



THE BITER AWAKENING

PART I
BART GNARLY

The Biter Awakening Part 1

Bart Gnarly

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The Biter Awakening: The Beginning

Chapter 1 - The Beginning

Awakening to the sounds of the town sirens going off is never fun, especially when you are being rushed into a bomb shelter by your best friends doomsday prepper fanatic parents. Here I am clad in only my wife beater top and sleep shorts, luckily I just happened to grab my chucks in time or I would be barefooted as well.

“Hey Betts, you good?” Kellan asked.

“Yeah, I’m fucking fantastic. Nothing like being woke from a great night sleep to end up in a windowless hole with two retards and my favorite asshole. You got any idea what’s going on?”

“Just that ma said some military guys were escorting people to camps. Some virus or something, kind of like Nazi Germany.”

Oh Lovely, just what I needed, an extended stay with Kellan’s parents. They scare the shit out of me. I have a feeling this may end up like the Donner party. Hmm, tasty.

“Betricia, you are going to need better clothes to wear when we go topside, otherwise people may think you’re a whore.”

Oh, I hate my name Betricia, it’s like Patricia with a “B”. Kellan’s mom, Lorna was a devoted Pentecostal woman. She has always objected to me spending the night with Kellan. Well, who else would I cuddle up with and watch movies with? My boyfriend? Unfortunately, I think not. I can’t find a guy who is as weird as me, like Kellan, but who isn’t in the friend zone.

“Ma, will ya just leave Betts alone, she looks great now and besides I don’t think you’re going topside unless you think Satan has decided to show his face!”

Kellan always stood up for me. He is kind of a southern gentleman but with more redneck charm and more manners than a beer drinking hoodlum.

“Kellan James, you are the Satan’s child and you socialize with the whore of Babylon. May God save you from Beelzebub’s grasp –”

That’s when I punched her in the mouth. Kellan’s dad Michael just smiled and gave a thumbs up. Yes a KO (Knock out) on my part. I felt like I was in that movie Friday “You got Knocked the fuck out, man!”.

“Fuck Betts, what you do that for?”

“Kellan, I am not the whore of Babylon. If we run out of food we kill and eat her first. Second, she was getting on my nerves and third, I have wanted to do that for years. Hell your dad thought it was funny.”

We left the bitch to lie there. We could hear that the sirens had stopped so maybe we could go topside for good, clean air.

Kellan's dad made sure we were armed. Kellan with two 9mm handgun's and my sweet self armed with a Katana sword! We rushed the stairs like hell hounds were at our heels. We reached the outer door and slowly opened it up with my small frame hidden by Kellan's 6'2" rippling muscles. The sight that was hidden behind those doors left us speechless. Dozens of mutilated corpses with chunks of flesh missing from various parts, eating soldiers, children, animals and themselves. The stench of rotting flesh and death permeated the air .

Tugging Kellan's Arm, "Kellan, let's go back inside this is nasty and I'm about to hurl", I whispered. Before we could even make it to the door we were spotted by what looked to be a small child with a mutilated skull. Its flesh falling apart as if it was chemically burned. The only thought in my head was kill it before it kills me. All my predatory senses kicked in.

Chapter 2 - Stir Crazy

Kellan stood in awe at the dripping flesh from the child's face. The only thing running through my mind is this reminds me a lot like my favorite zombie novel, *Flesh Eating Terror*. Kellan still hadn't moved from his spot and this acid faced child was getting closer. Since in my mind I decided Kellan was going to be a girl about everything, I grew a pair of balls that were larger than life and silently stepped in front of him. Without any hesitation, I charged that flesh eating abomination and with one quick slice, I split that bastards head clean down the middle and brain matter flew back at me with the force of the swing. When I was done with the brutality of my kill, I had blood splatter on my clothing and little droplets on my face. I grabbed Kellan's hand and we went back down, locking the door behind us.

Michael eyeballed my face and clothes. His gaze asking what the fuck had happened, but no words were ever spoken as he grabbed my katana out of my hand and simply handed me a damp wash cloth. I felt a mixture of relief and disgust as I tried get the brain matter out of my clothing. I had a feeling that it would never smell the same. I managed to muster up enough courage to mutter "There were dead people eating people and I just sliced some kids head in half. It looks like we have a living corpse problem upstairs." Both Michael and Kellan looked at me like I was retarded or having a severe nervous breakdown. I felt like I just watch a Pink Floyd film and had a really bad trip on LSD.

