no longer a v~~~~n.

It was liberating.

Suddenly, my fizzy brain felt a little less fizzy. Ascher's onyx horns gleamed, and his colorful tattoos flashed. His gold hair was slicked back.

He looked stunning in his dark suit.

I wasn't the only one who thought so. Three busty women ground against him. Somehow, he managed to move with all of them in rhythm to the music.

He was taller and stronger than all the men around him, and even from afar, my knees trembled at the way his powerful h~~s thrust forward.

“Don’t worry about him.” Aran punched my arm and rolled his eyes, and I tried to smile back. It was hard.

I couldn’t help myself and looked around the crowd. If Asher was here, that meant...

Jax and Cobra danced behind him. Jax’s large hand was wrapped around Cobra’s neck. Cobra’s back was pressed against Jax’s front. And they ground against each other.

Jax whispered in Cobra’s ear, and a smile split his gorgeous face. They were breathtaking together. A couple of girls pressed against the two men, but they didn’t look away from each other.

Still, the b~~~~s’ hands traveled across their muscles. They touched them.

Breathing heavily, I grabbed someone’s half-empty glass off the nearest table and downed the contents.

A small eruption of stars fried my brain, and I forgot what had made me anxious.

“Who is that?” Aran asked, and I turned to see who he was talking about.

“Hey, Sadie.” A tall blonde beta who looked kind of familiar slowly walked toward me.

“Oooh, he is sauntering,” Aran commented helpfully, and I nodded in agreement.

The guy really was killing the whole slow-motion approach. His short hair billowed in a phantom breeze.

“Oh my moon goddess, it’s Mika, my massager.” I squealed and ran to him like we were long-lost lovers. I had seen it in a bootleg human movie played at the tavern once, and I’d always wanted to try it.

Mika’s arms wrapped around me, and his chest rumbled with laughter. He was warm, and I melted against him.

My brain was like sparkly fizz, but a part of me still wished he was a little bigger.

Okay, about two hundred pounds of muscles bigger, and a foot taller. Also, I wanted him to have dark skin and gold chains in long braids. Yep, I wanted Jax.

I wouldn't even mind if he was covered in tattoos or had diamonds embedded in his skin and snake eyes.

Mika said something to me, but I didn't hear a word. I was too busy wishing he were more shiny or more sparkly.

Mentally, I slapped myself. He was cute, and his beta scent wasn't too strong. It didn't overwhelm me.

My brain fizzed, and I giggled uncontrollably. Plus, he was my first k~s. We were probably destined lovers.

He pressed me closer against him, and his hand slowly traveled down my back. I closed my eyes and tried to get lost in the sensation.

Weirdly, even with my brain fizzy and the world sparkling, he didn't make my core spasm like my alphas did. And Mika was literally touching my b~t.

It must be broken.

I squinted my eyes closed and tilted my head back as I tried to concentrate on the sensation. Mika pressed his warm mouth against my l~s, and I fought the u~e to make a face and push him away.

Nothing was tingling.

Still, I wasn't a quitter, so I tried to enjoy it.

Nope, I pulled my head back and stepped away from Mika.

I opened my eyes, expecting to find the pretty beta looking at me.

Instead, I watched Jax slam his fist into Mika's face like he was a spider fae and we had to k~l him or we would be totally dead.