

## **Kings Breeder 339**

Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 339

Chapter 119: There's More Out There

Maeve-Four Months Later

Suntra was not what I was expecting.

Thad become accustomed to the seemingly endless white sand beaches of Avondale, where the sand grit was so fine it felt like powdered sugar as you walked barefoot in the surf. Suntra's sand was coarse and golden and dappled with tide pools brimming with long strings of seaweed.

The island itself was small and mountainous, large rock formations jutting out of the shallow sea all around the snug cove I found myself in. It was beautiful, and intimidating, and nothing like I had imagined Troy's childhood home to be.

He was talking to Robbie in the distance, their heads bent against the stiff, warm breeze coming off the water. It was spring, but the air was thick with tropical humidity, and had it been a clear day, I knew I would have been roasting.

Troy and Keaton had returned from the tomb two months ago and traded the treasure for a sum of money that was unfathomable to me. Most of it had gone toward repairing the neglected infrastructure in Avondale and building a new port, which immediately allowed the residents of Avondale to take up trade again. Things were already looking better than when

we first arrived in the Isles, but we still had a long way to go.

I turned away from Troy and Robbie, looking over my shoulder at the small village nestled in the safety of the cove. The buildings were built on stilts high on the beach where a tropical forest grew in deep green tangles of foliage behind it.

Children were running along the beach carrying buckets, stooping to inspect the tide pools for critters. I smiled as I watched a young boy hold up a starfish, marveling at the creature for a moment before gently setting it back into the water.

So many children lived here now. The entire village was buzzing with noise and laughter. My heart squeezed as I watched Alison, who was now heavily rounded out and in the final days of her pregnancy, walking carefully along the tide pools, a group of young ones following her as she led the group closer to where the sea was breaking against the beach.

Suntra was the new home of the survivors of Dianny, most of them children.

One of Troy's first challenges as the new Alpha of Poldesse had been seeing to the welfare of the children from Dianny. Not wanting to split them up, he called upon the few full-time residents of Suntra to open their village to the refugees, which they did with open hearts and open arms. A new school had been built, and Alison was the headmistress, helping assimilate the children to their new home while also tending to the emotional wounds leftover from the fall of Dianny.

Suntra had been one of the only places, other than the smaller, less populated islands dotted around the Isles, that had been truly welcoming to Troy as the Alpha.

Troy had taken his title back with no money to speak of, a castle to live in that was falling away into the ocean, and several enemies who had been loyal to Damian, or rather, had their fingers in Damian's pocketbook.

But Troy had Keaton, and that proved to be enough.

Keaton was a wolf in the body of a Pomeranian. He was flashy, wealthy, and could charm a room. But he could also kill a man with his stare and had enough gems and other fineries to sway even the most loyal of Damian's old cronies. Thankfully, many of those loyal to Damian, and Romero's old regime,

thought it best to leave the Isles all together, and a new era united the east, the west, and the Isles had been under the umbrella of peace and allyship.

All in all, the people of the Isles had accepted Troy as the Alpha of Poldesse, even if they weren't ready to consider him their Alpha quite yet.

But under Troy and I as Alpha and Luna new schools had been built, medical clinics were being established on the more remote islands, and trade restrictions had been eased, which led to more money flowing in the Isles. The people of the Isles could trade freely with the port of Breles and the port of Valoria without needing special, expensive permits like Damian had demanded, which used to keep the routes locked in to

those he favored.

Best of all, Troy was happy. He was at peace and at home.

But there was still much work to be done.

We were spending several weeks jumping from island to island, taking stock of the wellbeing of the inhabitants, and making a list of what was needed. Most of the islands were in need of medicine, infrastructure, and schools. But some villages carried the scars of the past regime, and held a grudge against the pack they deemed responsible. We were, essentially, on a public relations tour to try to save face and prove we were good, honest rulers. Damian had been allowed to rule unchecked here for far too long, and regardless of who was responsible for that, we were changing it now.

Suntra was more of a vacation, it seemed. We would spend a few nights here before boarding the Persephone once again and heading to the next village.

Will, Charlie, and Oliver were in the village being doted on by Ingra, Cleo, and the elder women who called Suntra home. Cleo had set up shop in Avondale of course, to be closer to Myla, but was training two midwives for Suntra over the next several weeks while she waited for Alison to go into labor.

I was free, it seemed, left to my own devices to explore the beach for a moment while Troy spoke to Robbie and the boys were being tended to.

But I found myself a little bored.

I thought of following Alison and joining the gaggle of pups she was leading across the beach, but didn't want to interrupt. I resigned myself to sitting on a piece of driftwood, stretching my legs in front of me and watching a trio of young boys chase a rather large crab along the shore.

They couldn't have been more than ten years old.

Troy had lived here as a child when he wasn't working on a boat somewhere. I wondered, with a pang of sadness, if he'd ever had a chance to just be a little boy like the ones I was watching, and then felt thankful the boys, and my own boys, would have a chance to just be kids.