Next thing we all knew, Lorna started spewing Bible verses like she was a TV Evangelist all hyped up on espresso. I think we all got tired of hearing the same things over and over again but the breaking point was when she stated "It's all Betricia's fault. She fornicates with the Devil. She breeds evil. She brought Satan's demons to Earth to enslave all our souls. If we want to survive we need to kill her. We need end her life in Biblical ritual to cleanse our souls. If we do this, then God, our precious Savior will forgive us all and cast all those minions of Beelzebub back to hell."

I simply had enough . I grabbed the closest thing to me, which happened to be a meat cleaver and held it as close as I could to her.

"Lorna, if you do not stop saying that it's my fault and that I am Satan's whore and that I breed evil. The next time something like that comes out of your mouth I will do more than just knock you out. I will fucking slice your tongue out of your mouth and then throw you outside. Got it bitch?"

All she could do was shake her head yes. We all had enough of her. I just had enough gumption to stand up to her. So to keep it peaceful we tied her ass to a chair and gagged her. She was fed twice a day. Each day I would try to reason with her. She was a religious fanatic. If she wasn't Pentecostal, I honestly think she would be a member of a pagan cult. If she would be peaceful we would let her go. After a week of trying, We gave up. Michael took care of Lorna's needs so I wouldn't have to be around her.

Being in this bomb shelter for almost 2 weeks I began to get stir crazy. I got tired of board games, card games, and watching the same old movies. I needed fresh air and sunlight. This artificial light was making everything blue. White walls with blue lights, almost like being in a hospital, only difference was some better food and no nurses. I wanted to be around people,

preferably alive and not looking to make a meal out of my innards. Nasty ass undead cannibals, why did they have to ruin everything? After the incident with the acid face kid, Kellan and I aren't allowed to go upstairs. Kellan is starting to look stir crazy and I know there are a few movies that we rented in the house that we didn't see. His room is in the attic, so it might be safe from our cannibal friends. This just might be an interesting adventure.

"Hey, Kellan. Want to try to make it to your room for some new movies and maybe my clothes?"

"Eh, sure. Why not Betts? We can get some more necessary items while we are there."

"Thank God. Uh... We don't have to tell your dad about going up there do we ? ... I just know we aren't supposed to go upstairs and all after my little mishap."

"No. We should be able to take the tunnel that goes straight into the basement from here. The basement has no windows and the generator should be on, so the camera's should tells us if there are any in the house and if so how many."

"Oh I cannot wait to be in my clean clothes and maybe have a hot shower. I am so tired of smelling like death. Basement still has that spare bedroom and bathroom right?"

"Yeah, it still has the spare bedroom. So you can have your shower and I can't wait to see you out of clothes either."

Kellan didn't seem like the type who would flirt with me. He always told me he liked me and cracked jokes about how hot I was but I thought he liked me as a friend, not as in he wanted to fuck me. I won't lie I managed to sneak peeks over the years and I have always wanted what I seen but he was always with some talentless whore.

I grabbed my trusted weapon and we headed into the tunnel. It was narrow and smelled of wet earth. This was the creepiest place I have been so far in the last three months. It did more than just creep me out. It's scary as shit with no light. Kellan guided us with ease. He knew every turn in the path as if it was burned into his brain. I grabbed his hand as a comfort, knowing that he was there and wasn't just going to leave me behind. What Kellan did in return pissed me off and turned me on all at the same time.

Kellan pushed me into the earthen wall and kissed me with such heated passion that I released a whimpering little moan. He took that as a cue to lift me to him by my ass. What was I doing ? This was my best friend. The one person I shared everything with and I was going farther than I should have. I wanted to pull away but the moment he slipped his hand into my shorts, I abandoned that thought. I let go of all those thoughts and let my body do all the talking. Needless to say, Kellan fucked me on that dirt floor in the tunnel and I loved every minute of it. I shouldn't have let it go that far. Everything would get weird now. I just needed to get my shit and get the fuck out of this situation as soon as I could, before I let anything else happen with Kellan.

After everything had happened I knew that nothing should ever happen again and if it did I risked a chance of creating a little creature that I wasn't prepared for. For every action there is an equal or opposite reaction. Thanks Newton. Well we got dressed and everything seemed natural to Kellan. This was the most awkward and unnatural situation for me. I had dirt and

rock on my body and in my hair. I felt worse than a prostitute but more satisfied than a kitten who drank a full bowl of milk.

