

## Psycho Shifters Chapter 27

SADIE

S~X & BETRAYAL

“Ten out of ten, good form!” I giggled, and sparkles appeared around Jax’s handsome face as I looked up at him.

Mika m~~~~d on the floor, and I grimaced. Poor guy hadn’t done anything wrong.

“Love the punch, Jax, but he’s a friend. He didn’t do anything,” I said.

Suddenly, Cobra slammed his foot into Mika’s side and kicked him viciously. “He touched our property.”

Even tingly, I knew that was wrong. “I’ll show you property.”

I kicked Cobra in the nuts. Hard. However, I lost balance because the tailor ladies hated me and wanted me to suffer. My stiletto wobbled, and I wobbled with it.

Ascher appeared and grabbed me before I hit the deck. I’d never noticed he had “SPL” tattooed on his knuckles.

“Special. Pooping. Lid?” I guessed aloud.

“What the f~~k, Princess?”

Guess I was wrong.

“This is an elite party. You cannot punch patrons!” A stuffy lady in a hideous feather dress scolded Jax. Servants surrounded Mika and carried him away. To be fair, everyone on the dance floor was still grinding. D~~~s were still exposed and twirling around. She was being dramatic.

A growl rattled through Jax’s chest, and I giggled at the sound.

“Why are you dressed like this?” Ascher asked and glared down at me, his horns straightening and elongating.

“You need to change now,” Cobra ordered me.

I flipped him off.

“You like it?” I asked Jax and spun in a wobbly circle, showing off my tight dress and makeup. For the first time in my life, I felt girly and pretty. It was nice.

“Little alpha, you’re killing me. I’m going to get fresh air,” Jax said as he ran his hands over his face and stomped away.

“I’ll come!” I hurried after him. I loved air. And I didn’t want the big guy to be alone. I didn’t like seeing him like this.

He deserved to be happy.

Cobra’s hand latched around my wrist and stopped me from following Jax.

“Ascher, go after him. Make sure he’s okay,” Cobra alpha-barked.

Ascher grumbled expletives but stomped away out the door. I didn’t understand why Cobra wouldn’t go after him. He was his man, after all, and I was jealous as f~~k.

Before I could point out that Cobra was being a bad boyfriend, he tugged me mercilessly across the room to a small alcove.

He threw open a door and shoved me inside.

We stood chest to chest in darkness. Well, chest to belly. Even with my heels, he was half a head taller than me.

I grumbled and flailed my legs around, but I had nowhere to go. We were definitely in some old linen closet.

“How ya doin’?” My brain was still a little fizzy, and it was kind of funny that we were in the dark. He was being soooo dramatic.

“Let me make this clear: you will not f~~k with Jax’s emotions. You will not touch another man. You will not dress like this in public ever again,” Cobra said, his voice a frosty whip.

From the bite in his voice, it was clear he needed to try the fizzy drink. He had so much rage. It was unhealthy.

A wicked thought sparked in my brain. If I went down on my knees and took him in my mouth, that would probably make him less angry.

His pupils flickered between round and slit as he looked down at me in the darkness. The little jewels in his skin glowed like they were lit from within.

This time, I swore on my life, they were moving.

“First, I’ll dress n~~~d if I want to. Second, soooo I can’t touch you?” I slid my hand along his chest and slowly trailed it down over his abs. His button-down shirt was already unbuttoned.

He smelled like warm chestnuts and frost. It was mouthwatering.

“No, you can’t f~~~~g touch me.” He grabbed both my wrists.

With one hand, he pinned both my arms behind my back, against the cold wall.

I shivered, and my knees shook.

My legs spread wide, and I shuddered as he shoved his t~~~h against my core. Shamelessly, I ground against it.

My stomach pinched, and frost nipped at me. An avalanche of snow smothered me.

I f~~~~g loved snow.

His hard h~~s bucked against mine, and he pressed me deliciously into the wall.

My skirt rode up, and the warm air tickled my swollen p~~~y.

The dress had been too tight for me to wear panties. That was what the other side of the smiley-face note from the tailors said.

I loved those women.

