

## Psycho Shifters Chapter 15 - Tips

SADIE

CONSTANT CONFUSION

Warmth enveloped me, and I snuggled deeper into my blankets. In my twenty years, I had never felt such delicious heat. It was like the howling winds outside didn't exist.

I cuddled deeper into the sublime warmth and yawned loudly.

When I opened my eyes, all contentment drained from my body.

Cold emerald eyes stared down at me. His chiseled bicep supported his perfect head, and he'd spread out beside me in my bed.

Part of me wanted to kick him in the groin, just to see if I could shake the cold expression off his face. The other part of me wanted to close my eyes and pretend I hadn't seen him, so I could keep snuggling against him.

Cobra was surprisingly warm for someone who smelled like frosty snow. His massive body sprawled beside me and my face started to heat with embarrassment.

Looking away, I debated throwing myself out of the bed in horror.

Mentally, I scolded myself. Yesterday, I'd acted like a ninny when he'd caught me falling off my horse. Today I was going to play it cool.

What would numb Sadie do?

"Why are you in my bed?" I closed my eyes like I was completely unaffected by his presence. Instead of rolling off the bed and scrambling across the floor, I cuddled closer against his warm body.

Cobra grunted but said nothing. I was hyperaware of his arm wrapped around my stomach and of the hardness that pressed against my leg.

The queasiness came back. Would it be dramatic to call for a doctor?

Awkward silence stretched.

Why hadn't he answered me? Like usual, Cobra said nothing and probably didn't feel a damn thing while I suffered from a panic attack.

If he moved his fingers and they accidentally went underneath my sweatshirt, he would feel my scars. He would know just how weak I was, and he hated weakness above all else.

Plus, he was physically perfect, and my flesh was mutilated horribly. A small part of me wanted him to be interested in me as a woman.

He wouldn't be if he saw my scars.

My panic grew until I was holding my breath and shaking.

Was he secretly in love with me? Was he afraid to say it? I made the mistake of glancing up at him.

Cobra's face was pinched with annoyance, like I disgusted him. I didn't know anything about love, but that was definitely not what was happening here.

Anger coursed through me. I hadn't invited him into my bed and he had the audacity to be angry at me?

"Excuse me, I'm not the one harassing a woman early in the morning." I huffed and pushed against his hard chest.

In my mind, he fell off the bed and was ashamed of his actions.

In reality, Cobra's abs were so hard that I pulled tendons in my fingers when I pushed at him. He didn't move an inch.

Instead, Cobra picked me up and shoved me off the bed like I weighed nothing.

Sprawled on the floor, I huffed with feminine outrage. I was getting damn tired of him dumping me on the ground.

The cold bastard climbed gracefully off my bed and stood over my body, his gorgeous face hard. I prayed to the moon goddess for strength because the blankets had covered the fact that he was shirtless.

Cobra's abdominal muscles rippled with power, and a trail of emeralds and diamonds swirled low, disappeared under his sweatpants, and outlined the deep V lines that cut across his h~~s.

For a second, I forgot to breathe. He was a work of art.

"You were having a nightmare. You're welcome." Cobra stared down at me with his signature frosty expression. The man might as well have been carved from marble.

My heart skipped a beat in my chest. Why would Cobra hold me in bed to help with a nightmare? He hated me.

I tried to act like I had some dignity as I stumbled to my feet. He wasn't the only alpha in the room.

Chest puffed up, I stood to my full height and glared up at him. I deserved respect. Before I could karate chop him and assert my prowess, he leaned forward until his sinful l~~s were close to my ear.

Frost burned my nose as he overwhelmed me with his presence. "You'd know if I was harassing you." His voice was like silk in my ear, and once again, my core spasmed.

All prowess melted from my body, and the queasiness returned with a vengeance. The room was too warm, and my skin prickled all over.

Smirking, Cobra sauntered away from me without a backward glance.

"Well, you'd know if I was harassing you!" I yelled his words back at him like a mature, intelligent woman.

"Who's harassing who?" Ascher blinked awake. His morning voice was deep and scratchy, and my queasiness got worse.

"Ascher, stop harassing Sadie." Jax threw his pillow across the room and hit Ascher in the face. "You need to work on personal control."

A manic chuckle bubbled up my throat as Ascher's face turned red, while Cobra smirked from his bed.

"Are you kidding me right now? Cobra was just straddling the princess on the floor and then whispered something about harassing her."

“Cobra?” Jax turned.

I fought the urge to slam my forehead against the brick wall and end it all. It was unfair that one person had to suffer this much.

“Actually, you misunderstood. I was asserting my dominance over Cobra, and I threatened him. So yeah.” I trailed off as all the alphas stared at me.

All three burst into laughter.

“Good one, Princess.” Ascher laughed like it was the funniest thing he had ever heard.

“You almost had me there for a moment, little alpha.” Jax chuckled as he got out of bed and started getting ready.