We got dressed and Kellan attempted to make conversation but each attempt I remained silent. I felt guilty. What was done was natural but wrong. He kept holding my hand and acting like we had been dating for years. That just made me want to leave even more.

“Betts, you ready for that hot shower and clean clothes ?”

“Oh yeah. I can’t wait for a shower, my own clothes, and possibly something that isn’t water and chocolate Oh a soda sounds so good right now. Kellan,..... I can’t wait to watch something besides a black and white film.”

“Same here. I am so tired of black and white films. Are you sure you’re ready to enter the house? If no one’s broken into it, there should be plenty of snacks to make your heart melt. It’s just on the other side of this door.”

Kellan grabbed my hair then pulled me close and kissed me.

Chapter 3 - The Basement

We entered the house through the basement and the smell of rotting death reached my nose.

“Ugh.... What is that smell ?”

“Betts, I think that maybe coming from outside the house... but I am not too sure. Dad bought some gas masks that will kill the smell if we can find them.”

“That’s great. Where are they even kept?”

“Hmm.... That’s a good damn question. probably with all the other useful but pretty pointless at the time shit.”

“.... Okay.... Kellan, that’s located where exactly ? This smell is making me fucking sick.”

“Somewhere here in the basement.”

“Oh fantastic. I have rotting flesh in my nose and there isn’t a gas mask in sight. Also let’s not forget to mention that you are completely oblivious to the fact that the smell is not only getting worse but you have no fucking idea where the stupid masks are. This is just marvelous. Fucking Grade A Marvelous.....”

At that moment in time I swear I could have ripped his eyes from the sockets and skull fucked Kellan with a rusty railroad tie . The basement reeked beyond all repair. There was no way that any air freshener or perfume could cover up its new fragrance, eau de zombie. I guess I hurt Kellan’s feelings because after my little rant , he began to look for a light switch. I really wish he hadn’t found it.

There, lying in the middle of the floor was a mutilated and half eaten corpse of a young woman. By the looks of it she had been eaten to death. The sight made me nauseous and the stench made me almost hurl, until I seen a finger twitch.

“Betts, cut her head off to be on the safe side. We don’t want to take any chances.”

All I could do was nod a response. I felt like a guillotine executioner listening to the queen shout “Off with her head !” With one slice I removed her head as I heard my blade strike the hard floor. Her fingers stopped twitching and I felt somewhat safer, but it still smelled horrid.

Chapter 4 - The House

Kellan asked me to stay with the newly headless body as he went up the stairs to make sure it was safe to dispose of the fresh corpse. I could hear his heavy footsteps going up the stairs and after a short pause coming back down. I guess after all the killing I had done here recently I was beginning to feel a bit like a sociopath, no emotional connections to anyone, not even myself. Kellan looked me in the eyes and I just had a feeling I was in for some sort of lecture about it being okay and that I only did what I had to do.

“Betts, let me take this thing upstairs and drop it off so it’s not creeping me or you out and then we need to talk.”

Oh great. Those words “ we need to talk” are never good in any sentence.

“Sure. I’ll be here.”

I mean it’s not like I can go anywhere. I am trapped in zombie hell. That’s just how I feel. I have no freedom and no room to run. What can I say I am restless spirit. Kellan showed back up after a short amount of time.

“Betts, listen. I like you. I know these two weeks being trapped in the bomb shelter have been hard and yeah I have come to like you a lot more than I should. What happened in the tunnel, well that is not how I planned on that to happen. I know your pretty stressed out from all the killing of these creature things and frankly , you got more backbone than I do. Damn it, what I am trying to say..... Fuck it ... If we uh”

“Jesus, Kellan you alright there dude ? you look more frustrated than a T-Rex with an itchy ass.”

“Never mind. Anyways I need to check those camera’s and we need to find those masks.”

“Alright. Your acting like a pansy. Just saying. So man up a bit, Will ya ?”

“Yeah, Betts.”

I continued my search for those stupid masks. The smell was seeping into my memory and I knew I would never be rid of that nasty vision and smell of rotting flesh. I had searched the nearest places to me until Kellan’s voice broke my concentration.

“Hey. There’s at least four in the house. We need to secure it. If we can get them all out and block their entry. The house may be safe to come and go as we please.”

