

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

Chapter 10

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Chapter 10: Ayla

I woke up the next morning to Nurse Nicole bringing me my breakfast, which I ate quickly. I realized

I hadn't actually eaten in over two days. I found out that I had been unconscious for almost a whole day after the accident. The doctor came to speak with me and said it wasn't surprising between the head injury and the sedation from the surgery on my leg. I

hadn't exactly had an appetite the day I left the Greytooth Pack lands. So the day before that was the last time I had actually

consumed a meal.

I was finishing my food as the doctor left, and Kingston walked into my room. The doctor and nurse greeted him respectfully as he entered, carrying a box in his

hands. He addressed them kindly but didn't hold them up with any questions, allowing them to continue their duties.

He set the box on the chair that was **still** sitting next to the bed and opened it.

"Your **car** has been picked up. I'm afraid it is likely totaled, but I can help you get a replacement when you're ready," **he** said **as** he rummaged through the contents. "But I removed any personal items before they took it away. I hope you don't mind."

"**Um, no. Thank you,**" I **said quietly.**

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"**The doctor says you'll be here a couple more days, so I thought I'd bring you some of your things.**"

He set two books on the tray table in front of me. I picked

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them up and smiled, shaking my head a little.

“Those **two** are pretty good. This one is actually a particular **favorite** of mine,” **Kingston** said, pointing **to** one of the hardcopy novels that thankfully didn’t seem any **worse** for **wear**.

I laughed, immediately gripping my side as the action hurt, but my smile remained. I looked up to see him looking at me curiously.

“Thank you,” I said. “I’ve already read them. Many times actually. But I’m very glad to have them back. They mean a lot to me.”

“Were they a gift?”

“You could say that,” I replied with a grin. “They were the first prints. I wrote them.”

His eyes widened. “You’re Sabina Heartwood?” he asked, picking up the book and opening it to the back panel of the **book** jacket.

“That’s my pen name, yeah. And that’s an actress my PR team hired. She’s actually one **of** the editors with **the** publishing house,” I said, referring to the woman whose picture was in the About the Author section.

“**Why not use your own name and picture?**” **Kingston** asked, moving the **box to the floor** and **taking a seat**.

“I wanted to **keep** mine **and my family’s lives private**,” I stated. “Plus, the book **tours** would **mean** I would **have to travel a lot, and I just couldn’t make that work. This way, I still make money, but all the required appearances are made to ensure**

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my books’ success. It works out well for me.”

His **brow** furrowed. He **still** held the book in his hand, looking **at it intently**.

“You had to have been... what... eighteen when this was published?”

“Technically seventeen. The official release date was three weeks before my eighteenth birthday,” I confirmed.

“That’s quite impressive, Ms. Garner.”

I shrugged. “I got lucky. My old headmaster was friends with the publisher. And you can call me Ayla.”

A brilliant smile spread across his face. “I’d be honored to.”

We talked for **a** while longer, mostly about books. He tried to direct the conversation in a more personal direction a few times. Still, he seemed to respect my avoidance and always let the topic shift back to whatever I wanted. It was approaching eleven o’clock in the morning when he said he had to go, **but** he said he would be **back** in the evening.

“That really isn’t necessary,” I insisted. “I know you have **a** lot to do. I’m perfectly fine on my own.”

He chuckled. “I’m sure that **is** perfectly true. But **perhaps** I’m **not** coming **to see** you **for** your **benefit**.”

twasn’t sure what **to say to that**, I **wasn’t even sure what he meant by it**. He **winked at me and, with another of those gorgeous smiles, he left the room**.

What the heck was that about?

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I had a hard time organizing my thoughts throughout the day. Things had definitely not gone **according** to what **little** of a plan I had. I had no car. I was stuck in a hospital bed. I had an injury that limited my mobility and would take weeks to heal. And in any other

circumstances, I would be terrified **of** the danger the situation would pose **for** me.

But for some reason, I wasn't.

Maybe Kingston was offering me a real option. I wasn't sure what I would do if I stayed, but at least I would have time to safely figure that out. At least I'd have some time before the smell of a rogue became too strong for me to stay. But Kingston said he would help me find a new car, and I had money, so that would be something that could quickly be remedied.

It was becoming increasingly tempting to take him up on his offer of help. However, I was **still** having trouble trusting his motives. I didn't understand his interest in me. And that made **me** nervous.

I wished Dasha was there.

I pushed the thought away when Kingston came **back** that evening. He had brought dinner for us. He told **me it was** from a **local mom-and-pop-**style **café** and was leaps and bounds **better** than the hospital food, which he wasn't wrong about.

I was so full that I started feeling tired shortly **after we** finished **eating**. But I didn't want **Kingston** to **leave yet**, **so** I tried **not to show** it.

"I have to step out for just a moment," he said after I noticed the familiar **look of the** mind-link **cross his face**. **"I'll be right back."**

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Chapter 10: Ayla

I nodded with a smile as he left, yawning once he **was** out of **the room**.

I **guess** I was more tired than I thought because I must have drifted off before he returned. It was an intense sharp pain shooting through my chest that jolted me awake with a cry, struggling to breathe as I clutched at my heart.

Kingston jumped up from his position in the chair **next** to the bed.

“Ayla, what’s wrong?” he asked, panic clear on his face. “I’ll get the doctor.”

“No,” I cried, grabbing his arm to stop him from calling anyone else.

I knew what was going on. I wasn’t about to let anyone else witness my humiliation. I was frantically trying to mask my reaction, working to figure out **a way to** convince him that everything was fine.

Then another pain seared through me, **and** I couldn’t stifle the **cry**.

I **felt** Kingston’s hands on my cheeks, turning my face to look **at** him. There was a look of horror on his **face** when he **asked me the question** that I desperately didn’t want him to **ask**.

“**Ayla, do you have a mate?**”

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