

Psycho Shifters Chapter 4

SADIE

FIGHT CLUB

I walked forward through the massive gym, following behind the three alphas.

As I got closer, the soldiers turned and stared at me. They wore matching green outfits, and each person was large and intimidating.

I sniffed the air. Each soldier emitted a soft, smoky scent.

They smelled like D~k; they were betas.

I stood out in my too-small hoodie that had holes and my tattered p~~s.

I also stood out because I was short and puny. Dried blood from the bar fight still coated my face, and my hair was a mess.

Every beta in the gym appeared to be at least six feet tall—both women and men.

Betas weren't immortal like alphas and omegas, but they still lived for two hundred years or longer.

These betas could be ten times my age or older.

A couple openly sneered as they looked down at me with disgust.

The numb was flowing through my veins, so I wasn't embarrassed by the stares and scowls that greeted me.

Thirty shifters, eighteen men, twelve women.

I stared at them, knowing my blood-red eyes would make them uncomfortable.

D~k had always freaked out when I'd glared at him.

Like I'd predicted, a man with a bushy beard pulled his upper l~p back with disgust as I met his gaze.

Staring down thirty beta shifters, all taller and stronger than me, I cataloged the two escape exits, and forty-foot ceiling.

There was nowhere to hide, just a cavernous room covered in bloody mats.

Use the element of surprise.

Straightening up, I widened my stance and bent my knees.

Cracking my neck back and forth, I let a small smile curl the edges of my mouth.

“Who the f~k is the little girl?” the large beta with the bushy brown beard said loudly from across the room. His words echoed.

I slowly backed away.

“Stay where you are, Sadie.” Jax’s head whipped around, and he stared at me with his gray eyes.

The only thing that stopped me from snapping back, or running away, was the fact that his voice wasn’t angry.

Strong alpha. Obey.

My subconscious acquiesced to Jax, and I obeyed mostly because I was shocked.

I didn’t bow to anyone, ever, especially not when numb.

Cobra stood at Jax’s side, his glare becoming even more hostile, and Ascher smirked.

It was clear they thought I was a little b~~h for heeding to Jax.

I rolled my eyes at their antics.

They might be beasts, but I had known only monsters all my life. Their attempts at intimidation did nothing to me.

“What did you say?” Jax’s attention was fully on the beta who had called me a little girl. His gray eyes were cold and harsh, like the frigid realm outside.

“We were confused. Who’s the new girl?” The beta’s voice was respectful and subdued. He was a good actor.

“We have a new alpha to train,” Jax said calmly.

Instantly, the room erupted into whispers, and all the betas stared at me, some with expressions of awe, most in horror and disgust.

K~~I them quickly, before they attack.

I tried to tune out the homicidal numb and focus on the betas in front of me.

I had to fight with them, not against them, in the war against the fae queen.

This was my new servitude.

“Apologies, sir, we had no idea.” The bearded man lowered his head and exposed his neck in a sign of subservience.

There was a long pause, then Jax nodded.

The betas let out audible sighs of relief that their alpha had accepted the apology.

Ascher whipped his head around to grin at me. It wasn’t a nice expression. “Let’s see what our new alpha can do.”

Ascher gestured to me mockingly.

His flame tattoos covered his neck and hands, and I tried not to notice how pretty his gold hair was. It practically gleamed under the skylights.

Cracking my neck back and forth, I grinned back at him.

I showed all my teeth.

Ascher sashayed forward until I could smell the thick pine scent of his alpha dominance. It filled my nose with notes of balsam and cedar.

It took all my willpower not to move forward and breathe it in.

Instead, I leaned my head back to look at him.

Ascher towered over me, and my neck hurt as I leaned further back to meet his amber eyes.

With me standing so close to him, my small stature seemed like a cosmic joke.

He was a monster of a man, and I was the size of a child. Yet, somehow, we were both alphas.

“Excited to fight?” Ascher flashed a row of brilliant white teeth behind his overly lush mouth. His horns were large and menacing.

His perfect teeth should have made him look more polished and less scary. But life wasn’t fair. Somehow, coupled with his sharp jawline, they added to his menace.

“Can’t wait.” I grinned back at him and scrunched my nose up patronizingly.

Break off his horn and use it as a weapon.

I let him see the crazy in my eyes.

He wanted to scare me, but the numb was coursing through my veins in a rush of cold adrenaline.

All he did was challenge it.

He should be afraid.

Jax walked over and glared at Ascher. They shared some type of silent communication, and Ascher backed away from me with one last glare.

The heady scent of pine drifted away, and I fought the urge to follow the intoxicating scent.