Cobra ran his large hand slowly over my dress and down my body. Even though I was covered, my body burned in the wake of his touch.

A part of me thought he was fudging. That he would stop and dump me onto the ground like he usually did, with his classic sneer and mean laugh.

His hand gripped my t~h tightly, and I m~d. The sound was rough and scratchy, too loud in the small room.

“Say my name,” he whispered in my ear, and my core spasmed.

“Cobra.”

He growled and bucked his h~s against me. His hand left my t~h and grabbed my w~t. It was so large that his fingers spanned across my entire back.

Those f~g fingers squeezed, and he ground against me so hard that my legs gave out and his h~s pinning me to the wall were the only things keeping me upright.

“Why can you touch me but I can’t touch you? Not fair.” I pouted, but then m~d as he ground forward and another streak of pleasure shot through me.

He whispered in a deliciously sinful voice, “Because, kitten, your p~y is mine.”

The heel of his hand rubbed against my mound, and I arched as pleasure sparked through me. It was so hot and intense that I felt myself falling away.

I was lost in the maelstrom of pleasure.

“Is it not?” His silky voice wrapped around me like a vise.

Ecstasy built, and it took over my brain.

“Mm-hmmmm,” I m~d breathlessly, unaware of what I was even agreeing with.

Abruptly, he dropped to his knees and pushed me up against the wall.

As he held my a~s up with his hands, my entire body was off the floor. He licked me, a~s to c~~t.

Stars. Everything sparkled with pleasure as I fisted his silky hair in my hands. I wrapped my legs around his shoulders, and I shoved him harder against me.

That f~~~~g mouth that sneered at me most of the time.

Now it destroyed me. Consumed me.

Owned me.

He shifted so he held up my a~s with only one hand.

He took his other hand and pushed his large finger into my mouth.

“S~~k,” he growled.

My core spasmed, and I sucked on his large, calloused finger and stared down at his glowing eyes.

Then he took the finger and dragged it around my sensitive a~~~~e. After teasing it forever, he ever so slowly pushed his w~t finger inside my a~s. The fullness combined with the pressure of his mouth on my c~~t threw me over the edge.

Everything inside me tightened and then broke in a wave of blissful pulsing. I screamed and threw my head back as everything shuddered around me.

Cobra kept eating me out.

“It’s enough, too much.” I m~~~~d as he worked my overstimulated c~~t.

Instead of stopping, Cobra kept slowly fingering me deeper as he buried his head between my legs.

My body quivered as pleasure built inside me.

He took his fingers out and spit on them, then slowly traced around my a~s as he licked my c~~t aggressively.

Then, instead of one finger, he slowly worked two fingers inside me.

I f~~~~g came again.

Shamelessly, I rode the high, grinding my p~~~y against Cobra's face.

When the stars stopped bursting behind my eyes, everywhere Cobra touched felt overstimulated.

He kept his fingers in my a~s and the sensation made me shiver uncontrollably.

The stubble on his chin raked across my inner t~~h, and I shuddered all over. Frost saturated the air around us.

It was like climbing a glacier.

Sadly, my moment of bliss ended way too soon.

Light attacked me as the door slammed against the wall.

The first thing I noticed: the heady scent of pine that went with frost so deliciously.

The second thing I noticed: Ascher was standing at the door and glaring down at me and Cobra.

Unfortunately, Cobra was on his knees, with his face still buried in my p~~~y.

Also, my dress was pushed up around my w~~~t, so everything downtown was on display. Cobra turned his head to look at Ascher.

Then, in a move that reminded me he was unhinged, he leaned forward and licked me c~~t to a~s. I couldn't hold back a m~~n.

His finger tormented my a~s, and he smirked up at Ascher. My pleasure dripped off his mouth.

Asher stared at for the longest moment, his amber eyes lit with fire.

I swallowed, as his hands slowly moved towards the bulge in his p~~~s.

At the same time, Cobra licked my p~~~y and ever so slowly dragged his fingers out of my a~s. I couldn't stop the m~~n that escaped my l~~s.

Then, in a blur of motion, Ascher went crazy.

