

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

## Chapter 9 -

### Chapter 9: Ayla

There **was a** throbbing in my head that brought me back to consciousness. I heard a strange beeping sound. It was

annoying. I opened my eyes slowly, trying to adjust to the light. It didn't take long. The room was rather dim, which I was grateful for.

I had no idea where I was. I tried to remember what had happened. As I looked around, I realized I was in a hospital room. I remembered. I was in a car accident. I tried to reach

Dasha.

She was still gone.

It was okay. She needed more time. She probably didn't even realize what had happened.

I tried to sit up but ended up stifling a cry as pain shot through my side, forcing me to take shallow breaths.

"Easy," a **deep, gentle** voice said from somewhere **next** to me. I looked over **to** see a man standing from a chair next to the bed. "You're quite beat up. That was a pretty bad accident you **we** re in."

I suddenly remembered why I lost control **of the car**.

**"There was someone in the road,"** I said frantically, my voice hoarse from my **dry throat**. **"Are they okay? Did I hit them?"**

**The man picked up a cup of water and helped me drink. "He's fine. Feeling quite foolish for getting caught in the road and a bit guilty for causing someone to get hurt because of it."**

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**“Well, as long as he’s okay, that’s the important thing. He’ll have another opportunity to not be foolish next time.”**

**The** gentlemen chuckled. He seemed to be older than me, maybe around **Zeff’s** age. He had beautiful green eyes and dark brown hair. His perfect, white teeth were a contrast to his tanned skin and the dark stubble that covered a strong jaw. He smelled good, too, like a forest of pines and balsam. He was dressed nicely in a suit, so he wasn’t a doctor. So, who was he?

“Um, I’m sorry, but do I know you?” I asked, trying to slowly sit myself up again. The man reached up and braced my shoulders to help me. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” he replied. “And to answer your **question**, no, you don’t know me.”

He reached and gently held my chin, lifting it to look him in the eye. He seemed to be examining me.

Like he was looking **for** something. I wasn’t **sure** if he found it, but he gave me a small smile.

“I’m Kingston **Amvorov**. You crashed not too far from my house. I’m afraid I was as the fool **in** the middle of the road,” he **said a little** bashfully.

“Why **were you in** the middle **of** the road?” I **asked** assertively.

**He gave me a sheepish grin. “That’s... a bit of a long story. I’ll tell you another time. Right now, I should get a nurse.”**

**I nodded my concession, taking the few minutes he was gone to look myself over to assess the damage.**

**The throbbing in my head told me I must have a head injury.**

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**Sure** enough, **I felt a** bandage **on** my left side **just** behind the hairline. I remembered the pain in my side when I tried to sit up, and breathing wasn't exactly pleasant. So I bet I had at least one broken rib. But it was the leg that was elevated on a **stack** of pillows that had kept drawing my attention.

There were thick white bandages and a brace wrapped around it. There was a dull throbbing that was a little more intense than the rest of my injuries, so I guessed it was the

**worst.**

A nurse walked into the room with Kingston right behind her. She smiled sweetly as she checked my vitals and administered another dose of pain medicine. When she was done, she let me know she would be back in a couple of hours, but if I

needed anything else, I should feel free to call her. I thanked her, and as I watched her leave, I was very aware of Kingston's

eyes on me.

He moved the chair closer, taking a seat right next to the bed.

"Now, Ms. Garner, I hope you can tell me why you're not healing," Kingston said.

I **was** taken aback by his statement. Although, I **guess** I shouldn't have been. He would have immediately known I was a shifter, which means I shouldn't have needed **this** much medical **attention**. Depending on how long I had been out, there should **have already** been a significant **improvement in my** condition.

But **Dasha was** gone.

**Shifters' healing abilities came from their animals.**

**As obvious as the question may be, I wasn't ready to give an**

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answer. **Kingston** seemed **like a** nice guy, but reliving one of **the worst** weeks **of** my life wasn't something **I was** about to do **with a** stranger.

**"It's a** long story. Maybe I'll tell you another time," I said with a cheeky grin.

He smiled with a slight scoff. "Fair enough," he said, and his expression sobered up.

"But I am going to have to insist on some kind of explanation regarding your rogue status."

