

# The Luna's Choice (theo and ayla) by Kat Silver Chapter 7

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## Chapter 7: Theo

I said I would break her if that was what **it** took..

And I certainly followed through with that.

Ayla's hard exterior had cracked and shattered before me.

I had driven over an hour, and my stomach was still in **knots**. So much so that I had to stop to throw up at one point. Guilt tore at me.

I really had been cruel to her.

Especially since it turned out it wasn't even her fault the bond hadn't broken. She and Dasha had accepted my rejection. They had done what I needed them to do. Ayla had stayed away from Kylee and me. She hadn't tried to be around them. From what I could tell, she hadn't even called Kylee like she used to. And how did I repay her? By ripping her apart with every intention of doing as much damage as possible.

It **was** my **wolf that** was **still** hanging on. It was Kieran who **kept** us in a constant **state** of heartache. Kept Ayla in a **constant state of** pain.

### And then she

**had to** go and do something stupid and cut herself **out of the pack**. She **was** completely **lost to us now**. **The only** thing I could do **was** tell myself **it was what I wanted**. **It was** the only **way to get** rid of **the temptation and** put **enough distance between us until** Kylee and I **were marked and mated and leading** our pack.

**Every time I said it, Kieran was there to argue.**

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**By the time** I pulled up

to **the** packhouse, I **was so** pissed that **anyone** around instantly **took a** wide berth. My aura was **probably so** intense that I was making everyone physically uncomfortable, but I really didn't give **a** shit.

I was going to head to my office but decided against **it**. Too many people had access to me there, and I really didn't **need** anyone coming around.

What I needed was to work off some of this rage and pent-up energy.

I made a beeline for the private training room in the wing of the packhouse reserved for ranking members of the pack. I was relieved **to** find it empty, tugging my shirt over my head and immediately heading to the punching bag in the corner.

I had worked up a sweat when

Briggs entered the room. Walking over to me with his usual swagger, his arms crossed over his chest as he leaned against the wall close by. He knew something was up. He had been hounding me about it since we got back from Kylee's house. So had my mother, but I sure as hell wasn't going down that road.

Briggs was my Beta. We had been friends since we were eight and had been through everything together since then. I didn't think there was anything we could hide from each other. But I sure **as** shit wanted to hide this fuck up from him. So I just ignored **his** presence.

"You **ready to tell** me **what the hell is** going on with you? **Or at least, where you were today?**" he said loud **enough to be heard over the** sound of my fists hitting the bag.

"No."

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**“If you don’t, we’ll sedate you. Your aura is out of control right now, bro. This isn’t about you just being in a pissy mood anymore,”** Briggs said with an edge to his voice that meant he **was serious.**

I **yelled as** I hit the bag hard one more time. I winced as I **forced** my fingers through my hair. I hadn’t realized I had been breaking the skin on my knuckles. I fell back against the wall, sliding down to the floor.

“You know I’m here for you, bro,” my Beta said calmly. “Whatever it is, you can talk to me.”

I nodded.

‘Tell him.’

I winced at Keiran’s demand. But I couldn’t really disagree anymore.

“I found my mate,” I admitted. I could feel Briggs’ eyes go wide in his head.

**“What the hell do you mean you found your mate?”** he took a **step** closer. **“Please** tell me you’re talking about **Kylee.**”

I **shook** my head. **“No. I found my fated mate.”**

“What. **The. Fuck.**” He had warned **me** about this **when I first** got **involved** with **Kylee and again when we announced** our mating **ceremony.**

**“Where the hell is she? Who the hell is she?”**

**“I rejected her. She’s gone.”**

**“Theo, man, you’re really scaring me now. Why would you do that? What were you thinking?”** Briggs demanded.

**“She’s Kylee’s sister,”** I snapped. Briggs tensed up.

**“Ayla? As in the sister that allegedly abandoned Kylee?”**

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His **use of** the word “allegedly” pissed me off and confused **me a little**. He really liked Kylee. They’ve always gotten along. Even when he was cautioning me about finding my mate, he told me he was happy for me.

**“Are you trying to say Kylee is lying?”** I snapped.

He made a face. “No, but I do think it’s foolish to shit on a sacred gift by rejecting your mate without all the information.”

**“I have all the information I need.”**

**“No,** you have Kylee’s side of the story,” Briggs said with a worried look.

**“And** their mother’s,” I added.

Briggs scoffed. “Look, Marie Garner **is a** nice enough lady, but I wouldn’t exactly trust her judgment.”

**“What are you talking about?”** I asked, my own concern growing.

**“Bro, she’s a lush,”** Briggs said with a shrug. “Not that you’ve **been** around **enough** to **notice** since she’s **been** here. I can’t **tell** how bad, and she **seems pretty harmless**. But **these things often have a dark side that no one sees.**”

**I couldn’t believe we were having this conversation. The last thing I needed was any kind of doubt in my decision.**

**“Whatever. It doesn’t matter. What’s done is done. And Ayla’s**

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**reactions to all of** this told me all I **needed** to know from her.” I **pushed** myself to my **feet**.

