

The Luna's Choice (theo and ayla) by Kat Silver Chapter 2

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Chapter 2: Theo

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I fought against the urges her scent was influencing as I stalked up to her, including the rage that she was currently talking to another male. But more importantly, the urge to grab her

and take her against the nearest tree. My wolf was going crazy about the idea, but he would learn fast that that was never going to happen.

I wouldn't accept her.

Knowing what I knew about her, that would never happen.

She hung up the phone and turned to face me.

"This won't happen," I spat out before she had a chance to speak.

Her jaw clenched, and her silvery-gray eyes stared into mine for a few short moments. But I couldn't read a damn thing behind them.

"I absolutely agree," she stated evenly.

My wolf growled and snarled inside me, demanding to know what the hell I was doing. I pushed down the hurt that hit me when she didn't fight me. Her reaction just proved why this needed to be done. I could never be with someone so cold and self-absorbed as her. There was no way someone like her could ever be my Luna.

'Don't know her.' Kieran yelled in my head.

I knew enough.

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“Kylee **is my mate**. Not you. I, Theo Arden, future Alpha of the Greytooth Pack, reject you, Ayla Garner, as my mate and Luna.” Kieran was snapping his teeth, pushing to take control to stop this.

“I, Ayla Garner, accept your rejection and relinquish my claim as your mate and Luna.”

My wolf howled in pain. A pain that was mirrored within me as it felt like my heart was being ripped apart. It was the bond breaking. Releasing me from the tie that bound us together.

She stood there like nothing happened.

How could she stand there like nothing had happened?

She really didn't feel anything, did she? It was so easy for her to let us go.

‘Mate wants me.’

I grimaced. He meant her wolf. Her wolf wanted mine. He could sense her. She was even denying her wolf. I couldn't stand it anymore. I needed to get away from her.

I stormed back

into the house, returning to the woman the goddess should have made my mate. I returned to the dining room to find her mother and her still deep in conversation. I was grateful she hadn't seemed to notice my absence or the change in my mood. It wasn't surprising. She was excited about seeing her family and sharing the news with them.

I had been, too, until her sister walked into the room. The scent had engulfed me, driving me to **seek** out the source like a lifeline. When I

saw her, her beauty took my breath away. She was petit but strong, with long legs and perfect curves.

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She had a mass of caramel-blonde hair that cascaded **over** her shoulders, framing a face with plump lips and intense gray eyes that shined green in the light. I couldn't help but want her. I recognized who she was to me immediately.

But then I noticed her narrow nose and soft jawline were familiar. Her fair skin had a sun-kissed glow that I had always found attractive. Once I realized she had similar features to

Kylee, I knew this was her sister, Ayla.

Kylee had told me on many occasions how her sister had changed after the death of their father. She was there for Kylee at first, but in less than a year, she started spending all her time away from home. She ended up dropping out of the private school her parents had worked so hard to send her to. Eventually, Kylee lost track of what she was doing with her life.

Kylee was there for her when she was around, trying to be supportive. But she wasn't the sister she used to love. What bothered her most was Ayla's treatment of their mother. Ayla still lived in the house with her, but Kylee always got the impression that helping their mother was just a burden. She worried their mother would be left with no one to take care of her, and she wasn't in the best of health anymore.

"I have an idea,"

I interrupted. They both looked up **at** me expectantly. "Why doesn't your mother come t

o **stay** with us for a while? At least until the ceremony? We have the room in the packhouse, **and** I'm sure you and my mother would appreciate the extra input."

Both their faces lit up.

"Really? We can do that?" Kylee said happily.

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"Of course," I said with a smile.

"Thank you."

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Kylee jumped up from the table and threw her arms around me, kissing me sweetly. I ignored the growls coming from Kieran. Seeing their reaction told me I had made the exact right decision. Despite what the burning in my chest told me.

This was who I was supposed to be with. Not Ayla.

'Keep saying. Maybe believe.'

I told him to shut up, and he retreated into the back of my mind, cutting himself off from me.

He would get over it. Once the bond was completely severed, he would understand this was **the** right thing for us and the pack.

Ayla

I had managed to get myself together enough to rejoin my family. The pain that seared through me from Theo's rejection and my subsequent acceptance almost brought me to

my knees. It took all of my strength to keep my body from shaking, praying he didn't notice the blood coming from my palms. I had clenched my fists so hard trying **to** stay on my

feet that I broke the skin.

When he finally **left**, I released **the** sob that was the only thing capable of coming out of my mouth. **But** I didn't let the **tears** fall. Not yet. They couldn't know.

So, I steadied my breathing and went back into my house. I

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was **surprised to** find that Kylee and Ma weren't in the **dining** room anymore. They **weren't** in **the** living room either. But Theo was.