He lunged at Cobra, and I scrambled to the side.

My alphas really needed to try the fizzy drink. They just were not relaxed enough for the party atmosphere. It was kind of a buzzkill.

Stumbling on freshly fucked legs, I pulled down my dress, patted my hair, and pranced out of the closet. Warmth tingled through me, and the world fizzed.

Yep, that really had just happened.

I was a bad b~~~h.

Unfortunately, Ascher was not as excited as I was about me getting eaten out for the first time.

He pummeled Cobra with his fists. The crazy bastard just laughed and punched him back.

I shook my head because alpha men were nuts. Not alpha women though. Nope, they were cool-as-a-cucumber, badass b~~~~s who got head in closets at parties like a boss.

The magic that had just occurred to my p~~~y had changed my life. Not even joking.

I ran along the outskirts of the party because I did not want to relive the groping scenario. When I went to the entrance, I scanned the room for Jax's head. He wasn't in there.

Why would Ascher leave him alone? With a sharp whoosh, the butterflies in my gut sizzled and died.

Worry cramped my stomach, and my instincts told me to hurry. I sprinted down the long red carpet and b~~~t out into the wintery cold.

The chilly air slapped the remaining fizziness out of my brain.

As I scanned the dark, abandoned cobblestone street, there was nothing to see but fresh powder snow.

"Jax?" I called out into the dark.

I hurried around the side of the building and gasped in horror. Jax was slumped face-first in the snow.

Just lying there.

Dropping to my knees, I listened to his breathing. He was still alive. However, there was a bloody mark on his neck.

He had been stabbed with some type of needle.

“What the f~k?” I shouted as I looked down the snowy street. “Who are you? Reveal yourself, coward!”

Meow.

A little white fluff ball pranced toward me through the snow.

My fluff ball that I had left at home. In my room. Warm. Cuddly. In my room, my brain repeated.

Not a town away in the middle of bum-f~k who knew where.

I rubbed my eyes and slapped myself in the face. Was I way drunker than I realized?

“Stay back!” I yelled at the little kitten that kept prancing toward us. My kitten or not, I wasn’t about to let anything hurt Jax.

Three things happened at once: the kitten transformed into a large, terrifying-looking man. Ascher walked around the corner, holding a limp Cobra over one shoulder and a limp Aran over the other. I took off my stiletto and threw it at my kitten-man as hard as I could, and it stabbed him in the gut.

“You brought them. Good work,” the man who was not a kitten said to Ascher.

The f~~~~g kitten now had long blonde hair that fell to his b~~t, and bright-purple eyes. His gold skin was similar to mine.

Of course, since my life sucked, he was almost as large as Jax but covered in leaner muscle like Cobra. It would be hard to take him down.

He also smelled delicious.



Spicy, sweet cinnamon oozed from his pores and wafted around my throat like a vise. My p~~~y clenched, and I trembled to l~~k him, claim him.

Holy f~~k. He's an omega.

Everything about his scent made my skin burn with desire, and I felt a new muscle in my v~~~~a clench as I inhaled his scent.

I shook my head to stop myself from throwing myself at him and l~~~~g his golden skin. Only an omega could cause such a strong reaction in an alpha.

I'd thought only women could be omegas? That was what we had learned in school. We'd also learned that only men could be alphas, so what did they know.

Grunting, a~s n~~~d, he pulled out the stiletto that I had buried in his eight-pack of abs. "Ascher, I told you to take care of her."

"It was complicated, Xerxes. We still completed the mission. Relax." Ascher's voice sounded different. Instead of being fiery, full of rage, he was calm.

Calculated.

Like a f~~~~g spy.

Bile rose up my throat at his betrayal.

The numb clicked on.

Transform.

I focused on tingling and transforming into my saber-toothed tiger, but nothing happened. F~~~~g Xerxes had a vial with blue flames hanging around his neck.

Stab him in the trachea with your heel. Throw him at Ascher. Stab Ascher through the temple.

Before either man could move, I snapped the stiletto off my other heel and threw my body at Xerxes.