I mentally prepared myself for more killing. Knowing that in my head that what I was fixing to do was necessary to survive, but in my heart I felt like some type of hired killer. I grabbed my weapon and crept up the stairs and drew my blade for battle.

As I topped the stairs, I seen what Kellan meant, four of our lovely dead cannibalistic friends were pacing back and forth. I knew I would be able to decimate each one of my foes, if I managed to not be seen. I seen the camera in the corner and gave it a thumbs up and approached my first victim. He looked fresh and seemed to move a little faster than the others. He was dressed in a ripped National Guard uniform. It only took one swift slice from my blade

to decapitate this foe. The decaying fleshy face rolled from the corpses body then his body twitched and then ceased to move.

I moved onto my second kill . This flesh eater had milk filmed eyes and her flesh sagged from her bones. I deftly removed her head with ease. The last two were easy to kill. They were slow and seemed to be decaying very fast. They may not have ate in weeks. I managed to grab their attention and while one followed the other I punctured both of their brains in one move. I had killed two birds with one stone. I checked the rest of the house, no zombies. We found the entry point which was a busted door. We removed the bodies to eliminate most of the smell and then somehow we managed to block it with spare wood that was in the basement. Thank God that his parents prepared for everything.

After our corpse foes were out of the house the place still had that lingering smell of death and decay. I just could not stand the stench any longer.

“Kellan, think you could give me a hand in looking for those masks? I really don't feel like dreaming about the smell of rotting , maggot eaten corpses for the rest of my life.”

“Yeah. Betts, anything you want.”

We tore the basement apart. We looked in cabinets, drawers, and even under the stairs. I guess it really never dawned on me to look in the spare bedroom until the smell became just something I was used to. I managed to search the bedroom in peace and I let my thoughts run wild. I now know that is always a bad idea, on my part, that allows people like Kellan to sneak up on me. I was searching in a dresser when Kellan grabbed my sides and out of pure reflex I punched him dead on the nose. I have never seen so much blood come from one little wound. I guess that was all my emotions built up into one quick punch.

There was a tiny sliver of me that felt bad, but the rest of me had no problem laughing at him holding his bloody nose. I guess something clicked then I realized blood draws the cannibals that are outside. I rushed to take my shirt off and held it to his nose. There I stood in just my bra and I let him have it.

“What the fuck where you thinking ? You don't scare someone who just killed five brain biters. Did you expect that I would just laugh it off ? Jesus Kellan ! If I had my blade next to me I could have killed you. I would have killed you. You are so fucking childish sometimes. You know what , the tunnel, worst mistake of my life. Leave me the fuck alone right now. If you touch me I will fucking slice you.”

“uh... I'm...I'm... Sorry.”

Kellan just walked away. Sometimes you have to be the bad guy. I continued my search and managed to find those stupid masks. Who the hell puts an essential element for a doomsday whatever, under the bed ? Well I had the masks and tossed the other mask at Kellan.

“Look what I found. Oh it's a Godsend. Not really. Why the hell where they under the bed ? Do I even want to know but has your nose stopped bleeding ?”

“Yeah . It's stopped bleeding. You need to shower and we need to find your clothes.”

Yeah I hurt his feelings earlier. It made me feel like a piece of walked on shit. Better now than never I guess.

“Kellan. You think you can scrounge up that soda you were talking about and possibly something made of chocolately goodness? I am going to hop in the shower down here. The house is clear now right ? We checked everywhere?”

“Yeah. Go hop in the shower. Be back in a few.”

That shower was the best thing to ever happen to me. Two weeks of brain matter and blood washed out of my hair was magical. Dirt and grime washed away that had accumulated under my nails and through my socks. After spending an hour in hot water, I exited the shower scrubbed of my past. My shower allowed me time to think and explore my options of escaping the shelter. I have to get away, with or without Kellan. Eventually, we would run out of supplies and what then ? We would all be up shit creek without a paddle.

Wrapped in a bath sheet , I went in search of Kellan. I found him at the top of the stairs. He looked like a lost puppy. He had my wishes next to him a soda and chocolate. It's amazing what a little nookie can accomplish and do to ones attitude. Kellan no longer acted like my goofy best friend who I shared my everything with, he was acting more like a caring boyfriend. If the house was completely secure, I would prefer to stay in the house, if it wasn't for that damn smell.

He looked at me like I was the greatest thing to ever happen and I knew that it was time for me to go for sure. I broke the silence first.