"They're in your mother's room packing," **he** said coldly.

"Packing?" What was he talking about?

He stepped closer to me, lowering his voice. "I think it's best. that you keep your distance from Kylee for a while. We don't want her finding out about this. But I know she'll want her mother to be a part of the ceremony planning. So she's coming back with us."

I felt like he just slapped me in the face. As if I would ever tell her. That's why I was doing this. So that I wouldn't break my baby sister's heart. I gave him what he wanted, and now he was going to keep me from my family?

Dasha **was** confused and in pain, whimpering in my head because she didn't understand how he could be so cruel to us.

'Because he doesn't want to deal with the trouble,' I told her, fighting the tears that were forming. 'If this **is** how he is going to treat us, fine. It just makes this easier.'

“If that’s what you think is best,” I said to Theo through gritted teeth.

“Kylee,” he called out, not breaking eye contact. “Let’s get going.”

My sister came prancing into the room. “Already?”

“It’s getting late. Let’s head to the hotel for the night. We’ll swing by in the morning to pick up your mother.”

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“Okay,” she said brightly before turning to me. “What about **you, Ayla**? You’re coming with, **too**, right?”

I opened my mouth to speak, but Theo decided **to** answer for

1. me.

“We were just talking about that. Ayla has some things going on with work and can’t get away.”

I gave her a tight smile. “Yes, I’m sorry. But I will try to come out there as soon as I can.”

“Oh, okay, I understand. But I’ll make sure we have a room ready for you whenever you can come.”

“Of course. I can’t wait,” I said, my heart breaking again, knowing Theo wouldn’t allow me to be there with her.

We all said our goodbyes, and they left. Ma was still standing at the window watching them drive off when I went to clean up the dishes in the kitchen. She finally came in behind me and started opening another bottle of wine. We had gone through four during dinner already. And I barely touched my glass.

“Ma, you’ve had enough for the night,” I said calmly.

“Oh, come on. It’s a celebration,” Ma said. “It’s not every day you find out your baby is going to be a Luna.”

“Ma, you can celebrate more tomorrow. You need to finish packing,” I said, gently taking the bottle from her hand. “I’m sure Kylee and Theo will be here first thing in the morning.”

“We can celebrate together while you help me pack,” she said, grabbing the bottle back from me. “Then I’ll help you pack.”

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I winced. This wasn’t going to end well. “I’m not coming, Ma.”

She stopped with the glass halfway to her lips. “What do you mean you’re not coming?” she asked with a pout. “You have to be there. Kylee is going to be mated. I told her we would help pay for the ceremony.”

I winced again. She meant me. I would be helping pay for the ceremony. Ma didn’t have a penny to her name.

“I will send you however much you need. But I have to stay close to work for the next few weeks. I’ll come out later. We have **six** months to get ready,” I said, guiding her down the hall.

“That’s not the point. You should be there for her. This is a big deal. Don’t be so selfish, Ayla.”

Her words stung, but they weren’t unexpected. This was kind of the norm when she got like this. I know she didn’t really mean it. At least, she wouldn’t mean it when she was sober. It was just her way of coping with her abandonment issues. I got her into her bedroom and set her on the bed. I changed her into her nightgown and tucked her in. I left her sitting up against the pillows while I pulled clothes out of her closet, asking if she wanted to take specific items.

Pretty soon, she started to tip to the side. I coaxed her to lie down and tucked her all the way in. She was asleep in seconds. I hurried through the rest of her packing. Stuffing two large suitcases as full as I could before carrying them out to the living room. Then I locked the front door, finished the last of the dishes, and slipped out into the backyard.

I stripped off my clothes **as** I headed for the forest, desperate to get under **its** protective shadows. **As soon as I** passed the

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treeline, I **shifted**, taking off **at** full speed. I let Dasha feel all the **pain**. I didn’t **try** to hold her **back** anymore.

We would mourn the loss of our fated mate. The loss of the one person who was supposed to **see** us for who we were. The one person who was supposed to always put us first, without demands or expectations. We would mourn the loss of never getting to experience that.

But we wouldn’t mourn him.

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We ran until we could barely breathe. Until Dasha stopped at the edge of our pond – our place of solace

our place of solace and let out a heartwrenching howl into the night air. Shifting at the end as she retreated back into my mind, out of reach to heal her broken heart, while I let the torrent of tears finally fall.

I fell to the forest floor, curling into myself as the sobs wracked my body, intensifying the burn that was still there from our bond being ripped from my heart. I lay there and cried until I had nothing left in my body, and my eyes drifted closed on the image of the moon and the stars reflecting on our peaceful little pond.