TIME TO GO

CHAPTER FOUR.

ASHANTI'S POV.

“What the hell are you doing here?” I ask in annoyance the moment I walk into the living

room and see Conrad sitting on one of the Sofas.

I have been miserable and heartbroken, but the Conrad I'm looking at right now doesn't look the least affected by everything that just happened.

I roll my eyes when he rises from the Sofa and inches closer to me. He even has the nerve to smile at me.

“Don't bother, I'm not here to beg you to take me back.”

“Not that I wanted you to do that.”

“Good, because this is all your fault in the first place.”

“What?” I asked harshly.

“Yeah” He answers with creased brows. “You know what, Ashanti? You were never ready for us to get intimate. Always talking about waiting for the right time. I got tired of waiting. Two years and all I ever got from you was a kiss. It became boring. I needed more so I went to someone who was ready to give it to me.” Pain stabs my heart like a thousand daggers as I listen to him talk.

He slept with my sister because I wouldn’t let him do that with me.

“But you said you were fine with us not having sex.”

“I only said that to please you. Which man would like to be in a relationship with a girl without getting intimate?”

“There are many men out there who…”

“Then go find them.”

“Why are you even saying this to me now, Conrad?” I literally can’t look at his face for another second.

“I’m saying this because this is all on you. If you weren't such an annoying self preserving person, we'd still be together. So you deal with it.”

I slap him.

I slap him hard as tears come flying down my cheeks.

“How dare you!”

“How dare I?” He chuckles like he’s amused about something. “You ruined our relationship first, and you ruined my reputation in front of the Alpha and elders. You even put our pack in danger only because you can’t take the fact that you are dumped.” He shakes his head and walks past me, making sure to bump into my shoulder, pushing me aside. Three steps later, he turns back to face me.

“And like Rhea rightly said, there are a lot of things she can offer me, which you can't. She has more value to me than you ever have. That's the main reason why I chose her. You are nothing! And to answer the question you asked a while ago, I'm here to see Rhea. So have a good day yourself.”

His words hit me like the worst form of physical pain.

Cold freezing water has been emptied on my head and it's pouring down and soaking every inch of my body. It's diffusing into my spine and making it go rigid. I am one pile of pain forged into being.

I run back to my own room and let my tears fall down my cheeks.

I don’t know why people I loved always turned their backs on me. First my dad, then my close friends, and now Conrad.

I always think it's a waste of time and I've gotten used to not caring about Rhea and her business anymore. But she provokes me again and again and takes away everything that used to belong to me.

I walk over to my nightstand and pick up a framed photo of my parents and I. I look at our smiles with tears shimmering in my eyes. Those were the old days when mum and dad were still together. We were the perfect family in the eyes of everyone.

I look a

lot like my mum, that's why sometimes I wonder if that's the reason my father has been acting so cold to me since his new wife and child came into his life. Do I remind him of my mum or does he just love Rhea so much that he cannot treat me nicely?

I miss my mum so much.

I've always wanted to go out there and find her, but as days have gone by, I have become less sure about that idea.

Maybe leaving me behind was what she truly wanted because never for once did she come back to see me all these years.

If I appeared in her life right now, would she be happy? Would I be disrupting her life? And most importantly, will I even have the chance to search for her anymore?

I am still shaken by the news of resuming the Concordat Ritual. I had plans for my life, but never did I think serving men would be one of them. I have no idea what it's going to be like doing that.

Would I be deprived of my freedom forever?

Is my life ahead already ruined?

Going over to the Lycan pack sounds appalling, but then again I don't think I want to keep living here in my father's castle, in a place where I can no longer call home.

Dad changed so much since the day Rhea and her mother came into our lives. Whenever we had a fight, he would take Rhea's side even if she was on the wrong, which was always the case. He would always scold me to play the part of a big sister even when Rhea never respected me as one.

I let out a heavy sign.

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The day finally comes.

A few servants carry my bags downstairs and I follow them where I meet the rest of the family in the living room.

Rhea is already here with her mother together with our father as well.

Conrad is nowhere to be found. That fact makes me let out a bitter laugh.

I'm sure he's too heartbroken to show his face here again.

"Rhea. Take good care of yourself, okay. I heard the young king is still very unstable from losing his mate. Try as much as you can not to go for him if you are not prepared. Keep your eyes open!" Rhea's mum cautions her and I'm not even surprised.

So, this is why the ritual resumed. To find a mate for the Lycan King.

Why then does it have anything to do with us, normal werewolves?

"You! Come over here." Rhea's mum strides over to me and places her hands on my shoulders, digging her claws into my flesh. I know she must have cursed me for a thousand times and I had made sure to not come across her in the last two days.

"You self-centered bastard, ” she let out the words through her gritted teeth, her ugly face distorted, “You brought this to Rhea because you decided to impress the Beta. You are such an evil bitch. You are gonna pay for it I’m telling you. ”

“Thanks mom.” I simply said. There’s no need to argue with her for her twisted accusation. That’s what I have learned through out the years. If you bring yourself to this low like her, you’d always waste your time on proving yourself for the most obvious things.