“What were her reactions?” Briggs asked cautiously, and I

realized my choice of words may have given away more than I **intended**. I knew he wouldn't let it go unless he was sure I told him everything.

“Which time?” I said quietly.

“Excuse me?” He heard exactly what I said. “What the fuck happened, Theo?”

“She never argued **or** fought the rejection. She agreed and accepted it the first day we met like it was nothing. She had no response, no rebuttal, no explanation,” I told him.

“You have to be coldhearted to feel nothing after breaking **a** mate bond.”

“Or fucking strong as hell,” Briggs stated. “You said she didn't argue or fight. Did you even give her a chance to speak or even get to know anything about her before you threw her to the curb? Or did you just walk up to her and say tough shit?”

I grimaced. That's exactly what happened. “There wasn't **exactly** an opportunity **for** that. Neither one of us wanted **Kylee to find out**.”

**The** muscles in **his neck flexed as he tensed**. “**You said 'which time.'** **When** did you **see her again?**”

“**This** morning.”

“**Why?**”

I could **tell he** was choosing his **words carefully**.

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**“Kylee wanted a necklace of** her mother’s that **was left at** their **house** for **some** appointment this week. I went back to **get it.**”

“Okay, someone else could have done that. Why did you go?” Briggs pushed, but the words stuck in my throat. “Theo, you’re hurting. There’s no way in hell this is as cut and dry **as** you’re trying to say it is.”

“The bond didn’t break. Not completely.”

“Shit, Theo. So you both have been walking around with your hearts ripped open for the past week?” Briggs said. “So, what the hell happened today? Why are you still on the edge of ripping half the pack’s throats out?”

Images of that morning flashed through my head. The fear that something had happened to her when she hadn’t been home. The jealousy and rage at finding her at another male’s house. The way it felt when I kissed her. And sheer pain and anguish of everything that followed.

“Theo?” Briggs pressed.

“She cut her ties to the pack,” I said solemnly. “She turned **herself** rogue.”

**“Theo,”** Briggs bellowed, “how the fuck could you let **that happen?** Why didn’t you stop **her?**”

**“She cut herself from Dad. She used his name. There was nothing I could do. I had no way of fighting it.”** I was **done** with this **conversation.** “So none **of this** fucking **matters. It’s done. She’s gone. She’s never coming back. Doing so would be a death sentence, and she knew that.**”

**“What have you done, Theo?”**

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**“It doesn’t fucking matter,” I yelled.** “Whatever I did or didn’t **do**, she never wanted me anyway. She’s not my problem anymore. So right now, I’m going to worry about cleaning up the **mess** she made and figure out how to tell Kylee and Marie that they’ll never see her again. And don’t you dare breathe a fucking word about any of this to them, do you understand me?”

“Okay. Okay,” Briggs said, raising his hands in the air, trying to calm me **down**. “You’re right. There’s nothing we can do about her now. If it’s done and over with, then it’s done and over with. We’ll move on.”

I wasn’t sure he believed it, but I didn’t fucking care. Like I said, she wasn’t my fucking problem anymore.

I stormed out of the training room. I still needed to let off some steam. Anything to get some fucking relief. I ran upstairs to my wing of the packhouse and saw precisely what I needed walking down the hall. Or should I say, who I needed.

I grabbed Kylee’s hand, not even bothering to acknowledge her greeting, and pulled her into my room. My mouth slammed into hers, and she responded immediately, her tongue reaching for mine. She tasted different. **I kissed** down her neck, tearing the clothes **from** her body **as** I pushed her toward the bed. My shirt went over my head, and **she** started to undo my pants.

She pulled back to **look up at me**, and I **grunted as she** gripped my cock. **Her pale blue eyes held desire but still fell flat.** Kieran was **snarling** viciously in my **head**. I **grabbed Kylee** by her **hair**, spinning **her and bending her over the bed**. I **shoved my fingers into her pussy**, listening to her moan as I **got her good and wet for me**.

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**Removing my** fingers, I rammed into her up to the hilt. I immediately picked up a grueling pace **as** I hammered into her, working to drown out my wolf's furious snarls. I watched as **Kylee** rocked in front of me. Her hair was too blonde. She was too slender with hardly any cur

ves. She cried my name as I kept pounding into her, but her voice was grating.

I closed my eyes, my head falling back.

Instantly I was plagued with images of Ayla. Remembering how she tasted. What she felt like pressed against me. I moaned as I pictured her splayed out in front of me. I imagined how her ass would ripple as I took her like this. I saw her beautiful face as she came apart on my cock, riding out her orgasm as I sank my teeth into her gorgeous neck.

I pulled out, pumping my cock with my hand as I released over Kylee's back, remembering exactly who I was fucking. I **wasn't** worried about pregnancy, but coming inside her felt wrong now. **It** wasn't for her.

**It** all felt wrong.

"That was amazing, baby," Kylee panted beneath me. "It's about time you reminded me exactly who I belong to."

I picked **up a piece of** torn fabric and wiped the mess from her skin. She reached **for** me, but her touch made **me recoil**. I had to **get out of there**.

I **was walking** toward the door when **blinding pain erupted through my** body.