


Chapter 5: Sparring for a date

Darius POV

I've been trying to get Sable in my bed for over two years. I am a respectful Alpha to my pack members, so I never would try to force her, but damn it, I want to conquer her. She is beautiful. She is a natural beauty. All the warriors in the pack and even those who aren't, notice her.

Her dark brown hair comes down in soft waves, even though it's rarely seen because she has it in a damn bun when training. Everything she wears accentuates her curves. She has an athletic build and you can see the definition in her arms and legs. One time I saw her lift the hem of her shirt to wipe sweat from her neck and she exposed her abs and my cock got rock hard at the sight. Since then, I have wondered what she looks like naked. I bet she looks like a sculpted goddess. Her eyes are a hazel green and she has the most natural full, kissable lips I've even seen on a woman. I would love to see those lips wrapped around my dick.

Do I love her? Yes. Do I want her? Yes. I just need to wear her down. She is one hell of a fighter and is capable of taking down any of the warriors. However, she has never sparred with me. I figure I can make it interesting for her and still get what I want. 

I'm seeing her stretch and her cleavage is peeking through her shirt. Fuck her breasts look perfectly round and full. Because she works out so much and trains so hard, her ass looks like two full globes. Her thighs and hamstrings are muscular and damn it if I don't want to have my head between them.

'I like her wolf, Nia too. Under her classy exterior is a fire waiting for me. I want to claim her.' Brock, my wolf says.

'Me too, Brock. We want to taste her. She and her wolf like playing hard

to get.'

After everyone is done warming up, I gather the warriors around. "Today, we are rotating our sparring partners. Sable, you're with me. Everyone else, Beta Anton will be let you know who your sparring partner is," I look over at Sable, she is just standing there but her eyes tell me she is annoyed. I am going to enjoy sparring with her, especially with what I have in mind, "Sable let's go into the first ring." 1

She raises an eyebrow and follows me to the first ring. I turn to her, "Why don't we make this interesting?"

She sighs, "Interesting, how?"

"Let's make a bet. If I beat you in sparring, you agree to go to dinner with me tonight."

She ponders for a moment, "Okay. If I win, you stop asking me out altogether."

"Confident in your ability to beat an Alpha, Sable?"

"Yes. Do you agree with my reward Alpha Darius?"

I smirk. I have no intention of letting her win. "Agreed. If you can either kick me in the chest or get me to tap out, then you win. Same for me."

"I agree to those terms." She says. She looks bored. I'm almost offended, but I will soon get this woman in her place. 1

Well then, I suggest we get into place," I say to her, "Anton, call our match for us please."

"Terms?" He asks as he jogs over.

“Tap out or kick to the chest.” I say.

“Understood.”

I get in position and so does Sable. Once I take her down, she will go to dinner with me and I will seduce her and get my fix of her. I want to mark and claim her as mine, but I can't force my mark on her. If I do, she could go to the Elders and I lose my position as Alpha. I need her to willingly submit to me. This is just step one.

“Spar!” Anton calls out.

Sable starts walking around me lazily. I've seen her do this before. She is sizing me up. I decide to tease her. “Like what you see?”

“Nope. You're not my type Alpha Darius.”

I stop what I'm doing, “Really?”

She lunges at me and swipes my leg. FUCK! I let my guard down and she capitalized on it to get me on my back. She is moving to kick me in the chest while I'm down, so I roll out from under her and get back on my feet before she could stomp on my chest and I lose the bet.

She pulls back again and continues sizing me up. “You know, even if you did win this bet, dinner would be all you ever get. You know I have no interest in pursuing anything with any man who isn't my fated mate. So why are you so persistent, Alpha?”

“I find you to be the most beautiful woman I've ever met, inside and out.” I said honestly.

“You only say that because you haven't met your fated mate, Alpha.” She says smirking, “I will be nothing compared to her or him.”

The fuck did she just say? Did she try to say I swing both ways? "If I were paired with a 'him', the rejection would be swift, Sable."

"Then you should wait for 'her' and stop pursuing me." She said.

I lunge for her but she side steps me and then with a force I didn't realize she possessed, she pins me the floor, face down. "I'm not the one for your Alpha Darius. I just want to be left alone until I find my fated mate. Why can you not respect that for me?" She says gripping my wrists behind my back harder.

"Because you are the one I want, Sable. Many women would love the attention of an Alpha. You seem to be the only one that doesn't. It drives me insane. You drive me insane." I say, trying and failing to break her grip. Why can't I break out of her grip?

"I'm holding you here until you tap out, Alpha." She said after a long pause.

"You'll be waiting a long time then, little wolf. I'm not one to give in." I said.

"Suit yourself." She said and she leaned her body weight on me twisting my arm tighter. Fuck, she is going to break my fucking arm. Where the hell did she get this strength? No wonder the other warriors can't beat her.

"How the fuck are you stronger than an Alpha?" I grit. I feel sweat coming down the side of my head. The position she has me in does not feel great.

"I train hard, Alpha." Is the only response she gives me. I knew I was right to want this woman. I try hard to flip her, but the only way I can do that is by dislocating my shoulder. It's a painful and calculated move, but

I'm going to make it to get out of her hold. I do not want to lose this bet.

As my shoulder pops I flip her off my back and get up quickly. I need to get my shoulder back but she is lunging at me again. This time I block and swipe her under her knee. She falls on her back and I move quickly to stomp her chest and end this match, but she grabs my foot and trips me up. If I wasn't so focused on winning this, I would have a major hard on right now. I really want to bend her over and take her hard. It's a heady thought.

As I'm lost in my thoughts, I feel a hit to my chest. "Score. Sable wins." Anton announces.

FUCK ME! I got distracted about fucking her and she got the upper hand.

"Thank you for a good match, Alpha. Since I win, you agreed to my reward. Please don't ask me out anymore." She turns away and leaves the training grounds.

'Idiot! You let her win because you let your dick take over!' Brock growled in my head.

'It's okay. There are more than one way to skin a cat.' I tell my wolf.