"Do you remember me?" came a soft, somewhat nervous voice to my left. I turned, shielding my eyes to the sun as a young girl approached, stopping short of my driftwood perch.

My entire body tightened at the sight of her. Of course, I remembered her. I would never forget her.

I just didn't expect her to be alive.

Tasia's youngest sibling took another step toward me, momentarily blocking the sun. I looked up at her, seeing her quite the same as she had been in Dianny when she came to fetch us all down to the lake for dinner. It felt like a lifetime ago.

The light was gone from her eyes, however, replaced by unspeakable sadness.

"I'm not like my sister," she said hurriedly.

I nodded. "I know. It's alright," I stammered, "I don't... I don't remember your name."

"It was never said," she said softly, tucking her hands in the pocket of her apron, "but my name is Mara."

"It's really nice to see you again," I said, rising to my feet. I towered over the girl, who was no more than twelve. She looked up at me, tears welling in her eyes.

"She's dead, isn't she?"

I nodded, swallowing against the pain of it.

"She killed our whole family," Mara breathed, breaking her gaze. "I'm happy to hear she is gone."

"Oh--"

"She was very bad," Mara nudged a piece of seaweed with her foot.

"Yes... she was. But that doesn't make losing her.... She was your sister. I can't imagine how you feel. It's okay to be hurt, and sad over her... over her death."

"My mother wasn't totally honest with you," Mara said abruptly, looking up at me once more. I started, slightly taken aback by her admission.

"How so?"

"I can see things. I saw what Tasia was planning to do, but no one would listen to me. That's how I lived, I knew when it was going to happen. And... something is going to happen, but not soon. It'll be when I'm older. I won't be a little girl any more. And neither will she."

"Who? What happens?"

"There's so much more out there," Mara said dreamily. "So, so much more."

"Maeve!" Troy called from down the beach.

I turned to look at him, and when I turned back to Mara, she had taken off. "Wait!" I called after her, but she had already made it out of earshot, her footsteps leading down the beach toward the group of children Alison was leading around the massive tidepools.

"Who was that?" Troy asked as he reached my side, reaching up to shield his face from the sun.

"Tasia's little sister," I murmured, my chest tightening with apprehension.

CupTV! INILWE VULLIUL

"What? I thought her entire family died."

"Me too," I breathed, shaking my head as I pondered whether or not to tell him what had happened, what the girl had said.

"Alison must know who she is, right?"

"I don't know. I feel like Alison wouldn't have kept that from us, especially from Robbie."

Troy looked dubious, but then exhaled deeply, shaking his head.

"Well, I say let it be. She's a little girl. What chaos could she possibly start while stuck on an island, right?"

I nodded but was still unable to shake the feeling in my bones that the girl had given me warning of times to come. Times, I felt, that would be trying.

"There's a party in the village, a big dinner in our honor. We should go up now."

I nodded without saying a word in reply, turning my gaze away from Mara, and decided with finality to let the past be the past.

We were staying the night in a small, beach-front cabin with two bedrooms. Troy and I crept out of the second bedroom, flinching as the door squeaked as we closed it behind us. All three of the boys were sleeping soundly, however, sunkissed and fatigued from a day full of activity and attention.

"Well, what should we do for an hour before they wake up again?" I whispered as I sat down on the couch in the snug living room.

Troy shrugged, sitting down next to me with a sigh, his arm coming around my shoulder. "Sleep, maybe. We could both use it."

"Mmm... yeah, that does sound nice."

We sat in silence for a moment, enjoying the quiet. The windows were open, and fresh, salty sea air wafted through the shades, the sound of the waves hitting the rocks below the cabin a rhythmic lullaby.

Troy leaned his cheek against my head, closing his eyes.

“Happy anniversary,” he whispered into my hair.

“Anniversary? Anniversary of what?”

“The day I met you in the market and stopped you from falling in the street.”

“You mean the day a lunatic followed me around the market like a lost puppy?”

“Yeah, that same day,” he laughed, and I smiled to myself, melting into his touch. “I love you, Maeve.”

“I love you too, Troy.”

He was stroking my arm with his fingers, his breath beginning to slow. We were both falling asleep, but the closeness of our bodies was impossible to ignore. Eventually, we were lying on the couch side by side, Troy’s body spooning mine. He kissed me behind my ear, nuzzling against me as his hand began to travel down over the curve of my hip.

We made good use of our free time, undressing each other slowly. We were as quiet as possible, the only sound the crash of the waves as Troy rolled me on top of him, letting me take control.

And when we were done, our bodies spent, I ran my fingers through his hair, kissing him thoroughly.

A year ago, I was just a princess on a mission to do her duty for her family. My life seemed to be following a specific path with little flexibility.

And then, I met Troy, and everything changed. He had been, before I knew the full truth, my breeder. He had been my lover, and now my husband, and the father of our children.

He was my mate.

But best of all, he was my friend.

I was better because of him. I was forever changed.

I was ready for whatever came next.