

# Trinity of Power

## Chapter 2 - Charlie

I am nursing the twins, trying to stay calm for them. Stress makes milk production hard and I already needed to produce more than the typical mom because I have two babies to feed. But on the inside, I'm falling apart. He's gone. The fucking evil trio of the west has him. And we have to wait for three days to get him back.

The twins know something is wrong. They don't smell or feel their Daddy. And they can feel the anxiety and fear rolling off of Zak and me in waves. It makes even the easy-going Jared fussy and Christine is a fucking hellcat. They won't latch to nurse or sleep. All they seem to do is cry or whimper.

Lily moves up to me, her pregnant belly just barely showing in her loose t-shirt. "Why don't you try to just nurse one and pump on the other side. Then, you can switch, hm?"

I nod, willing to try anything.

Zak comes and takes Jared from me. "Come see Papa, little guy." He cradles him in his arms, bouncing around and humming tunelessly. It is this sight that always makes my heart flutter. Seeing my mates play with and hold our children. I love it.

I turn my attention to our little hellcat. It's odd. Christine, or Christy as Brandon likes to call her, has Brandon's paler coloring, his tawny hair. Her jawline and facial shape is all me. But she has Zak's chocolate brown eyes. Eyes that neither Brandon nor I have. The same goes for Jared, or Jerry as the boys have taken to calling him. He has my olive toned complexion and gray eyes, Zak's mahogany brown hair, nose and face shape, and Brandon's cupid's bow mouth and dimpled chin. They are both the perfect combination of all three of us. I don't know how that's possible, other than Goddess intervention.

Lily helps me hook one boob up to a pump while I hold Christine's squalling form. I feel bad for anyone who gets in her way as she gets older. She's going to be one feisty luna.

You know, when you have a pup, you gain so many, many things. A beautiful Goddess-given miracle, a deeper love with your mate, and a greater understanding of yourself to name a few. One of the things that you lose is any care for your privacy when it comes to people seeing your naked body or even touching you. My body is no longer mine. My boobs are milk making machines. I can't remember the last time I showered. I have had so many appointments for OB/GYNs to look up my coochie that it doesn't even faze me anymore.

So when Lily grabs my left boob to hook it up to the pump, I just help by squeezing my nipple to get it into the funnel. Once I'm all hooked up, I cradle Christine into a football hold, snuggling her into my body.

She smells the milk and immediately begins nuzzling into me, her little face rooting for the source. But, once again, she refuses to latch, her arms flailing and actually knocking my nipple out of her mouth. It's super frustrating and the lack of sleep and stress from Brandon's kidnapping is making it almost too much. If it wasn't for Lily, I don't know what I'd do.

"Charlie, it's ok. She is just picking up the stress that you guys are going through right now. She misses her Daddy. We all do." Lily gives me a tissue and a quick side hug before walking to the side of the bed where Christine is nestled. I didn't even realize that I was crying until a drop falls on Christine's hair. I quickly wipe it away and use the tissue on my face.

Zak comes over and cups my face, Jared still fussing in his arms. "I miss him, too, love. We'll get him back soon. I promise." The fierceness and determination in Zak's eyes is the only thing that helps to keep me together.

I nod my head and lean forward. Zak kisses me tenderly. I feel Lily taking Christine out of my arms. I turn back to see what's going on.

"Let's try to swaddle her. Maybe in one of the shirts that Brandon wore recently. Do you have anything that wasn't washed?" Lily is trying to jiggle Christine to help her calm down some, but it's not really working.

"Yeah, we do." Zak hands Jared back to me and runs into the closet. I try to get him to latch, and though he does give a few sucks, he quickly pops off, too unsettled to eat.

"Get two, Zak!" Lily calls.

"Got 'em," Zak cries, a tired smile spreading across his face as he comes back into the room.

"Alright, let's swaddle them in Brandon's shirts. His scent should at least help to calm them." Lily places Christine on one of Brandon's favorite country band t's from the Zak Brown Band, while Zak wraps Jared up in one of Brandon's Led Zeppelin t's.

Almost immediately, both pups start to calm. Jared's whimpers quiet and so do Christine's screams.

"Try now," Lily says, handing Christine back to me.

I place her in the football hold once more and offer her my breast. She roots for it again and finally latches herself to the nipple. Within a few sucks, I feel the let down reflex happening and relief spreads through me.

I look up at both Zak and Lily, tears in my eyes. "Finally!" I sigh.

Lily smiles at me and Zak's relief is palpable as he watches our daughter eat.

"Do you want to try to put Jared on the other breast?" Lily asks.

"Please." Tears are in my eyes that something is finally going right.

Lily helps detach me from the pump and Zak lowers Jared down to me. He helps to guide my nipple into Jared's mouth and when he finally latches, a huge amount of stress leaves my body.

I'm still worried about Brandon, there's no denying that, but at least I can feed our babies. I can do what I'm supposed to do to keep them safe until he comes back home.

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"Feeling better, love?" Zak asks, kissing my head. The pups, still wrapped in Brandon's shirts, have settled into their bassinets beside the bed. They had eaten well and long, completely draining me and Lily recommended that we let them sleep as much as they wanted.

Lily left to go back to her mates, and it's just Zak and me with our pups. We are lying on the bed, him spooning me as we face the pups' bassinets. The intense loneliness of not having Brandon here is a constant ache. The bed feels too big, the room too quiet.

"Yeah. At least our pups are fed and sleeping better. Maybe we should put one of his shirts on. We might feel better that way too." I say it only half-jokingly. He is the chief thing on my mind. Even though the fact that the pups weren't eating was a huge stressor, at least I could always pump or get formula if we really needed to. They would be safe and fed. But there was no replacement for Brandon's absence.

"You know, I thought of that," Zak chuckles drily as he rubs a soothing hand down my arm.

We're silent for a few minutes and I'm on the edge of sleep when I hear Zak whisper, "How are we going to make it these three days without him?"

I turn in his arms, cupping his face in both of my hands. "We're going to be strong for our pack and our pups. We're going to fantasize about all of the shit we're going to rain down on that Goddess-forsaken trio. And we're going to dream about everything we're

going to do to him once he's back in our arms. I don't care how tired we are, we're gonna fuck the absolute shit out of him until none of us can walk."

Zak stares at me a moment before giving a genuine belly laugh. Tears roll down his cheeks as he attempts to get himself back together. He pulls me tighter to his body and leans his forehead on mine. "Oh, my Luna. What would I do without you?"

"Meh. You wouldn't have anywhere near as much fun." I smile before leaning into him for a kiss. It's slow with just the right amount of heat. Neither of us really wants to have sex right now, but that intensity, that love, is what's getting us through this in one piece.

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I don't realize that we must have nodded off until I feel a persistent link trying to connect. Both Zak and I startle awake at the same time.

*Zak? Charlie? Can you hear me?*

*Brandon? We both nearly scream in the mindlink at once.*