“Hey. Want to stop staring at me . I'm clean. Can I go get my clothes now ?”

“Yeah. Sorry. It's just , I want to fuck you right now.”

“Christ, Kellan. I am not a blow up doll. Relax. I'm not into the whole ‘ Let's Get Naked And Mate ‘ thing all the time. You gotta cool it. Get me to the stairs and take a cold shower okay.”

“Anything you say, Betts”

There he goes again. I swear, I have got to get out of this place and away from him. I went up the stairs and to the middle hallway. I always loved this house. It was so big. Kellan grabbed the cord that brought down the stairs to his room. There was this part of me wishing that there was another living soul waiting at the top of the stairs waiting so I wouldn't have to be in such close vicinity to Kellan. My dream was crushed as the stairs descended and there was no one there. Being around the same people for so long makes you long for something or someone new. I guess that is what happens when you are stuck in a fucking windowless hole with a religious psycho bitch , a semi-quiet man, and a boy who wants to fuck you all the time. Oh what has the world become?

After Kellan pulled the cord down, his voice broke the rant going on in my head.

“Here ya go, Betts. Take a nap if you need to. I am going to do what you suggested. I need to cool down. I'll be back in a little while.”

“You sure your okay there. I didn't mean to yell like I did earlier. I was just mad. You scared the shit out of me.”

“Yeah. I'm fine. I just need to blow off some much needed..... you know.”

“Oh. Okay. Well come back and we will watch those movies and pig out.”

So now that I know that Kellan was going to shower so he could jerk off, that gave me some time so relax in my natural state. I double checked the room to make sure no one else was in here with me. What a relief it was to know that I could officially relax. I laid the bath sheet on the bed and that's when I heard a weird sound coming from the dresser. At first I thought my imagination was running wild because I was finally alone for the first time in forever. I ignored my gut feeling and let it go again until I heard it again. That's when I realized I didn't have my katana. I felt stupid for leaving it downstairs. I hoped Kellan stashed some sort of blade up here.

I searched the room and just when I was losing hope, next to Kellan's interesting stash of porn was a very large knife. Well at least I could defend myself, somewhat. The noise was a slight thumping, like something trapped inside a drawer. I was prepared to kill anything, if it attacked. I had no clue what it was or if it was dangerous. Knowing my luck it was probably some type of infected squirrel and soon as I open the drawer it attacks my face and I am a goner. I yelled down the stairs for Kellan, hoping that maybe he would hear me. He still hasn't showed up. Time to put on my big girl panties on and handle this situation.

I listened closely to the dresser where the mysterious noise was being made. I started with the bottom drawers and slowly pulled them out with my knife drawn. Nothing. Oh what a relief, for that point. Listening again more closely. I heard the tiny thumping again. I tried the middle drawers. I slowly pulled them out. I seen a fleshy pink fist and I dropped the knife immediately. Inside Kellan's t-shirt drawer was a tiny pink bundle. I checked to make sure there was a pulse. Oh, this infant was alive. I picked up the baby. She was tiny and very stinky. Her soiled diaper had soaked her blanket and some of Kellan's t-shirts. Oh, well this is a miracle. I laid her on the bath sheet and looked for a bag of baby items. If she was put in a drawer than someone made sure to conceal her carefully and they would have brought baby items.

I searched the corners and the closet and then I checked the other drawers and bingo, top drawer were three bags of baby items. I pulled them all out to investigate the items. All the essentials where there. Then the baby started to cry. If it wasn't for having a niece I wouldn't know anything about babies. I unwrapped the tiny bundle and noticed she still had a piece of her umbilical cord, so she had to be less than three weeks old. I took the wet clothes off and changed her soiled diaper with ease. She still seemed fussy. I found the formula and realized there was no water up here. I would have to wait. I didn't want to chance taking her downstairs yet. Kellan finally decided to show his face about five minutes later.

"Whoa, is that a baby and where exactly did you find it ?"

"Kellan, Nope this isn't a baby. It's one of those new animatronic toys that rich kids play with. Yes, you fucktard. It's a baby. It's a girl. It was in your dresser and I almost killed it with that big ass knife over there. I need water for a bottle to keep her quiet. She is less than a month old. That woman downstairs may have been her mom. I killed her mom."

"Betts, you killed a Skin puppet and she was already dead. Why is it crying ? Does that thing have an off switch ?"

