

J A S M I N E M A S

The central illustration features a silver dagger with a detailed hilt and a cross-guard. A purple snake with a patterned body is coiled around the blade of the dagger. The scene is set against a dark, textured background. Purple flowers with white centers are scattered around the dagger. Gold-colored filigree and vine patterns frame the central image. The overall color palette is dominated by dark purples, silvers, and golds.

PSYCHO
BEASTS

PSYCHO BEASTS

CRUEL SHIFTERVERSE BOOK THREE

JASMINE MAS

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Ebook ASIN: BoB2QJ1NKV

Editing and proofreading by Lyss Em Editing

Cover artists: Damonza Book Cover Designs

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ALSO BY JASMINE MAS

Cruel Shifiverse

Psycho Shifters

Psycho Fae

Psycho Beasts

Psycho Academy (coming soon)

To my grandma who suffered a paralyzing stroke, but kept fighting. And to my grandpa, who was her sole caretaker for the next thirty-five years of her life.

True love does exist.

CONTENT WARNING

PSYCHO BEASTS IS book 3 in the Cruel Shiferverse and must be read after Psycho Fae.

This story contains references to physical and attempted sexual assault. Please take care of yourself and avoid if this content will be disturbing.

******This is a dark RH romance, and the spice in this book is consensual, but it is intense, chaotic, and violent. Much like the characters themselves. Please be aware.

Enjoy.

CHARACTER LIST

Sadie—Probably twenty-one years old, maybe twenty-two or older (she was adopted and has always been unsure of her birthday). White hair, red eyes, gold skin. Five feet four. Scrawny build. Is half alpha saber-toothed tiger shifter and half blood fae. Has a voice inside her head called the numb that makes her an emotionless killing machine. Covered in scars but disguises them by wearing an enchanted ring. Warrior...if warriors don't have to do cardio.

Aran—Twenty-four years old. Daughter of the fae queen. Bright-blue hair, blue eyes, pale skin. Five feet ten. Disguised as a boy. Unsure what type of fae she is. Ripped her mother's heart out and ate it and, as a result, is now the rightful reigning Queen of the Fae Realm. Refuses the job and is still disguised as a boy.

Jax—One hundred and twenty years old. Black braids covered in long golden chains, gray eyes, black skin. Six feet five. Has nose, nipple, and (cough, cough) piercings. Is an alpha bear shifter. Warrior. In a relationship with Cobra. Only guy that is not a douche.

Cobra—One hundred and six years old. Black hair, emerald eyes, pale skin covered in jewels. Six feet five. Is an alpha but does not shift into a snake.

Only has one form—the jewels are his shadow snakes in disguise. Warrior. In a relationship with Jax. Has many problems (not well).

Ascher—Twenty-two years old. Gold hair, amber eyes, golden skin, has horns on his head. Six feet five. Is an alpha ram shifter. Covered in flame-and-rose tattoos. Professional assassin and warrior. Has trouble with women but has been working on it.

Xerxes—Sixty years old. Long blond hair, purple eyes, olive skin, always carries two blades. Six feet five. Is an omega and shifts into a kitten. Former professional assassin of the now-dead fae queen. Struggles with identity issues.

Lucinda—Sixteen years old. Sadie's younger sister. White hair, red eyes, gold skin. Five feet three. Has a curvier build than her sister. Has not been tested—powers unknown.

Jess—Eighteen years old. Jax's adopted sister. Black-and-green hair, green eyes, copper skin. Five feet eight. Has not been tested—powers unknown.

Jala—Fourteen years old. Jax's adopted sister. Pink eyes, pink hair, and black skin. Five feet seven. Has not been tested—powers unknown.

Jinx—Twelve years old. Jax's adopted sister. Black hair, black eyes, super-pale skin. Five feet. Has not gotten tested—powers unknown. Smarter than everyone else, and she knows it. Also terrifying.

INTO THE STARS

INTRODUCTION

All myths are rooted in some truth.

This series is about different planets connected by black holes.

Aka, realms attached by portals with inhabitants you've heard of in myths and dismissed as fairy tales.

There are politics, deceptions, and secrets on the macro scale. And they vary from realm to realm.

In the human realm, the inhabitants learn they live in an anarchic system, that there is no supreme authority over different countries.

They're wrong.

The High Court secretly reigns sovereign over *all* the worlds. "Realm-Wide Peace" is their motto.

Monsters enforce this peace. A next-to-impossible task because wealth corrupts, but power destroys.

And among the hundreds of planets with sentient life, a few special individuals possess power on the nuclear level—more energy in their cells than an atomic bomb.

The truth: Most individuals go their entire lives without knowing or caring about the other realms or the creatures within them. They live in bliss.

In this series, ignorance isn't an option for our main characters.

Through birthright or circumstances, they're players in the macrolevel game.

Now all they must do is survive.

GODS AND MONSTERS

*There once was a child, innocent and pure,
Beaming with truth, but they called her liar,
There once was a world, cruel and desolate,
Broken from cold, but they blamed the fire.*

*There were once two gods, bold and bright,
Who snuck from the forgery late one night,
And into the realm they found their way,
And those they touched were forced to pay.*

*Don't cry at night for the broken few,
Whom the gods hurt and made anew,
Do cry at night for the happy most,
Who've never met their godly host,
Its peace and comfort the ultimate jest,
The sun burns north, the moon kills west,
For it's the tortured who inherit the sky,
With gaping wounds, they learn to fly.*

ARAN

PROLOGUE

I SAT in the back row of the supercar. Sadie's younger sister, Lucinda, was next to me, squished against my side.

Jax sat in the middle row with his arms tucked around his three sisters, while Cobra, Ascher, and Xerxes sat in the first row.

Even though it was night, our driver wore a black suit and dark sunglasses. He had an enchanted wire glowing in his ear, and every so often, he whispered into it.

The car was long and sleek, with a low roof. All the men, including myself, were hunched over with our necks contorted to the side.

I didn't mind the discomfort.

I welcomed the pain.

Outside, glowing neon skyscrapers stabbed through heavy clouds and extended endlessly into the dark night sky.

In another life, under different circumstances, I would have marveled at the massive metal structures. They were like nothing I'd ever seen.

Nothing I could have imagined.

What my tutors had taught me about the beast realm didn't hold a candle to the reality of the glimmering world, the sheer awe-inspiring heights of the glowing glass-and-steel buildings, and the sleek lines of the supercars. An enchanted engine purred softly beneath me as we sped impossibly fast through the new realm.

But I couldn't make myself care about the engineering marvels.