Jax walked over, and I noted that my eyes barely came to his chest. “We’ll see how you do with hand-to-hand combat. It is the starting point of all training.”

He turned and addressed the room.

As he spun, his alpha scent of warm chestnuts made my mouth water. “Today, we will do King of the Hill. Everyone will participate in twenty-minute

one-on-one battles. Whoever gets in the most hits at the end of the time moves up to the next partner. If you lose, you stay where you are and don't advance. The new alpha training begins now. As always, we protect this realm. We are the harbingers of fae death."

I stopped drooling over Jax.

Prepare to fight.

The numb was ready.

Jax raised his fist into the air and gave a roar.

Every person in the gym lifted their fists and bellowed in response.

I tried to not let the shock show on my face.

The most fighting experience I had was breaking up a couple of drunk bar fights or getting away from larger shifters who tried to grope me.

In one day, I went from playing tortured servant to playing war soldier.

We will k~~l them all.

The numb didn't care. It was all the same: endless violence.

Following the betas, I stood in a line on the blue mat, across from a heavily muscled man. He sneered at me, and I took a centering breath.

It was time to fight.

Hours later, I rocked back and forth on the balls of my feet as vomit dribbled out of my mouth.

My knuckles were smashed and swollen, and I dragged my bloody hand across my mouth to clear the bile.

Sweat stuck to every inch of my skin, but I kept my sweatshirt on. Regular shirts didn't cover all my scars. I preferred sweatshirts.

The beta fighting against me now spit blood out the side of his mouth, and I smiled with pride.

I'd lost track of how many men and women I'd fought. It seemed endless.

My sparring partner was a foot taller, muscular, and a couple of years older. He towered above me, and even though we were tied for hits, it wasn't an even match.

His face was perfectly intact, except for a small amount of blood dribbling down the side of his mouth.

In contrast, my nose had been smashed so many times that it no longer filtered air.

Dried blood crusted on every inch of my face, which was starting to itch unbearably.

I'd held my own, but it had been a massacre.

There was only so much I could do with no muscles or training.

The bloodthirsty numb kept me in fights, but in the process, I was getting the complete shit beat out of me.

Good thing the numb didn't give a single shit. So neither did I.

Sink left, dodge right, step back, and snap your foot against his shin. Slam the side of your hand into his neck. Jump back.

I followed the numb's instructions.

Unfortunately, a fist hammered into my sternum because I was too slow to jump back.

Gasping, I hunched over at the w~~~t and tried to ignore the way my lung pinched as I inhaled air through my gaping mouth.

Stand up straight. Lock your knees so you don't collapse.

Straightening up to my unimpressive height, I willed myself not to fall over.

The numb kept most of my agony at bay, but the physical toll was starting to wear me down.

Before my opponent could absolutely obliterate me, the bell rang, signaling the end of the training.

We had been at it for hours.

If I weren't numb, relief would have coursed through me and I probably would have collapsed to the ground, crying.

I didn't shed a single tear.

The numb felt nothing except a small sliver of disappointment that I hadn't gotten to draw more blood.

"We tied." The beta I had been sparring with stared at me like I was some type of creature he had never seen before.

I nodded back at him and wiped away the blood pouring from my nose. It coated the blue mat, puddling beneath my feet.

Betas turned to stare at me with shock, which was weird because I hadn't fought nearly as well as the other three alphas.

All three had beaten their partners and quickly advanced to the top of the sparring line.

Most of the time, Jax and Cobra had battled for the first position. When one of them lost, Ascher would advance and then lose.

Jax had fought like a man possessed, heavy muscles bunching and contracting as he'd delivered punishing blow after punishing blow. He was large, but his feet were fast.

Meanwhile, Cobra had danced like the wind, peppering punches and kicks faster than the eye could follow and dancing out of harm's way.

Ascher had held his own and was a mix of might and dramatic moves. The numb had noted that he was trained in Muay Thai.

The tattooed man was large and talented, but he wasn't strong enough to beat Jax's power or fast enough to stop Cobra.

The rest of the betas had been impressive, but much less skilled than the alphas.

Meanwhile, I'd won as many matches as I'd lost and was smack dab in the middle of the group, so I'd never gotten to fight the other alphas.

Number fifteen. Unacceptable.

Around me, betas collapsed to the mats in exhaustion, some vomiting, while others chugged water.

I stood where I was, afraid my body would give out if I tried to move.

"Who trained you?" Jax walked toward me with purpose. Ascher and Cobra followed him.

The three alphas moved like a pack of snow lions hunting in the mountains, synchronous and terrifying.

"No one." I picked dried blood off my face.

I'd taken a punch to the throat, so my already mangled voice was even harsher than usual.