"That thing is a girl and I haven't given her a name yet. She's hungry , that's why I need water. Why don't you run down stairs and I can grab some water so I can get her to stop crying. I have most of the essentials here."

“Yeah. Does it have to go with us?”

“Yeah Kellan. She does. I am not leaving her up here by herself. Are you stupid ?”

“No. I just... She’s loud. Let’s go get that water.”

“Thanks asshole.”

That’s just great. Kellan doesn’t like babies. This is going to be harder than I thought. I managed to get some water and made her a bottle and she settled down right away. She drifted to sleep after being burped. Having a large family does have its perks. I learned a lot from my sisters about how to care for children. Kellan constantly looked at her like she was a puzzle and he couldn’t figure her out. It kept me amused. I just kept thinking how were we going to explain that I wanted to keep this little bundle to Michael and Lorna ?

I spent a few hours trying to think of a name for the baby. It was harder than it looked to pick a name. I kept thinking about how I always wanted to see the ocean and I came up with Azura Jade. Kellan liked it and called her AJ for short. A part of me thought that even in this fucked up part of the world I might make a decent parent for this little girl. I knew right away that Azura would be a guiding light during this Biter Takeover . As she slept I kept thinking that if we never found her she might have been biter food. That seems like a gory way to die and honestly I would prefer to be hammered into planks of wood and then have a rusty spike slammed in my eye, than die by being ate alive by a walking cauldron born creature.

Kellan kept looking at AJ laying in between the pillows and it made me wonder that if we were the last living, breathing people on the planet, then he wouldn’t be so bad to deal with. We occupied our time by watching our very ironic film that we rented “Awaken Dead”, go figure a movie about zombies. We cuddled up and watched our movie and tried to figure out how to tell his parents about our new found present.

“Betts, are you sure that we should keep AJ ?”

“Duh. She’s quite the little pick me up in this situation. So yes. We keep her.”

That was the end of the conversation and we decided that we would wait until tomorrow and tell his parents that we decided to be parents ourselves at seventeen and in the middle of a doomed world no less.

Chapter 5 - Planning Life

Laying there with Kellan and AJ made me yearn to find a safe haven for my new found treasure to grow. Azura was quite something unexpected but simply amazing. She just seemed to doze like there wasn't killer monsters outside who wanted to make her a noon day snack. Being with Kellan and AJ, it made me feel like I had my own little family. I know at first I didn't want anything to do with Kellan, but I think that he will be the one that I will grow to love, eventually that is. I was the happiest I had been in a really long time and I didn't want this happiness to end. I knew that it would be the moment when we told his parents about our Azura.

Kellan had managed to scrounge up some snacks for us, so we could finally watch this fucking movie and enjoy what he was calling our "Happiness Bubble". We spent every moment just enjoying each other's company talking like we used to, about dreams, fantasies, hopes, our life with AJ. Talking about those deep rooted thoughts made me want to find a home that was safe, like a private island deprived of people and animals and the only people allowed there were survivors like Kellan and I. Azura needed that, she needed a safe place to grow up, free from fucking biters who wanted to consume her innards and make her an undead baby.

I know it sounds kind of stupid to dream of a special place like that in a corrupted world like this. I just want AJ to grow up in a normal world, like I did. I want her to play in the sun and go to the beach. She deserves to enjoy her childhood, but not in this hell hole.

"Kellan. I want to leave. Not like leave the house and go back to the bunker but leave this area. I want to find out if there may be a place that is safer than it is here and if there are other survivors or a better place to raise AJ. I want you to come with me. I understand if you don't want to. I just want her to have a happy childhood and actually be able to grow up, you know?"

"Betts.... That's going to be damn near fucking impossible to do. There are biters everywhere. I know you want to leave but I just don't think it's a good idea. Not only that it's too dangerous on the road and AJ would be like a biter alarm. She cries when she's hungry. We can't take her out in the open. I mean are you fucking stupid today, Betts?"

"Sorry.... I.... I.... It was just an idea. I just know that we are all going to need supplies soon. AJ needs formula and diapers. Your dad has that armored RV. It should be safe from biters. I mean bullet proof glass, safety metal armor like a tank. So it would be safe to transport AJ in, plus it's in the garage. Your dad knew eventually if something like this happened you all would have to leave. Why do you think there is two of them? Think it over, Kellan. Please?"

"I'll think on it, Betts. That is all you will get from me right now."