Cobra didn’t even bother to defend himself, just smirked at me like I was pathetic.

A low growl burst through my chest and vibrated around the room.

“Oooh, the princess has bark,” Ascher joked as he got ready for the day by pulling down his pants and exposing his tattooed dick.

I covered my eyes with my hands. Seeing a massive colorful dick before sunrise was cruel and unusual punishment. Realistically, dicks were not cute. Did the man have no shame?

“Little kitten has claws.” Jax patted my head as he walked past, pulling a T-shirt over his mountains of muscles. At least he had the wherewithal to keep his underwear on.

Although, the studs from his jewelry bulged against the white cloth. Suddenly, I found myself picturing Jax’s giant dick and its intricate piercings.

I sighed heavily with the exhaustion only a short woman who turned into a thousand-pound saber-toothed tiger, that was stuck living with massive alphas, could muster.

The day only got worse from there.

A few hours later, I wanted to fucking end it all.

Cobra was in charge of training, and I wished for the billionth time that it was Jax's day. Cobra had announced, "We're running until I say stop."

He should have just said, "F~~k you."

At twenty years old, I discovered a very important fact about myself: I was not built for running.

What saber-toothed tiger alpha shifter couldn't run?

Me.

We ran as a group along the track that covered the perimeter of the massive gym. "Please, sun god, make it stop," I whispered to Aran, who was grinning beside me.

I didn't even believe in the sun god and I was praying to him. That was how bad it was. My leg cramped, my arm cramped, my foot cramped, even my b~~b cramped. Everything hurt.

"You should really take that sweatshirt off," Aran said for the twentieth time.

Annoyance sparked through me. I would love nothing more than to not have to run in the heavy sweatshirt. The hideous scars covering my body meant the sweatshirt stayed on.

"I can't, so stop saying it." Everything hurt so badly that I didn't even care about being rude.

"Fine, fine. It's really not bad. Just try to relax." Aran chuckled casually.

I punched Aran in the throat. For his own sake. He had lost his mind and was spewing bullshit.

Aran gagged, but kept laughing as he ran. I was going to k~~l him.

I started to reach for the numb. At the last minute, I stopped myself.

It was my strongest weapon, so I couldn't waste it on training exercises when at any moment I might need it for battle against the fae. I had used it after the alphas fucked, and I was trying to be more responsible.

Which meant I was dying from cruel and unusual punishment.

My feet burned as I tried to place one foot in front of the other to keep running forward. It was f~~~~g bullshit.

The little shadow snake zinged across my spine and offered me encouragement. The snake spent most of the time on my lower back, slithering in circles and giving off positive vibes.

I was appreciative of its help, but right now I was one stomach cramp away from saying “f~~k all” and activating the numb.

Dying in battle would be less painful than this shit.

“Fifty more laps,” Cobra alpha-barked as he easily jogged at the front of the group.

I fantasized about breaking off one of my wooden bed legs and shoving it up his a~s as he slept. It would be less painful than this shit.

Air filtered through my lungs roughly. I wondered if I should fall to the ground and pretend to pass out. At least then I would get to stop moving.

It didn’t even make sense. Why the hell did I have to practice running as a person when I would fight the fae as a beast? I had asked Cobra at the beginning of the run, and he had calmly responded, “Builds character.”

I wanted to tell him he could shove my character up his a~s and I would have if I weren’t terrified of the gorgeous alpha. I wasn’t 100 percent sure that he wouldn’t shove something up my a~s in retaliation, so I suffered in silence.

I hoped the fae invaded right this very moment. Although, even with the numb, I would be completely useless. My body was spent.

“I used to go for long runs every day for pleasure.” Aran had a big smile on his face as he jogged easily beside me and tried to make conversation.

Where had he run for fun? The entire shifter realm was freezing.

“I used to walk”—gasp—“five minutes to school”—gasp—“and back to the bar every day.” I struggled to inflate my collapsed lungs. “Never had anywhere else to go.”

Because I’d been a lowly servant, D~~k had made it clear that if I tried to escape, I wouldn’t survive the brutally cold shifter realm. I had always thought

he was full of shit. He was. But, since I was now being tortured at a training facility for war, he hadn't been completely wrong.

We ran in the very back of the group. I had a feeling Aran would be running at the front if it weren't for me.

If it weren't for him, I would have keeled over and given up thirty laps ago.

John, the red-haired beta, had started the death march running beside us. He was nice, and I appreciated his easygoing nature, but Aran had insulted him until he'd gotten the hint and jogged ahead with everyone else.

I would have been mad at Aran, but I was too busy trying to stay alive.

"Just try to focus on relaxing your arms and driving with your legs." Aran demonstrated by shaking his arms loose.

I tried to follow his advice, but my chicken legs burned and my neck started to cramp from holding my arms at weird angles.

Maybe I did need to lift heavier in the gym. I was pathetic.