Unfortunately, Xerxes ducked at the last moment, and my weapon speared his shoulder instead. He threw me off him, and I slammed against the wall of the building.

Instead of rushing me like I'd expected, he held the vial around his neck in one hand.

"Fae flame, fire, flicker, combust."

There was a loud popping noise, and the air sparkled with blue shimmers.

Out of nowhere, a tall, beautiful woman appeared. She had bright-blue eyes and midnight-black hair. Her dress resembled a gossamer spiderweb. It hung off her tall, willowy limbs and billowed in the cold wind.

Xerxes and Ascher both dropped to their knees. "Hail the Queen," they said in unison.

The fae queen stood in front of me.

Claw out her eyes.

I lunged forward, but blue flames shot from her fingertips and pain pricked all over my body like I was being stabbed with needles. It wasn't hot like fire; it was pain incarnate.

Everything inside me screamed with agony. I should have been writhing on the ground, screaming.

Fight it.

I was numb.

The physical pain drifted away into the deepest recesses of my mind. However, there was so much of it that my limbs were locked, immobile. I stood still. My neurons fired improperly, and my fingers twitched.

I couldn't move.

"Interesting. I have never seen a person defy my power like this. How cute." The queen walked around me like she was inspecting a shiny sword or a pretty dress. I was an object to her.

“Xerxes and Ascher, you will both be rewarded. Let us finish the job.”

Suddenly, the world spun and blue flames consumed everything.

The biting cold was replaced by a magnificent domed ceiling and shiny marble floor. We were in a massive ballroom, and it sparkled with opulence and wealth.

Outside, the world glimmered, with green hills and bright sun.

We were in the fae castle.

In the fae realm.

My worst nightmare had come to fruition.

Pain still locked all my muscles, but a tear leaked out as I stared at Aran, Jax, and Cobra’s limp bodies.

They were all sprawled on the cold floor.

“Thank you for bringing my daughter back to me.” The fae queen kissed Xerxes’s brow, and my stomach rolled.

She turned around and stared at me.

No, this monster couldn’t be my mother. I wanted to cry.

She floated forward, but instead of coming to me, she fell to her knees in front of Aran.

Gently, she cradled his head in her lap and ran a finger across his brow.

Aran, with his feminine features.

Aran, who smelled like blood and not a beta, who Auntie had called a girl, who’d told me he liked to run growing up, who’d known how to curl my hair, who’d told me he hated his parents.

Aran was the daughter of the fae queen.

Aran was a princess.

Aran was really a girl.

Suddenly, it dawned on me. When the poem took over Auntie, it had said “Heir and friend join and tie.”

Aran was the heir. The poem had been about her, my best friend, the lost fae princess.

This was worse than I could have ever imagined.

I choked on bile and tried to move my paralyzed limbs.

Aran had run away and disguised herself for a reason. Unlike Ascher, she would never betray me. I knew it in the depths of my bones.

“Secure the rest of them. Bring them to the dungeon. Come with me, boys. You shall have your reward.” The fae queen walked away like my entire world wasn’t imploding.

She led my former kitten and Ascher out of the hall.

Xerxes didn’t bother to look back. F~~k him, he’d been way better as a kitten. Also, a part of me swelled with satisfaction that my stiletto heel was still sticking out of his shoulder.

However, Ascher did look back at me.

From the way the slinky fucker rolled his shoulders and walked with his back straight, he didn’t look younger anymore. He was a completely different man. A confident man.

Not a hothead.

My Ascher had never been real. It had all been a facade.

It took all my willpower, but even paralyzed with pain, I moved my fingers.

I flipped him off with both hands.

He smirked back at me and licked his l~~s like a total creeper.

With his horns and tattoos and the way he prowled out of the room like a monster, I would bet all my money he was crazier and more dangerous than Cobra.

Stab him with his horn. I couldn't wait to make the fucker bleed.

The queen and the two traitors left the room and left me alone with my unconscious friends. I wanted to fall to my knees and beg them all to wake up, to be okay. But my paralyzed limbs wouldn't let me.

When the guards descended, blessedly, one of them knocked me out.

I didn't want to be conscious anymore.