"Okay."

I guess I had really made my point with Kellan because he had that look on his face that said 'I am thoroughly thinking this through right now'. Azura was the quietest baby I had ever seen. She only cried when she was hungry or needed to be changed. She reminded me of those babies on TV commercials. She looked a lot like a cherub without wings, with curling auburn hair and blue-gray eyes. All I wanted to do was just hold her. I couldn't get enough of her. She smelled of lavender and baby shampoo, an odd mixture but it was beautiful to me. I kept

getting this nagging feeling deep down that I would lose her , even though Kellan kept assuring me that it wouldn't happen.

Kellan and I had fallen in love with this angel and it hadn't even been seventy-two hours yet. It's amazing what a baby can do to a person. This baby had brought me and Kellan closer than ever , and that isn't something that I wanted at all. I just knew that the moment we headed back to the fucking bunker the whole world would go upside down and I would lose everything. Just knowing my luck, Lorna would probably try to sacrifice AJ and that would just give me all the more reason to kill that crazy bitch. I dreaded heading back there. I snuggled next to Kellan and tried to enjoy the few moments of joy and peace I had left before I went back to an excruciating detest of that damn bunker.

AJ let out a little sigh of contentment as she slept in between me and Kellan.

"Betts. I think your right. We need to find somewhere safe to raise AJ. It has to have a large fenced in area with maybe a play gym. A nice house with big windows and lots of room. Trees, there needs to lots of trees. Let's find that special place for her. We have to do that much if anything for her. She's the world to me, Betts and I want to make sure that I give my all for her. I don't care where we have to go but we have to find that place for her. As of now we are AJ's parents. I think we should get married."

"Wow Kellan. Are you sure about that ? I mean isn't there like some fucking paperwork or something ? We're pretty young and how are you even sure that you even want to be with me in that type of way ? I said find a place to raise AJ not get hitched."

"So are you saying no ? I am kind of confused here."

"No. I'm not saying no. But I sure as Hell am not saying yes either. I want to be sure before I just up and marry anyone . Are you wearing a helmet ?"

"Huh?"

"You know, a helmet. Do you eat crayons and lick windows ? Because it seems that you forgot your helmet today or your took it off because it impeded your window licking abilities."

"Did you just call me a retard ?"

"Me ? Never. I don't use the 'R' word. Your just some kind of special."

Kellan Smiled. I am not sure that he got the joke or if he did but I managed to change the topic of the conversation.

"Do you think your dad will like AJ ? I picked out the best outfit I could find in the bag . We may find other baby clothes along the way. I hope so."

"They will love her, well Dad will. You need to get some sleep though. You're not going to be useful to anyone unless you sleep."

I just kept getting this gut wrenching feeling that I will let AJ and Kellan down. I am destined for failure or worse. After the movie was over , I laid my head on Kellan's pillow and pretended to sleep. I kept opening my eyes to check the time. I was counting down the time until we told his parents we were leaving.

Chapter 6 - Back To the Bunker

I tossed and turned most of the night and tried my hardest to figure out how to transport Azura through the tunnel safely. It was hard to sleep between waking up to feed AJ and trying to shut my brain off. Somewhere around 2 AM, I finally dozed off to sleep. I guess Kellan got up and down with AJ for the rest of the night. I think he wanted me to get all the rest I could handle. I don't remember dreaming or having nightmares like usual. Kellan woke me with a gentle kiss to the forehead and breakfast in bed.

Who knew having electricity still would make my morning or afternoon wonderful. I was unsure of the time. I don't care who you are or what fucking planet you are from, nothing beats a ham and cheese omelet stuffed with green peppers and onions followed by hash browns and toast. He absolutely made my day with a triple shot espresso and a glass of orange juice. Just for a split second I forgot everything. I thought it was an average day and there were no biters, then it dawned on me, where was my angel this morning?

"Where's AJ ? And do you even know what time it is ?"

"Don't worry. Look in the basket. I made sure it was soft. I figured you needed the sleep and I took her with me downstairs. I needed somewhere to put her and I didn't want to sit her in the floor . So, I am using Mom's favorite wicker laundry basket. Oh it's after 11."

Inside all bundled was this innocent little girl. I finished my wonderful breakfast and decided that I stunk . I definitely needed a shower. It kind of sucks that will be the one thing I miss about this house, hot showers. I got to thinking maybe Kellan has clothes that I could borrow so I could be clean.

