

Trinity of Power

Chapter 4 - Zak

This is maddening. I mean, I'm relieved to know that he's safe. Like, you can't even imagine how relieved I am, but having no idea where he is. It's killing me. I know that Charlie feels the same way, based on the way that she's clutching me to her.

I've texted the Alpha Council in our group chat to let them know what's going on and have been giving them continuous updates throughout.

I do feel a little bad for the evil trio. Brandon really sucks in the kitchen. Guy could burn water.

But I'd happily eat only his charcoal burgers and incinerated asparagus for the rest of my life if that meant that we could have him back. Goddess, I needed to have him here right now.

Keep it together, Z. I'll be back soon. Brandon's voice fills my mind through the link.

I've got him, Big Bad. Just get them talking. Charlie links. Charlie pulls me into her arms, holding me to her much smaller frame. I bury my face in her hair, letting her scent wash over me and calm me. Christy stirs in her bassinet, but stays asleep and I hear a low snore from Jerry.

A tear rolls down my cheek as I feel the loss of Brandon even more keenly right now. This isn't right or fair that our mate is missing this time with his new family. I can't wait to rip CCS apart.

Through the link, we hear Severn and Casen directing Brandon on what to do. He's in the middle of washing and breaking apart some lettuce when they start their story.

"How much do you know about us?" Severn asks.

"The Goddess filled us in," Brandon mutters, his words punctuated by the breaking of the leaves.

Both of the males stop what they are doing. "What do you mean, the Goddess filled you in?" Casen asks slowly.

Do I tell them? He asks us in the mindlink.

It's a good question. Do we let them know that the Goddess is on our side? Or do we let him think that Meredith is just a really good conduit?

I loop Meredith into our link quickly. *Meredith, do we tell CCS how involved the Goddess is in our lives?*

She's silent for a second and I can tell that she is communing with our deity. *No, just hold off. We need to see if we can trust them. Bring them back into the fold. We need to try to do that without using the Mother as a punishment. They need to come back on their own. Explain about me.*

Alright, Brandon links before turning back to his conversation with the two males he's in the room with. I take Meredith out of our link, texting her our thanks. The less people that Brandon has in his head, the more he'll be able to focus on what is happening in the room with him.

"One of the trios consists of the alpha, luna, and beta of the Diana Pack. The luna, Meredith, is an oracle. Her augmented gift is an almost direct line to the Goddess. She can ask for guidance and the Goddess responds. Gives her a lot of background info, too. We know all about what happened with your pack and that you've been turned away from every pack that you tried to be a part of."

Casen's jaw tenses when I talk about his original pack. He nods and turns back to the meat that he is cooking on the stove, not saying a word. But Severn stares at me for a beat too long, almost as if he knows that I'm keeping something back.

Keep an eye on him, Charlie links.

I can feel Brandon's agreement through the link. Severn doesn't seem as much affected by the pain and guilt from their past as his two mates. Or at least, he doesn't let him cloud his judgment of what's happening in the current situation. He's someone to keep a close eye on.

Brandon ducks his head, looking back at the vegetables in front of him. Putting aside the lettuce, he starts washing some peppers. Severn moves closer to Brandon, beginning to section out matzo dough to make homemade flour tortillas.

After a few moments of silence, Severn starts to speak. "After we were disowned and run out of the pack, we tried to find other packs that would shelter us. We tried to hide the fact that we were all mates, trios as you call them. But do you know how hard it is to hide your love for someone so that no one else sees? No matter how many combinations we tried, saying that Rin and Case were mates or Rin and me or, hell, even Case and me, it was only a matter of time before the packs figured out that we were all together. We tried saying that whoever wasn't a part of the 'couple' that we put forward was a sibling, adopted or real, and that was why we were all traveling together. But it usually became apparent within several weeks that the 'sibling' wasn't staying in their room and that we all smelled like each other no matter what we did."

Brandon grunts, not openly hostile towards Severn, but also not expressing his usually inviting and friendly personality. “Makes sense that you guys wouldn’t be able to stay away from each other.”

I mean, he’s not wrong. Unless they rejected each other, there’s no way that they would be able to stay away from each other for any length of time, especially if they were in such close proximity.

Casen breaks into the conversation as Severn begins to press out taco shells and Brandon starts chopping onions. I’m not even there and my nose wrinkles at the intense smell that I know those onions are giving off to a werewolf nose.

With his back still to Brandon, Casen says lowly, “The other problem that we had is that we couldn’t hide our auras. I’m an alpha. There’s no taking that away, just because our pack didn’t accept my mates. Rin’s a luna and was a beta before that. Sev’s a lune and a gamma before that. There’s no way to hide any of that. Our stories varied: our pack had been taken over and we were kicked out, we were born rogues, we were away from our pack when it was overpowered, anything to explain why three high powered wolves would be seeking shelter. I don’t know if they ever really believed us, but many packs took us in, willing to help. Well...until they found out that we were all three mates.”

Casen stops talking, the weight of the world falling on his shoulders as he leans over the counter next to the stove. Severn moves to him, hugging him around the waist and pulling Casen into his chest. They stand like that for several moments, wrapped up in each other, some sort of grief coating them.

I feel a longing from Brandon through the link. Seeing the two mates comfort each other causes Brandon to miss us even more in that moment.

Soon, baby. You’ll be back home with us soon. Our parents will take the pups and Zak and I are going to fuck your ever-loving brains out. But right now, you need to get the information we need to get to you and to keep us all safe. Charlie’s voice is fierce through the mindlink. And, honestly? I’m fucking turned on.

Brandon chuckles through the link. *Tonight, when they go to sleep, I’m going to watch you guys fuck each other. Put a lid on it until then, Z.*

I can’t help but laugh. My mate knows me way too well and he knows that this is going to help calm me down. It will be a bit of normalcy when we all so desperately need it.

“What happened?” Brandon asks out loud. “Obviously something bad. I mean, other than the shit that you three have caused. Something made you do this. What happened?”

I hear the rustling of trees and brush, the ripping of roots from the ground. Through Brandon's eyes, I see Corinda walk back into the room.

Her face is flushed and eyes red from crying, though her mouth has formed a snarl. "They killed our pups."