“You are the older sister, ” seeing I was not affected by her venom, she put on her fake expression after two seconds and raised her voice so everyone can hear. “You are stronger. You have to take care of my daughter while you girls are over there. Do you understand?" She commands me with gritted teeth. I fight my urge to roll my eyes at her. If the lycans are not around she will not be saying something as “nice” as this.

Rhea, who has been crying since morning, and now has puffy eyes, walks towards me.

"Wait for it!" She mutters under breath and walks past me, making sure to bump into me rudely.

I'm sure our father saw that, but he won't say anything as usual.

"Ashanti." My heart aches hearing his hoarse voice. "Come here." He smiles at me. Goosebumps appear all over my body. Without any second thought, I crash into his arms and he engulfs me in a warm, fatherly hug.

It's been ages since I last hugged my father.

It feels just like when I was young.

“I know you have always been the stronger one. Your sister… she always needs a bit more attention and care.” I freeze in his arms hearing it, wondering if he is going to ask me to take care of her like his wife just did.

"Take care of your sister over there, alright?" I back away from his embrace.

"Dad."

"And take care of yourself too. Whether you stay here or not, you will always be my daughter and I love you very much."

"Yes father, I will." I look closely at his face and notice he has aged so much overnight.

He seriously asked me to take care of Rhea before telling me to take care of myself.

From now on, I am truly on my own in this world.

REAGAN’S POV.

“Kneel!” I instruct the girl before me and she instantly obeys. She knows exactly what I want whenever I ask her to kneel, so I’m not surprised when her hands locate my trouser belt and start unbuckling it. It takes less than no time for both my pants and trousers to be out of my legs.

My thick member is resting between my legs as I sit on the chair and the girl is smiling at me.

"Just open your lips and suck it!" I instruct her and she does what I demand. Her hand strokes over her hair. Wipes a strand out of her face and tucks it back behind her ear. My hands dig into her hair and push her closer to me. I slowly slide my shaft into her mouth so she can smell and taste my masculine aroma. As usual, my member is much too big for her, but I don’t care about that.

I slide her further onto my crotch and push my member deep into her throat. She lifts her hands to stop me. Knock on my thighs, because she wants to make me understand that it is enough, but I ignore her.

“You have to let me completely fill your mouth."

She nods. She wants to do it for me. She always does it for me.

I begin to stroke my hands through her hair to calm her again.

I thrust forward, filling her throat all the way to the back with my huge cock. The feel of her mouth around my shaft is exquisite. She gasps for air. I pull back just in time, giving her a moment to regain her strength and catch her breath before pushing my cock back into her mouth. I thrust so hard into her mouth that she had to gag.

My breathing has gone erratic. All my senses have flown out of my brain. All I can see is stars. The friction caused by the forward and backwards movement of her mouth on my shaft ignites electric current in my body. Goosebumps appear all over my body and I draw in a ragged breath and I thrust a third time into her, then a fourth and fifth time. I slide back and forth in her throat faster and faster. I push my cock harder and deeper into her throat and only stop when she gags or chokes and needs to catch her breath.

Another thrusting motion stimulates the right amount of dopamine in my body that makes me come undone in her mouth. I groan in pleasure and latch into her hair and I jerk off, my creamy fluid spilling all over my face and some into her mouth. My heart stops racing. My breathing becomes normal and I’m calm again.

"How was it?" She smiles seductively. I ignore her. "No one can please you like I do, Alpha Reagan. I know you too well." She brags like always, but I don't pay attention to her.

I turn my head to the other side that's void of her annoying face and absorb myself in my thoughts.

I don't want to find a mate anymore. I feel a lot better when I have no attachment whatsoever to someone else.

Years ago, when I lost my mate, it caused too much pain for my wolf, King, and I. King took a very long time to recover from the damage caused by the desolation of the mate bond and I'm still not sure he has fully recovered from that.

My excessive libido was caused by King and we both need the girls in the Harem to meet our sexual needs.

I know that resuming the Concordat Ritual is what the pack needs and what the elders have been hoping for.

No matter how damaged I am. No matter how much I do not want another mate, it's not a decision for me to make for myself. The pack needs a Luna. And an heir to ascend the throne someday. I have to provide that for them.

They have waited five years to bring this up and I know this time I can’t put it off anymore.t.

The blasting sound of my ringtone jabs me out of my thoughts. The girl who just gave me the blowjob picks the phone from the table and hands it to me. I swipe the green icon and press the phone against my ears.

"Yes, Ronald."

"Alpha." My Beta's voice comes through. "You can start getting ready for the Welcome Ceremony of the new girls."

I end the call and start putting on my underwear.

"Are you going somewhere?" She still has that annoying smile on her face. I don't answer her. She pouts. "Can't you stay a little longer? We can go over to the bed and go deeper." She keeps ranting. I rise to my feet and pull up my trousers, buckling my belt in place. "Please stay." She holds my arm thereby stopping me from moving forward.

The look in my eyes when I turn to face her makes her instantly let go of my hand and bow down her head.

I have told her time and again that our relationship is just sex, but she keeps hoping we'll have something more than that.

I exit the bedroom without sparing her a another glance.