Unsurprisingly, it had been from the man with the bushy beard.

I turned my head to find him across the room, and he was staring me down. He looked like he still felt the pain from when I'd scissor kicked him in the balls.

I gave him a knowing smile.

The beta was going to be a problem. His hatred for me ran deep, and I wasn't sure why.

K~~I him.

"Bullshit. You've clearly been trained. Who taught you?" Ascher invaded my space as he accused me.

His alpha scent of heady pine reminded me of the woods. It made me want to run away into the forest and disappear.

I snapped my head back and stepped away from the three alphas who were crowding my space.

Up close, towering over me, they seemed more like gods than men.

“No one,” I repeated calmly.

My calm demeanor pissed Ascher off, and his amber eyes lit with anger.

Jax and Cobra said nothing. They just studied me with narrow eyes, like I was some type of creature they had never seen before.

In fact, everyone in the room was studying me.

I could see the questions in their gazes and the little bits of fear.

They were confused about how I was still standing.

Small and frail, I'd managed to take at least one hundred blows and give just as many without collapsing.

My body was broken and covered in blood, yet I was still standing. In contrast, many of the betas were incapacitated by much weaker injuries.

Hold their gazes. Let them see your dominance. You could kill them all.

The numb had accomplished its goal.

No one viewed me as a weak little girl anymore.

I was covered in blood and broken all over, but for every pounding I'd received, I had hit back harder. Now they knew not to underestimate me.

It was a start.

Jax turned to address the betas, many of whom were now looking at me warily. Probably because I was covered in blood and had matching blood-red eyes.

“You have three hours to bathe and eat before strategy classes. We will meet in the black room for class tonight. We are the harbingers of fae death. Death to the queen.” Jax pumped his fist into the air.

“Harbingers of fae death. Death to the queen.” Everyone in the room raised their fists, mimicking him.

I didn't move.

I turned to leave, but a massive body blocked my way. Jax leaned down so I could see his face without breaking my neck.

The mouthwatering scent of warm chestnuts wafted off him and stroked my senses. He really smelled delicious.

"There is a private bathing room on your wing. Use the pink salts. They help heal bones. And then you will join us in the dining hall, little alpha." Jax's voice was silky and his gray eyes warm.

Nodding, I forced myself to back away from him and the wonderful chestnut scent.

Disturbingly, I wanted to get lost in his gaze.

He was dangerous.

Men are monsters.

I wasn't a little girl anymore, and the scars that mutilated my body were a permanent reminder of who I was and who the true enemy was.

I wasn't about to get close to Jax, no matter how beautiful or kind he seemed, because no man was ever going to save me.

No one could save me but myself.

Jax stood with his hands fisted at his sides.

He looked like he was torn between wanting to offer me help and wanting to interrogate me.

He reached a massive hand forward but then turned on his heels and stomped away, and the hundreds of gold jewels in his hair jingled as he left.

Back straight. Flex your core.

Alone in the big gym, I rolled my shoulders back, sucked in air through my burning lungs, and began to limp slowly on a broken foot.

If I weren't numb, I would have collapsed.

Zed stood in the hall, waiting for me. He prattled on about rooms and a healing tub, and I barely listened as I focused all my energy on shuffling behind him.

He didn't notice my pain as he happily pointed out rooms and the alpha dining hall.

Apparently, the alphas ate and lived separated from the betas. Since I hadn't transformed yet, I got my own wing with a room, and there was a bathroom down the hall.

Zed motioned to my room and ran off to do work.

Arms plastered against the wall for support, I just barely managed to make it down the long mahogany hallways without passing out.

Unsurprisingly, no man appeared to coddle my wounds and carry me to safety.

Good thing at ten years old I'd stop believing a prince was going to come save me.

I had to save myself. That was how life worked.

Finally, collapsing onto the bed, I m~~~~d like a dying animal.

My stomach plummeted because I still had to limp down to the bathroom.

Without the numb, I would have succumbed to exhaustion and passed out—thank the gods I was a homicidal maniac and still numb.

Finally, after what felt like forever, I dragged my limp body through the door labeled "bathroom." A massive tub was sunken into the floor, and a bucket marked "healing salts" sat beside it.

I dumped the entire thing into the warm bubbles and pulled my bloody clothes off my sweaty skin.

Spreading my arms wide, I face-planted into the hot water.

For a long moment, I considered drowning myself in the frothy pool. Life had been cruel living with D~~k, but this didn't seem any better.

I must have pissed off some god in the past, because I was clearly a magnet for pain.

Even numb, a part of me wanted to cry at the injustice of it all.

Instead, I relaxed into the warmth and ignored my problems.