

## Fight Between Alphas (1)

### Damon POV

My wolf functioned on a different level altogether. Onyx focused on the task in front of him which was to defeat Nash Dawson. My mind was like a war machine whereby all I did was to calculate distances, anticipate his moves and then project the results of those moves. I prepared myself to attack my biggest enemy. Gods above! I hated him from the core of my heart. And I was going to use every bit of that hatred against him.

Nash was as tall as me in height but his body was not as muscular as mine. His body looked like he trained a lot, but if he thought that he could take on me and win, then he must be pretty delusional. Because I had the support of my mate. The mate whom he rejected and could never come over the fact. Asshole.

We began circling as our fangs and claws elongated. All other warriors who were around him or fighting with him, retreated. When and Alpha came in front of another Alpha, all other warriors ceased to fight because now the war was determined by the outcome of this fight. Whichever Alpha won, would claim the other pack. However, Nash had done something very heinous which was that he used silver.

As we circled, I couldn't underestimate Nash. He took up a

stance like a boxer in the ring. My plan was to take down Nash hard and fast but I wanted to teach him a lesson also and for that I wanted him to make the first move so that I could lull him into thinking that I was a softer mark. And then I was going to strike with an asp speed and force that would paint a picture of so much pain that Nash wouldn't have ever imagined. I needed Nash to understand that he made a big mistake by attacking a Lombard. Part of the reason why I wanted to kill him was because of how these people attacked my father. I wanted to teach him a severe lesson, enough so that none of his pack members who are his allies ever tried again.

Nash glanced behind at Poppy and grinned at me. "Are you scared, Damon, that I will also claim her after I kill you?"

I knew that he was trying to provoke me. I kept my expression stern. If Nash was trying to play mind games with me, then he was about to be profoundly outclassed. Hell, he was already outclassed and he was going to find it out the hard way.

Nash continued to grin. "I think I will take your quiet as a yes. Don't worry, Damon, I won't hurt you much in front of Poppy, but you see I want to put up a good show, so you are bound to feel pain. And if you want to quit now, I will be fine with that, too."

I kept my mouth shut and let him speak like a fool. I could hear the growls from my pack members and they already hated him more than he could imagine.



Nash continued, "I get it. You are showing that you are the tough Alpha. Trying to save your face in front of your mate. Well, you gotta do what you have to. And I will do what I have to!"

I clenched my teeth. Was Nash waiting for me to make the first move? My desire to attack first and punch him hard across his pain to give him some pain was growing rapidly than I could ignore. But I had to still give him the feel that this was an easy fight.

Suddenly, Nash lunged at me. That was what I was waiting for. I let him come to me and using all my instincts, when his face came just near enough, I swung my fist at his jaw. When it connected with his jaw, Nash stumbled backwards, groaning in pain as he had a split lip.

There was a gasp from the shifters, but I went back to where I was and wiped my knuckles across my mouth.

"So Alpha Damon has drawn the first blood, eh?" Nash growled.

The last blood would be sweeter.

"That was just a small win I gave you deliberately Damon," he said. "So if you want to back out, you can back out now."

When I ignored his foolish words, he sighed, "You really want

to go the hard way, don't you?" When I gave him a hard glare, he shrugged. "Okay. If that's what you want." His brows furrowed as his neck muscles corded. "I am going to try to not hurt you, but don't blame me later!"

I couldn't help it any longer. I mocked, "Who knew that Nash Dawson was so wordy on the battlefield? I hope you understand that you are looking like a fool."

Nash took the bait and launched.

I ducked, caught him by his torso and hurled him to the ground. Nash hit the ground hard so hard that debris and stones flew. His breath whooshed out. I straddled him and directed a flurry of punches on his face. He got a few but then he recovered and protected his face, meeting my punches in way. A sharp pain erupted in my back when his knees connected with it. I winced and fell on the ground. Nash took the opportunity and rolled away from me. I recovered from the pain quickly and pushed myself up.

Nash was a little farther away from me. His face was bloated. The left eye had swollen shut, there was blood oozing out of his nose and his lips were split. He sucked in a sharp breath and rasped, "That was—" He filled his lungs with more breath. "—a lucky shot."

I felt like laughing at him, but I charged at him with my fist forward. His eyes went wide because it all happened in a blur of a movement. My left fist connected with his chest

and my right connected with his stomach.. He was knocked to the ground with no air in his lungs.

Nash groaned in so much pain that it was laughable. I towered above him. "Are we done?" I mocked.

But the next instant, Nash swung his leg at mine and I was on the ground.