

Trinity of Power

Chapter 3 - Brandon

The second that they take the silver chains off and begin tying me with rope, I mindlink my mates.

Zak? Charlie? Can you hear me?

Brandon? They both scream. I can hear the fear and worry in their voices. I want to calm them. To reassure them that I'm ok. To check on them and our pups. But I can't. I've got to get them as much information as I can get out of my captors so that they can find me.

Listen! I link. I can tell that they immediately become alert.

"Who the fuck are you? Why am I here?" I demand.

"I guess that we should introduce ourselves," the white guy says. "I'm Casen Leblanc and these are my mates, Corinda Bouchard and Severn Whitepaw."

They left us a note. Zak mindlinks. They want us to meet them at Julian's old packhouse in three days. All of the trios.

"Great, Brandon Snow. Now, why the fuck did you knock me out and drag me away, not only from my pack and my mates, but from my one month old pups?" Ok, maybe I need to tone down the hostility.

I'm sitting on some kind of cot on the floor. Corinda is sitting on a stool in front of me, Severn leaning against the wall behind her, almost as if he's her bodyguard. Casen is crouched beside me on the floor, having just tied me up. I'm not sure why they tied me with rope. Wouldn't take much for me to break these and they have to know that.

When I talk about our pups, a look of pain shoots across Corinda's face and Severn and Casen both look at her in concern. If I cared, that would be an interesting reaction and I might want to learn more, but honestly, I just want to get the hell out of here.

"Look, Brandon," Severn starts, running his hands through his hair. "I'm sorry that we took you from your...family. It's nothing personal and we won't harm you. We just needed to find a way to get all of the trios to meet us without a war happening."

"Ever heard of a phone call? Letters are actually pretty popular, too." I snarl.

“You think that would have been answered peacefully?” Corinda sneers at me. Ok, so this bitch doesn’t like me. Not that I really fucking care. The more I piss them off, the more likely they’ll be to slip up and provide information that will help my mates.

“I think that it would have gone about as well as a snowball’s chance in hell, honestly, after all the shit you three have pulled.” I sneer right back at her. “But it would have gone over a lot better than pulling this shit. You really think this was a smart idea? Kidnapping someone? Though I have to admit it takes balls.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment, since it was my idea,” Corinda says. Alright, now we’re getting somewhere. She’s got these boys wrapped around her finger if she can get them to do this stupid shit.

“Yeah? Probably your idea to decimate all of those packs, too, huh?” I goad her.

“Damn right, it was. They fucking deserved it!” She raises her voice, her face contorting with her anger.

“Rin!” Casen says, his voice stern, his alpha tone leaking out. Doesn’t really work on a mate, but it definitely made his point.

Looking at the two of them, it’s easy to tell that they are having some sort of mindlink conversation.

She gets up in a huff and stomps out of the room. I hear the rustling of leaves and branches and a kind of ripping sound for several seconds. Then all is quiet again.

Casen watches her leave, a look of exhaustion and resignation on his face. Severn stares at the floor, the same look mirrored on his face. He’s the one that breaks the silence.

“Look, Brandon, this situation sucks. But, honestly, all we want to do is talk. We never thought that there would be other trios out there for us to bond with. Anyone who would understand. We want to call a truce.” Severn finally looks up and faces me. He’s eyes hold a sincerity that I didn’t expect. I’m honestly a little taken aback.

“Look, we know that you could easily break those bonds. But you have to heal from where Sev’s tree hit you, so the silver needed to come off. We know that you’re probably linking with your mates right now and we’re not going to do anything to stop you. In fact, I’ll give you some more information for them,” Casen says. He sits down on the floor, his legs bent with his arms laid on top of them. He leans back against the wall. Severn kneels down and slings an arm across Casen’s shoulder, leaning his head on Casen’s.

“Zak and Charlie, we are in the middle of the woods, in a cave that we’ve made our home for the last four years. You won’t find it. It’s buried deep in the woods in a huge

network of caves. I've scattered our scent and any trace of us. And even if you were to find us, you wouldn't be able to get into the cave. There is only one way in or out and Severn has it guarded by thick vegetation. He's the only one that can open it." Casen stares at me, looking extremely tired.

"Brandon can't get out either. Even if he were to hurt us, the way out is barred. There is nothing in here sharp enough to cut it all, nothing hot enough to burn him out. It's better for all of us if you just work with us."

Fucker! Asshole is lucky I don't know where he is. I'll kick his motherfucking ass. Charlie spits out venomously through the mindlink.

I actually laugh out loud. Goddess, I miss my little spitfire of a mate.

Severn and Casen look at me oddly. I mean, I get it. They just basically told me that there was no getting out of here and I'm laughing like a maniac.

It only makes me laugh harder. Fuck, that helped relieve some of the tension. "I don't think that Charlie likes you very much. For your sake, I would make sure that you aren't alone with her."

Zak growls in my head, making me chuckle. "Zak either."

"Look, we'll untie you if you promise not to do anything stupid. We're not going to hurt you. We just need you for leverage. Just so everyone is willing to meet with us," Severn says.

And why the fuck would we want to meet with you? You've destroyed people's lives. Killed innocents. The Goddess has prepared us to go to war with you. Zak's voice is pissed, none of his typical negotiable style in it at all.

You really want me to say that? I ask him.

Yes! both Charlie and Zak say.

Ok. I relay the message to Casen and Severn, their faces becoming more downcast as I talk.

"Those were...that...Fuck!" Severn tries to respond, but ends up forcefully cursing under his breath. "Nothing I say is gonna make this sound good."

"Just fucking spit it out man. I don't think much is going to change your image right now," I say.

A mindlink conversation happens between Casen and Severn. I can tell that they are both tired and just want it over with. What the hell has been going on with them?

“Do you promise not to do anything stupid?” Casen asks. “I got stuff to make tacos for tonight. We’ll untie you and you can eat with us, though the rule of the house is you have to help if you want to eat.”

What do I do? I mindlink Charlie and Zak.

I can feel their apprehension through the link.

I say do it, Charlie links. *You’d be free to move and get out if you can.*

She’s right. Earn their trust a little, maybe they’ll let their guard down. Zak says. *I know it’ll be hard, but maybe turn down the hostility a little?*

I growl mentally and glare at the two males across from me. *Fine,* I link. “Yeah, I promise.” I can’t help the eye roll I give them as I flex and the rope starts breaking. Within seconds, I’m free.

Severn chuckles and Casen just glares at me before he stands. “Come on,” he says, standing and walking out of the room.

I shake off the ropes and stand too. “I’ll warn you guys, I’m not the greatest in the kitchen.”

“That’s fine. We’ll put you on veggie washing and cutting duty. You can’t really mess that up,” Severn says, sending me a friendly smile. I have the feeling I’d like this guy if he and his mates weren’t mass murders and you know, evil pricks in general.