He could sense it already? Was it because I was still in Greytooth territory? I honestly had no idea where I was when I crashed, but I knew it must have been well past midnight on the day I cut my ties. The beeping of the monitor sped up.

"It's okay, Ms. Garner," Kingston rushed. "No one here is going to harm you."

"Am I still in Greytooth territory? If

I am still on their lands, they will. He'll find me." I pushed the blankets off me as I started to

pull at the tubes and wires hooked to me, ignoring the sharp pain in my side and head. I needed to get out of there. Strong hands covered mine, stopping me from ripping the IV out of my arm.

**"Ms. Garner, calm down. You're not** in Greytooth territory. **No one is** going to hurt you."

Whatever I had managed **to remove** must **have triggered an alarm because the nurse** from **before** came in **wide-eyed**.

**“Everything’s okay, Nicole,” Kingston said. “Ms. Garner just had a little bit of a scare. Can you help get her situated again, please?”**

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**“Of course, Alpha,”** the nurse said. She rushed to my side and **gave** me a gentle smile, **and** quickly reattached everything I had pulled off and readjusted the pillows elevating my leg.

Once **she** was gone, I turned to Kingston, my fear not completely absolved. A rogue was a target for any Alpha or ranking wolf. He had the right to kill me then and there.

“You’re the Alpha?”

“I am,” he replied. “You’re in Sablemane territory. My territory.”

“If you know I’m a rogue, why... why save me?”

“Ms. Garner, I don’t know what has put you in this situation, but I would be hard-pressed to believe you deserve it,” Kingston said.

“You don’t know me,” I said.

“You did everything to avoid hitting me,” he replied. “And when that caused you to crash, you sustained serious injuries. You had no business standing on the leg, let alone climbing **up** an embankment. And the first thing you did was check to **make** sure **I was okay**. That takes a special kind of strength, Ms. Garner. If some other Alpha isn’t smart enough to **see** that **or** value that, then I’ll consider it my gain.”

“Oh,” **was all** I could **get** out.

**“As far as** I’m concerned, you **saved** my **life tonight**. **For** that, you **are welcome** in my territory **as long you want**.”

**“Thank you, Alpha, but it won’t be long before everyone will be able to tell I’m a rogue.”**

**“Well, you won’t be going anywhere for a while, regardless,”**

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**Kingston** said. “Your tibia punctured through the skin. They had to do surgery to reset it. Without the ability to heal, **it will take weeks for you to recover enough to get far. Plus, your car isn’t exactly drivable at the moment.**”

I repositioned myself in the bed again. “I’m grateful for everything you’ve done, Alpha Amvorov. Truly, I am. But none of this makes any sense. Why would you let me stay here?”

Kingston reached up and rested a hand on mine. “I told you. You have a special strength about you, Ms. Garner. And truthfully, I would very much like to see more of it. And please, call me Kingston.”

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I wasn’t really sure how to respond. I hadn’t even thought of where I would go once I got out of the territory. I figured I would just drive until I was out of all the pack lands, then find some human town to hide away in. Without a wolf, I was pretty much a human anyway. And if I could find one far enough away that I wouldn’t likely run into any pack members, I would be safe.

But to stay here? I knew of the Sablemane Pack. They were an **ally** of the Greetooth Pack and shared a border. There were several trade agreements that made their relationship an important **one**.

Suddenly, another thought **came** to mind. **What** if he wanted me **to stay so he could hand me back over to the pack? Theo** hadn’t **been** happy about **me** severing my **ties. What if he had already reached out to the other packs to have them find me?**

Kingston must have caught on to my train of thought and the concern that came with them because he squeezed my hand gently.

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“Ms. Garner, I **promise**, I’m **not** going to let any **harm** come to **you**. You’re **safe** here.”

I **still wasn’t** sure. There was no reason **for** this man to be doing any of this, and I had no reason to trust him. But I really didn’t have much choice. I couldn’t go anywhere until I at least got **a cast** or boot on my leg. So I just nodded my head.

The painkillers had started to kick in, and I was feeling drowsy.

“I will let you get some rest, Ms. Garner,” he said as he stood from the chair, his hand **still** resting on mine. “I will be back tomorrow to check on you.”

Again, I could only nod. He smiled gently and squeezed my hand before leaving me to drift off to sleep.

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