

The Luna's Choice (theo and ayla) by Kat Silver Chapter 14

Chapter 14: Ayla

Nicole returned to check that the **cast** on my leg had dried enough for me to move. She tested it and smiled, handing me a clipboard with my discharge papers.

"You are all good to go, Ms. Garner," she said cheerily. "Just remember, make sure to wrap the cast before showering so you don't get it wet. We have you scheduled for a follow-up in a month, but if you experience any pain from any of your injuries, you give us a call. And until then, no walking without your crutches, no driving, and try to keep it elevated as much as possible."

"Thank you. I will," I said with a tight smile.

I liked Nurse Nicole. She was kind to me throughout my stay. But I was feeling a bit stressed about being discharged. I honestly didn't know where I was going to go. Kingston had said I was welcome in his territory for as long as I wanted. But that still didn't mean I knew where to go. I didn't know the territory at all.

I grabbed the crutches that Nurse Nicole was holding for me. Standing up on my good foot, I tucked them under my arms. Nicole **asked** me how they felt and ensured they were **set at** the right height for me. As I confirmed they were good, Kingston walked in.

"All **ready to go?**" he asked.

Nurse Nicole **acknowledged** him and **then** scurried out of the room, leaving me **feeling** a bit confused.

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"Um, I **guess**. I just signed my release papers."

“Great,” he said, walking over and picking up the box of my stuff he had brought a couple days before. “Would you rather we get you in a wheelchair until we get downstairs, or are you okay on the crutches?”

“I’ve been sitting for four days, so I’m good with the crutches,” I said, still not knowing what was happening.

“Works for me. Let’s get going,” he said, tucking the box under one arm and resting his free hand on the small of my

back.

“Um, and where am I supposed to be going?” I asked, starting to think he had some kind of plan.

He chuckled at my question. “I’ve arranged a room for you at my private lodge. It’s not far from here, so the doctor can come out easily if we need him to.”

“Oh,” I said.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be on the ground floor in a room all your own. And you’ll have everything you need to heal up.”

We had reached the elevator and were waiting for the doors to open.

“You really don’t have to do this, Kingston. I can manage on my own.”

“Hey,” **he said**, tipping my chin up to look him in the eye, “yes, I **do need to** do this. And I need you to let me, okay?”

His tone **was** serious, and there was **a meaning** behind it that I didn’t understand. But something told me it **was** important

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that I **let** him do this – for both of us. So I didn’t fight him **anymore**.

“Okay,” I said with a small smile.

He smiled back, his thumb running gently along my jaw. The elevator dinged and the doors opened. Kingston cleared his throat, returning his hand to my back to help guide me forward. We rode the elevator down to the main floor. As we walked to the exit, I felt several eyes on me.

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I couldn't tell if it was because I was a female walking out on the arm of their Alpha or because they could already sense that I was a rogue. Or both. Either way, it made me nervous. I didn't know if Kingston sensed my unease, but his hand moved around my waist, holding me firmly. I felt myself blush, not sure if the act was making the situation better or worse.

As soon as we got outside, there was a black SUV sitting in the pickup lane that Kingston directed me to. He **put the** box in the front seat before opening the back door. He took the crutches from me and set them against the vehicle before lifting me in to the car. It seemed a bit much to me, but I was learning not to argue with him over the little things.

I noticed the male sitting behind the driver's seat as he closed the door. He gave me a small but kind smile through the rearview mirror as he waited for Kingston to put my crutches in the back and then climbed into the **seat next to** me.

"Ayla, this is Pierce, my **Beta.**"

"**Ms. Garner,**" **Pierce said, tipping his head** in my direction.

"Hello."

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We pulled **out of** the hospital and headed to Kingston's home.

I thought

about the past few days since I had met him. He discovered more about me than most people did in a year. We had talked a lot when he came to see me. The morning after I felt Theo, I could tell he wanted answers. While he tried to get some information within our conversations, he never pushed me when I changed the subject.

But it was what he did while it was happening that I kept thinking about.

He held me. He had put his arms around me and held me tightly. He comforted me. And it did make it better. The pain seemed to lessen as he ran his fingers through my hair **and** rocked me gently. And it wasn't just the pain of Theo's betrayal that went away. The ache in my chest that had become a constant since the day I met Theo had dissipated, lulling me into a comfortable sleep.

When I had stayed with Zeff, he hadn't been able to give me that.

I hated how it broke his heart not being able to help me, but I hadn't expected him to be able to ease the pain. So it was surprising when Kingston seemed to have that effect.

The ache quickly returned and was back when I woke up the **ext** morning. I tried to tell myself it was a mix **of** exhaustion and painkillers, but that didn't seem to make **a** difference before. So it must have been something about Kingston that caused the pain to go away. **It** confused me. I **was** in no position to **ask** anything of anyone, and I wasn't ready to let anyone **else** into my **life yet**, either. But I **was** also finding it hard to **keep** my distance. **The idea** of not having **to** spend the next three months this way **was getting** too **tempting to**

resist.

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Maybe letting him help me was **precisely** what I was supposed **to do**.

#Lunas #Choice #theo #ayla #Kat #Silver #Chapter

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