We were a few steps away from the end of the group, and I forced myself to keep pace. Far ahead, at the very front, Ascher, Jax, and Cobra ran without breaking a sweat.

It was unnatural. Such large, muscular men should not be able to run so fast. It was also highly annoying.

Of course, Ascher ran beside two blonde betas who touched his arms and giggled. They were much taller than I was and built with lean muscles and large curves. They fawned over him, and he grinned down at them, eating it up.

He was so irritating.

I didn't focus on Ascher long because every cell in my body was screaming in agony and trying to mutiny against the captain. I was the captain.

Things were not well.

Next to Ascher, Cobra and Jax jogged comfortably beside each other. A few beta men and women had tried to talk to them but quickly given up because Cobra scared them away.

Jax was talking a lot, and Cobra didn't say anything; however, every once in a while, Cobra's l~s curled up in a small smile.

Anyone could see they were perfect for each other, two sides of the same coin. Both loyal and protective, yet one was calm and kind, while the other was psychotic and evil.

Opposites really did attract.

"So, do you have a date for the Ianuarius celebration? It's always a super big deal in the shifter realm. Everyone raves about it." Aran grinned like he was looking forward to it.

"No, do you?" I gasped quickly because talking was slowly destroying my will to live.

"Nah."

There was a long pause as I suffered a mini heart attack from physical exertion and Aran pranced easily beside me.

"So, um." I gasped and pursed my l~s, wondering if we were both thinking the same thing or if I was being presumptuous. I tripped over my tired feet, and Aran's quick hands were the only things that kept me upright.

"Wanna be my date?" Aran asked, as he caught me from falling.

I chuckled at his overeagerness and nodded in agreement. Here I'd thought he'd felt uncomfortable and was nervous to ask me.

Clearly, the beta was not intimidated by me at all. I really needed to work on re-cultivating my reputation.

Not one person had whispered "saber-toothed b~~h" today. At this rate, no one would respect me.

After what felt like an eternity in hell, we stopped running. Although, stopped was a generous term. In reality, my legs collapsed beneath me and I face-planted with relief onto a gym mat.



Limbs splayed, I saw the light of the moon goddess and wondered if she had come to deliver my soul from this awful experience.

Aran laughed and dragged me into a seated position.

The light went away, and I realized I had been lying directly under a skylight. I was still stuck in the shifter realm. The goddess hated me.

Aran said something about getting water and jogged away.

Before I could yell after Aran and tell him to just leave me here to die, two betas sneered, and it took me an embarrassingly long time to recognize they were talking to me.

My blood had been rushing in my ears during the run, and I'd gotten a wind tunnel sensation.

Now that my heart wasn't exploding out of my chest, my hearing was coming back.

Still, I was so delirious that it was hard to process what they were saying. Truthfully, I didn't really give a shit, but they were super animated, so I tried to act like I was engaged and not floating away on a high of sweaty pain.

"Have you ever run before? That was embarrassing," a female snickered above me.

I blinked open my tired eyes. It was one of the blonde betas who had been hanging all over Ascher. Glad she was feeling energized after the run.

Not relatable.

"Not really." My already broken voice was even raspier because my lungs burned. I tried to concentrate on her pretty face, which blurred in and out of focus.

"How do you expect to lead anyone in battle?" another blonde asked beside her. Great, the girl was identical. I was seeing double.

"Um, because I'm a massive saber-toothed tiger?" My stomach cramped with impossible pain. F~~k, I had pushed my body too far, and now my organs were rebelling.

“The other alphas all think you’re dead weight.”

“Probably am.” I laid down on the mat to die, on my back with my arms sprawled. The realm spun beneath me.

“Sara and Sora, I see you’re still desperate for alpha attention,” Aran said from somewhere above me.

My eyes were closed because I was trying not to die from pain, so I couldn’t see where he was. Relief spread through me at his words. There were two of them. I hadn’t completely lost my mind.

“Why did you wear a sweatshirt?” Jax asked. I squinted my eyes open and saw his large body kneeling next to me.

“I was cold.” Sweat poured down my face.

Jax made a “you’re full of shit” face, and I pretended to pass out to throw him off my trail.

Just kidding, I wasn’t pretending. I was five seconds away from passing out. There was no way my organs could hurt this badly and still function.

“She’s dumb,” Cobra said to Jax, giving his classic sneer of disgust.

“What were you saying to her?” Ascher asked the twins.

“We were just making sure she was all right,” one of them said.

What a sweet woman—not.

“She’ll be fine,” Ascher said dismissively. I opened my eyes to find him wrapping his arms around the twins and walking away.

Jax pronounced that I would live and walked away with Cobra to shower.

“Why didn’t you call out the twins for talking shit about you?” Aran asked curiously. He helped me to my feet and, like a true friend, didn’t comment on the vomit that dribbled out of my mouth.

“I have bigger problems,” I said honestly as I struggled to remember how to walk.

"You really do."