

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 84

Blair POV

Malcolm strode to the middle of our circle and clapped his hands. I could see the men looking smugly at each other. Malcolm was holding a large bag in his hands. “Welcome,” he boomed “today we’re playing a game called the hunt. The rules are relatively simple. You’re to separate into two different groups, consisting of men vs women. Do that now.”

The women slowly gathered into one group and the men into another. Malcolm eyed us gleefully. “Great. Now, for this game, the women will go into the forest and try to avoid capture for one whole hour. They will be given a five-minute head start. In this bag” he announced, shaking it as we stared “are colored armbands, the men will choose theirs first and then the women will choose. The men will hunt the women with the matching armband color to theirs.”

Everyone was nodding. So far it still seemed simple. Malcolm continued to grin. “You are to remain in human form,” he said sternly, eyeballing everyone carefully “If I catch wind that you changed into your wolf form, you will immediately be disqualified and be given the punishment that the losers will be given. The women are allowed to do anything they can within reason to avoid being captured including, hiding their scent, planting traps, and hiding themselves. They cannot fight or use weapons. You cannot intentionally injure another player to keep yourself safe” he boomed.

Some of the girls glanced at each other uneasily. The men were still grinning. “What do the winners get as a reward?” asked one of the men, a crooked grin on his face.

Oooh he was cocky, his friends nodding. They assumed that they would win and it rubbed me the wrong way. I could see the girls looking peeved as well.

Malcolm rubbed his hands together “Anybody who wins today, will automatically be provided with a thousand dollars” he announced enthusiastically and the men all let out large whoops.

I couldn’t help myself “Why is it only the women that are being hunted?” I asked shrewdly, stopping Malcolm in his tracks. “Yeah?” another girl called out “Why are only the girls being hunted?”

Malcolm seemed flabbergasted “Because it’s always been done that way,” he said slowly.

“That seems a bit dumb,” I told the man who gaped at me “How are we meant to improve our hunting skills if we can’t hunt?”

Silence. Some of the girls were looking at me in awe. “I mean, you have to admit that you have rigged this so that the men have got an advantage in proportion to the girls” I pressed on.

Malcolm looked uncomfortable. Was this really the first time that he had been questioned on this game? I looked at the girls “Who here would like to hunt instead of being hunted this year?” I asked calmly.

The girls looked at each other, Sierra included while the men began to laugh. We ignored them. One by one, there was a show of hands, until every single woman had put their hand up and were looking at Malcolm with challenging eyes.

“What” spluttered one of the men as Malcolm hesitated “You can’t seriously be considering changing the rules,” he said annoyed.

I grinned. The girls looked incensed now. It was a sight to see and Malcolm looked lost.

“I’m sick of always being hunted. For once, I want to be the one hunting. Let’s see how the boys like it for a change.”

“Yeah, they’re so bloody arrogant about it, let’s see them run for the whole hour and try to survive.”

I fought back my laughter. The girl’s voices were rising in enthusiasm now and the guys were beginning to look uncomfortable and slightly panicked. Several of them were glaring at the girls.

“You guys would never be able to win” one of the guys pointed out arrogantly “At least if we hunt you you have a chance of winning” he snarled.

“If you’re so sure of that, why are you afraid to let the girls do the hunting?” I asked sweetly, causing the boys to fall silent “I mean you couldn’t possibly be afraid of being bested by a bunch of girls, could you?”

Even Malcolm was speechless. I had thrown the gauntlet down and the other girls were grinning widely. There was bloodshed in the air and it was coming from the girls who were sick of being docile or so accepting of the patriarchy in this pack. It was time for things to change. I stepped forward. “I think it’s time to change the game,” I told Malcolm, my voice rising so that the men could hear me, the girls all nodding their heads in the background “Today, we the girls, will hunt the boys instead. We refused to be the hunted. We will be the hunters” I shouted and heard a cacophony of whooping and rejoicing by the girls behind me.

“Down with men” shouted one girl and it was quickly picked up by the rest of the group.

I had never seen a group of men look so scandalized. Malcolm was chuckling now. “It’s not the tradition” he allowed, his voice grave “but I have an inkling that this will make a very interesting hunt. I’m going to allow this and have the men become the hunted this time instead and allow the girls to experience being the hunters.”

The men protested but Malcolm shot them a look “Anyone wants to complain, take it up with the Alpha King” he snapped and everyone went quiet, the girls grinning widely at each other. Even Sierra was smirking at the men.

Malcolm held up the bag “As the women are the hunters, they shall grab their armbands first” he declared and one by one, we filed forward, grabbing an armband each and stepping back. The men came forward and grabbed theirs, resolutely putting theirs on, their jaws clenched and fire in their eyes. My armband was scarlet red and as I gazed across at the men, I saw that my prey was the man who had said that we women didn’t have a chance of winning unless we were the hunted. I grinned to myself. Let the game begin, I thought sardonically, my eyes on my prey.