

The Luna's Choice (theo and ayla) by Kat Silver Chapter 5

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“What the hell is going on?” Ayla’s voice floated down to me **as** she ran down the stairs. She **froze** halfway down the **moment** she laid eyes on me. “What are you doing here?”

A silk robe hung open, revealing the shorts and cut-off tank top she wore underneath, her caramel-colored hair flowing loosely around her shoulders. She was gorgeous. And clearly not in distress. I took a step toward her as my rage grew.

“What are you doing here?” I spat back.

“That’s none of your concern,” the male interjected.

I turned on him again, a rumbling growl emanating from my chest, my claws extending. I was ready to rip his throat out.

“**Stop,**” Ayla yelled, coming the rest of the way down the stairs and stepping between the two of us. “Zeff, go to work.”

“Absolutely not. I’m not leaving you here with him. Not in the **state** he’s in.”

“I **would** never hurt her.” Kieran was ready to burst from my **skin**. How **dare** this **bastard** think **we** would **ever lay a** hand on her.

“**We both** know **that’s** a load of **bullshit.**”

“**Zeff, you’re not helping. Shut the hell up and leave. Go to work,**” Ayla insisted.

“Ayla...”

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“I said go.” Her expression softened a little. “I’ll call you later.”

The hell she would.

The Zeff guy shot me another hate-filled look before exiting

out the open front door. We stood in silence until the sound of his engine faded.

“Are you fucking him?”

Her eyes went wide, then narrowed as she took **a** step forward. **“Are you fucking my sister?”**

A strangled snarl escaped me, but she started speaking again before I could recover from her accusation.

“What I do with a male – or anyone for that matter – is none of your damn business.”

“The hell it isn’t.” Electricity passed through the air between **us**. **“He has no right to put his hands on you.”**

“He does if I want him to,” she yelled, not only holding her ground against **the** alpha energy I was exuding but taking another step toward me. **“I don’t belong to anyone, remember? I have no mate.”**

I lost it. My **hand was** around her neck and my mouth was on hers **before I even** knew what I had done. But **I** didn’t stop. I couldn’t stop. **Sparks of** intense electricity shot through me, invigorating all my **senses**. I pushed her

to open for **me**, my **tongue** seeking **hers**. **Fuck**, she **tasted so good**. **She returned the kiss**, her **arousal mingling in the air**.

“MINE.”

She pushed me off her with force.

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“Fuck you.”

I took a step toward her again but she backed away.

“Don’t you fucking hurt Kylee like this.”

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“Like you care about your sister getting hurt,” I spat, but for some reason, I instantly regretted it. But I couldn’t take it back. I wouldn’t take it back.

“Excuse me?” Pure rage radiated off of her, her eyes turning an icy blue.

“You abandoned Kylee a long time ago. Putting your own life ahead of hers while she was left behind.”

Ayla’s face paled. Every ounce of anger seemed to drain from her instantly, that blue fire fading from her eyes.

“What did you just say?”

“You stopped being a sister to Kylee years ago. You disappeared all the time, leaving her alone with a mother who was struggling to keep everything together.”

Ayla’s posture completely changed. She almost went completely limp in front of me, stumbling until her back hit **the wall**. Her **facade cracked**.

“That’s **what she** told you? She said **that?**” her voice was almost a whisper.

Kieran was going insane in my head, telling me to shut up, to just stop talking. Urging me to stop hurting her. **Because I was** hurting her. I had **struck a nerve, a very deep one, and I wouldn’t stop. She had to break the bond. Once and for all. If it meant I had to break her to do it, I would.**

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“**She** told me everything. She told me how you would keep **things from** her and your mother. That you would be out at all hours of the night when you were a teenager. How you dropped out of high school, waiving the tuition your parents worked so hard for.”

“What?”

“I could never be with someone **as** cold and heartless as you.”

Ayla’s head snapped up. Her eyes a steely gray as she

resolved herself to something I couldn’t figure out but would soon find out.

“I, Ayla Garner, reject you, Theo Arden, as my mate. I relinquish my claim as your mate and Luna.”

I gritted my teeth as Kieran howled in my head, screaming for me not to accept it.

“I, Theo Arden, accept your rejection.” The pain in my chest amplified, but I could still feel the bond. “We’ve done this **before**. It’s not working.”

“Your **wolf** has to accept **it**,” she said.

“**Yours** didn’t.”

“**Didn’t she?**” Ayla said.

You said she didn't want to break the bond.

'She didn't. Still accepted.'

How was that possible? Our wolves were primal creatures. They were animals, after all. They weren't ones to deny themselves what they wanted. Not without a very good

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reason.

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"Tell your wolf to accept it," Ayla said with a crack in her voice.

The muscles in my jaw tightened to a point I thought my teeth would shatter. The noise in my head from **Kieran** becoming almost unbearable.

"He won't."

"Make him," she forced out.

"I can't."

"He doesn't have a choice. I'll never be with him, and neither will she," Ayla said, tears threatening to fall from her eyes.

I could feel the pain he felt. It was excruciating. I told him it would end if he just accepted, but he wouldn't give in. He was an Alpha. He was as strong as me. I'd never overpower him on this. Ayla must have sensed my stalemate. Or her wolf did

and told her because she pulled herself from against the wall, standing up straight again

“I, Ayla Garner, cut my ties to Alpha Torin...”

“What are you doing?” There was desperation in my voice. She **couldn’t do this. I moved to stop her.**

And the Greytooth Pack.”

“No.”

I fell to a knee, feeling the invisible tether that united pack members with their Alpha a splinter. Kieran was pounding against the barriers of my control, putting all his might into taking over the shift. I knew I was on the verge.

“From this day forth, I am a rogue.” She took an unsteady step

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toward me, silent tears rolling freely down her face. “Now get out.”

She had used my father’s name. Either of our names would have worked in the limbo state we were currently in. But she used my father’s. There was nothing I could do to stop her. Nothing I could do to fight the separation. She knew exactly what she was doing.

If my wolf wouldn’t sever the mate bond, she would remove herself from any control I had over her.

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With one final, agonizing look, she walked away, disappearing upstairs.

I sucked in a ragged breath of air. Ayla now had until midnight to be out of our territory. If I caught her on our land after that, I would have to kill her. Mate bond or not. She was a rogue now. It was our laws.

Kieran had finally gone **still** in my mind.

'Mate's **gone**.'

Did he mean Ayla or her **wolf**?

'**Dasha. Mate's** name is Dasha. Dasha's gone.'

Realization hit **me** and panic **set** in. Her **wolf was gone**. The pain **was too** much. She had retreated deep into the **recesses of Ayla's** subconscious. Ayla wouldn't be able **to call on her**. She **wouldn't be able to shift**. She **wouldn't be able to heal**.

She was a rogue without a wolf. She couldn't protect herself.

I had to get as far away from her as possible,

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I dragged myself back to my feet, forcing them to walk out the door.

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