

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 85

Blair POV

The women crowded into a group. The men looked pissed as they filed in a line and got ready, their bodies tensed, their faces grim. Malcolm held up his hand. “Right, well when you hear the whistle, run,” he said loudly, everybody nodding “Once five minutes have passed, I’ll whistle again and the girls can begin to hunt” he declared.

It was simple. I had already subtly walked past my man, as had the other girls, in order to get his scent. Without a wolf, it was going to be harder to track him down, as my sense of smell wasn’t as sensitive, but I was determined to give it a try. The girls all looked excited. Some looked downright bloodthirsty.

Malcolm whistled and the men took off, jumping over fallen branches and scattering headlong into the forest, splitting up instantly. None of them had chosen to partner up and it was hard to tell if that was an advantage or disadvantage. Josie chuckled. “It’s going to be harder for them to have time to prepare traps by themselves” she pointed out and I realized she was right.

If they paused to try and do a trap, they wasted valuable time in creating more distance from getting further away from us. The other girls knew it too. Malcolm was carefully keeping a close eye on his watch, while we merely braced ourselves. Josie winked at me. “This is going to be fun” she breathed “This is my third hunt and I don’t have to be hunted this time” she practically squealed, bouncing up and down on her toes “I don’t even care if I lose, it’s worth it not to have to be hunted. Thank you” she breathed, hugging me tightly.

The other girls all nodded in agreement. I was privately hoping that we would kick some serious ass though. Malcolm whistled and we were off. While the boys had run carelessly into the woods, the girls and I were quick but careful. As we headed into the forest, we were silent and we sniffed, trying to discern the scent of our prey and separate it from the others. The ground was wet and muddy and I, along with several others, began to take off anything that was brightly colored, spreading mud along my arms, legs, and face, in order to camouflage ourselves better. I stayed low, heading further in, my eyes peeled for any traps. I knew my guy was arrogant, believing we wouldn’t stand a chance, but that didn’t mean he was stupid.

I saw Josie head off in the opposite direction and privately wished her luck. I stalked closer to a tree and peered around it. I caught sight of some leaves scattered too closely together and used my foot to spread them. There was a large size hold, big enough that if I had walked into it, I would have broken my ankle or leg or worse. I stepped over it and continued. The scent of my man was faint but there. I paused, coming along to a stream and losing it. Smart. He had to have walked in the stream to have lost his scent. Would he have followed it upriver or down? I got into the stream and looked down. There were several disturbed pebbles in the downward direction. Downward then. I climbed out. He wouldn’t have stayed in the stream and if I hurried, I could cut him off, so long as I went in the direction I was already heading. I grinned. This was proving to be an adventure.

Another trap. This time it was so obvious that I laughed out loud. Several sharpened sticks just sticking out of the ground. Not enough to do much damage but he would have been running out of time. This would have slowed him. I crouched down and saw some broken branches up ahead where he had forced his way through some trees. The idiot wasn’t even trying to cover his tracks that well. I heard some loud yelling and grinned. The first man had been caught and wasn’t pleased by the sounds of it. I stalked closer and stepped over a branch, seeing half a footprint in the soft dirt. I stepped beside it, confident I was growing closer.

Another yell. I smirked. The men weren’t doing as well as they thought they would. Broken grass led me to some shrubberies up ahead and some broken twigs pointed slightly south of my position. I walked slowly, my eyes continually scanning for more clues. Another yell. That made three men so far, I thought triumphantly. I hoped that Josie was one of the girls who had successfully hunted their prey. I had no doubts in my mind that Sierra would have been one of the girls who would find theirs. She was too good a warrior not to make a great hunter. A half-sunken pebble in the dirt led me on a path. I heard footsteps as I fought to keep my breathing quiet and my steps silent. I got onto my stomach, and began to crawl forward, the shrubs and topiary keeping my body well hidden. I was close. He had slowed down. The mud was covering my scent, keeping it hidden and he was thinking that I was further away or had lost his trail. That’s what I wanted him to think. I needed him to think he was safe. I wanted him to get cocky and show himself. I was patient. I knew time was clicking by, but if I rushed him, he would get away. I laid perfectly still. The footsteps got closer. I heard his voice a little distance away, sounding disgusted.

“I knew the little bitch wasn’t going to be able to find me. Just like I thought, useless. I can’t believe that pathetic warrior let them talk him into making us become the prey. Girls aren’t suited to being hunters. They can’t f***g protect themselves, that’s what we’re for.”

I smiled, feeling pleased with myself. He was so busy talking and mouthing off that he wasn’t paying attention to his surroundings. He was backtracking now. Dumbass. “Might as well start heading back” he grumbled to himself “It’s not like she’s going to find me now anyway.”

I slid under the shrubbery and waited. His footsteps grew closer still. I held my breath. My eyes watched closely. He came into view. He needed to pass me if he was coming back the way he had come. He came closer. My chest tightened in anticipation. He paused. My arm shot out and grabbed his leg. “Found you” I snarled, slithering out of the shrubbery as his mouth shot open and he let out a strangled cry.