

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

## Chapter 12

### Chapter 12: Theo

I had slipped out of Kylee's room after she had fallen asleep. I **had** gone **to** see her the morning after Ayla's accident, bringing the jewelry box I had retrieved from her

mother's house and apologizing for my recent behavior. I was worried she would ask more questions about what happened that night, but luckily, she was so thankful to have the necklace. she was eager to put it behind us.

Relieved to avoid the subject, I promised to have dinner **with** her and spend the whole evening together tonight. She was so happy I honestly thought it would be easy.

But that didn't turn out to be the case.

I had thought about when we had first got together and some of the things we did. I wanted to do something that would remind me of when I first started to fall for Kylee. So, I

arranged for us to hike up our favorite trail to the waterfall where I asked her to be exclusive. I had a picnic dinner all arranged.

**But** when I met with her to leave, she insisted we go out to a restaurant because she hadn't dressed for a hike. I **was** disappointed but agreed. I was supposed to be making it up to her, after all. But then our time together kept getting interrupted as pack members kept approaching us, asking about **the** preparations for our upcoming mating ceremony.

It **was a topic Kylee** was all too eager to talk about, but I **was having a hard** time mustering **up** the interest.

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"What's **wrong**, babe?" she asked on the drive back to the packhouse, resting a hand on my thigh. "Didn't you enjoy dinner?"

“**Yeah**, it was good,” I said with a tight smile. “Everything is fine.”

“It doesn’t seem fine. Are you sure you’re not upset with me?”

“Of course not, babe. I’m just having a hard time with Dad being sick and all.”

“I know it’s hard. But soon, you’ll have taken over, and he’ll be able to take the time he needs to start getting better,” she said with a smile.

I knew she was just trying to make me feel better, but it didn’t. Dad wouldn’t get better.

Shifters didn’t get sick often. Their advanced healing capabilities meant they were immune to most diseases and illnesses, particularly human ones. However, there were a few conditions that **were** exclusive to shifter anatomy. So we were

far from invincible.

My father had been diagnosed with a condition that affected his ability to shift. His body couldn’t produce enough of the necessary fluids to smoothly transition from his human form to his wolf. It made the shift very painful. There were some treatments, but they mostly just made the secondary effects more **bearable**, so the **best thing was to avoid shifting altogether**.

**However, that was easier said than done for a shifter. Our animals were a part of us. They were another being, a primal being, that needed to be let out. They needed to be cared for.**

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Not being **able** to shift **had** a huge impact on a shifter's mental health over time. It was even harder when you were an Alpha.

Dad was already struggling with the mental aspect of the disease. I don't think Kylee really understood what was happening to him. We had kept her and the rest of the pack from seeing him in this condition. I still wanted to protect her from that reality, but at the same time, it would have been nice to talk to her about it.

We pulled up to the packhouse and got out to open her door for her. Taking her hand, I walked us toward her room.

"When do you think we'll be able to move into a room

together?" Kylee

pouted as we approached her door. "I'm tired. of being away from you."

"After the ceremony. Once my parents officially step down, we'll move into their wing of the packhouse. It's really better set up for two people than my current rooms," I said. Again.

Kylee pulled me into her room and shut the door behind her. "Well, then, I guess we'll just have to make the best of our living situation until then."

Tugging my shirt, she pulled me down to **kiss** her.

My body resisted at **first**, but I reminded myself I was

supposed to be focusing on her. Focusing on getting us back on track. So I deepened the **kiss**, following her lead to the bed. We stripped each other down, and I gave in to her

exploration. **After all, she** knew **what** I liked and **had always** been **eager to provide it**.

I tried to remember **the** feeling **of the first time we** had **been**

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**together.** Kylee had been so eager to please me. It seemed like she had wanted me

even more than I wanted her, which I found **sexy** as hell. We had gone to see one of my favorite bands play at a bar, and she had spent half the night grinding against me, driving me crazy. The band's set hadn't even ended, and I was dragging her into a bathroom stall and fucking her against the wall.

At the time, I had thought it was the hottest thing I'd ever experienced.

But now, as Kylee rode me with abandon, my mind went back to the moment I kissed Ayla. Her soft lips against mine. The feeling of her pulse quickening beneath my hand. How the scent of her arousal hit me, telling me I could turn her on with just a touch.

I flipped Kylee over, changing positions as I plowed into her. I closed my eyes, and my release approached quickly as Ayla's face flashed in my head. I came on Kylee's belly, still **unable** to fill her with my seed.

I sat back on my heels. Steadying my breathing as my head rested back on my shoulders. I couldn't look at her. I didn't want to break the illusion just yet.

Kieran had left me earlier in the day, refusing to be present while I was with Kylee. So this was the closest thing to a moment of peace I had experienced

in over **a week.**

But **as soon as I** opened my **eyes – as soon as Ayla's** beautiful face was replaced by **Kylee's – that** peace would be over.

With **a deep** sigh, I removed myself from between her **legs** and went to **the bathroom.** I **wet a** washcloth and **cleaned**

**myself off before** returning **to Kylee** with a **second** cloth. **After**

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288 Vouchers.

I wiped **the mess from her,**  
**she** grabbed me **and pulled** me back **into the bed.**

“Stay with me tonight, baby,” she said sweetly **as** she curled up beside me, laying her head on my chest. “I miss feeling you next to me.”

Her words pained me. I tightened my arm around her shoulders, holding her until she fell asleep.

**But** sleep didn't come to me.

I couldn't get comfortable. The feeling of her naked body against mine felt unnatural. I wondered if it had always felt this way, and I was just so smitten with her that I didn't notice it.

Or was it because I knew it should have been Ayla there? Had she been **a** different person? Maybe if their dad hadn't died, she would have been the mate I needed her to be.

The burning in my chest pulsed.

I couldn't think about that. All that mattered was that she

wasn't that person now. But Kylee was who I needed by my side. I just had to make it to our mating ceremony. Once I **marked** her, everything would go back to the way it was between us.