

The Luna's Choice (theo and ayla) by Kat Silver Chapter 15

Chapter 15: Kingston

We pulled up to the lodge in about fifteen minutes. I got out of the SUV, grabbed Ayla's crutches, and met her at her door, which she had already opened. I helped her out and back onto the crutches, holding back the urge to just scoop her up and carry her inside. I knew she wouldn't be okay with that.

At least not yet. But I hoped one day.

That hope seemed to grow in me over the past couple of days. Ever since the night I found out about her mate, **she** no longer tensed up when I touched her. She didn't seem to feel as awkward around me. And she was willing to accept my

help.

I just hoped that comfort would grow the longer she was with

1. me.

I still **didn't** know anything about what happened with her mate or who he was. But I did know that she didn't want him

to find her. She had no desire to be with him. I had no qualms about taking advantage of that, knowing what he was capable of.

I helped her up the few stairs that led to the front door. I noticed her **eyes** went wide when **we walked** inside.

She cleared her throat. "This is your private home? I can't imagine what your packhouse looks like."

I **laughed**. "**You** could say it is rather modern. I'd love to take **you there one day**."

The blush that colored her cheeks didn't escape my notice. I guided her through the living area to a hallway to the right. We had set her up in the largest suite on the

main floor, and everything we salvaged from her vehicle had already been brought in. I wanted her to feel **as** comfortable **as** possible.

“This is your room,” I said, ushering her through the door.

As soon as she crossed the threshold, she froze.

“Um, this is too much.” She shook her head. “I don’t need this much space, really.”

“You need something close to the main part of the house and with its own bathroom. This provides that,” I said firmly.

She nodded and continued into the room. She was struggling a little more now. The crutches weren’t helping her broken rib. She sat on the edge of the bed, taking shallow breaths. Looking at my watch, I knew she could take more pain medicine. Nicole told me she had been stretching her doses out more, but I wouldn’t leave her in pain.

“I’ll be right back,” I said.

I went to the kitchen and **got** a bottle of water from the fridge. Heading back to Ayla’s room, I removed a prescription bottle from my pocket. Pierce had picked it up before coming to get us. She was **still** sitting on the edge of the bed. Her eyes were **closed**, and her shoulders were slightly hunched.

Opening **the water**, I put **it** in her hand. Then I **dropped** two **pills in** the other before lifting her chin to **look at me**.

“You are not going to sit in here in **pain,**” I **insisted**. **“Take the medication. Get some rest. When you’re up for it, I’ll be** in the

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living room. I want **to talk to** you about something.”

I smiled at her, caressing her face gently. I didn’t want her to worry, but I did want her to come out. I had a feeling if I let her, she’d lock herself away in this room just because she thought it would be easier to stay out of the way.

But then she looked back down at the pills in her hand and **still** hesitated. There was something else bothering her.

I knelt in front of her, resting my hands on her thighs. “Hey, there’s nothing wrong with taking something to help you feel better. You don’t have to be in pain.”

She shook her head. “It’s not that...” She sighed, shaking her head again. She tossed the medication back with a swig of water. “Forget about it. I’ll be fine.”

“No,” I said, holding her still as she tried to **scoot** away. “Ayla, talk to me. What’s bothering you?”

She looked away from me. “The injuries distract from the other pain. The medication doesn’t touch that.”

“What other pain, Ayla?”

“The bond,” she said softly. “We tried to **sever it**, but...”

Wait... **What?**

“Did you try to **reject** him?” I tried **to** push my **anger back**. She didn’t **need to see that** right now.

“He **rejected us**. Dasha and I **accepted his rejection**, but his wolf never **agreed**. So I tried **to reject** him, but **his wolf still wouldn’t allow it**.”

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Goddess, she had to be kidding... How long had she been living with a half-broken bond? That was why her wolf was gone. Why she couldn't heal.

"Ayla, who is he?" I asked, having a hard time keeping the anger out of my voice.

"Kingston, it doesn't matter," she insisted. "I will be fine..."

"The hell you will," I burst out, standing to pace the room. "No one can live like that forever, Ayla. What that asshole is doing **is** cruel and completely unfair. Not to mention beyond stupid. He has no right to risk your life like this."

Ayla laughed bitterly. "Not anymore, at least," she said under her breath.

I froze. "What do you mean 'not anymore?'"

She rolled her eyes and let out a frustrated grunt. "He's the future Alpha."

"What?" I bellowed. "Theo Arden is your mate?" She didn't look at me. "Fine, then he's going to be taking a trip to see me, and if his wolf doesn't finish this, I'll fucking kill him myself."

Her head snapped to me, her **eyes** wide.

"**No**, you can't – ah." She had stood without thinking, her leg giving out the moment she put weight on it. I dove forward and caught her before she landed. "You **can't** touch him."

"**Ayla, he rejected** you without **severing** the **bond**, **leaving** you in horrible pain. He's **cheating** on you. For **goddess's sake**, he turned **you rogue**." **We sank to the floor as she he breathed** through the **pain**.

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“He **didn’t** turn **me** rogue,” she said. “I did.”

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