"Kellan... Do you have some sweats or shorts with like a tie string or something in them ? I really need a shower. I reek."

"Uh... Yeah but if you prefer, I have a box full of my ex's clothes in the closet. It has everything. I mean all that girly shit. You're more than welcome to it."

"Thanks. I think."

I got up and dug in the closet. Go figure, the box is marked girly shit. I open it to find everything I would need. Shirts, pants, bra, panties, soaps, you name it , all kind of things were in there. It was a bit different considering that most of the girls that he dated were a lot taller than my measly 5 foot 2 inch frame. I am just thankful most of them were around the same build as me. It seemed that all the girls had similar taste in clothes. By time I had picked out the clothes I had wanted, i realized I was still hungry and asked Kellan to make me another omelet.

"You decide what to wear yet ?"

"Yeah. After I eat again, I plan on going to shower and then give AJ a bath."

"Okay."

I think that may have been the shortest conversation I have had with Kellan in a really long time. I settled on a matching white lace thong and bra set with a blue peasant top with blue jean hip huggers. I took what I thought was the longest shower of my life and decided today was special and I wanted to play the part. I took my time curling my hair and doing my make-up. I am not the girly type at all. After I finished I looked in the box for long scarves or things to make a baby sling out of. I found a beautiful blue scarf and realized it would be perfect. I found the outfit that Azura would wear and laid out all the items needed for her bath. I settled on a blue and white dress with matching white and blue booties and head band.

I never had so much fun in my life giving her a bath. She seemed to enjoy the water. Kellan hadn't seen either of us yet so it was a big surprise when he came downstairs and seen we were all dolled up. I thought his jaw would hit the floor.

"Oh my God. Betts... You actually have an ass. You look great."

"Well, I am not sure if I should take that as a compliment or punch you in your dick."

"It's a compliment. You just look really nice."

"Thanks. Think I could get some help tying this scarf on so I can carry AJ?"

"Not a problem. A shame we have to cover up that top."

That's when I punched him. He can be so crude sometimes. What can I say ? So can I.

"Go get my backpack so I can make a diaper bag. I swear your dumb as shit sometimes. ... Idiot."

Kellan just laughed as he ran up the stairs. He came back with all the baby items and my favorite backpack. I don't know why I fell in love with this bag. Maybe it was the glow in the dark skulls or the really big compartments but either way it's coming in handy now. I loaded my backpack down like I had done a million times.

"Fuck... I forgot to make her bottles and bottle up some water so I would have some prepped while we were back at that hell hole. Think you could get me a gallon of water, Kellan and fix up a few bottles for me ?"

"Not a problem"

Somehow I always forget to do something. I finished loading everything just as Kellan finished with the bottles. I loaded them in the front pocket for easy reach. Well, now or never time. The last seventy-two hours was just what I needed to get my head straight and all my thoughts lined up to deal with Lorna's bullshit. I knew from years of experience that her personality bounced around worse than a cheap hooker did. It still amazed me that Michael has stuck around as long as he has. She is just psychotic and she has a serious attitude issue. I knew that once I went back there it was going to be hell getting back out. It was a chance I had to take for everyone.

We entered the basement to go back through the tunnel to enter the bunker.

"Are you sure you are ready for this Betts ?"

"Yeah, Kellan. I have to be."

I looked down at the sleeping bundle who was nuzzled against my heart and grabbed my backpack. I have to do this now. No turning back. I whispered to Azura "Mommy loves you and I promise I won't let anything hurt you." I picked up my backpack and grabbed Kellan's hand. He turned the door handle and that is when I knew that this was going to be a new beginning for us. We started into the tunnel. I brought a flash light this time and shut the door behind us. I just got this feeling that something was wrong.

"Kellan. Something isn't right. We need to go back. I know something isn't right."

"You sure Betts ? I mean we could be there shortly."

"Something is really wrong. I think there might be a biter in the tunnel. Remember it smelled all earthy and like dirt and mud. Smell it now . It's like rotten ."

"You're right."

That's when we heard a weird scuffling sound. We needed to go forward but I was scared for the safety of AJ and if we went back , I knew that I would want to leave without telling anyone. This was going to be a hard choice to make. Could a biter have gotten in the tunnel while we were upstairs ? I was going to go bad ass to protect AJ, whether blood or not. I shined my light ahead and I was right. There was a couple of biters trapped in the tunnel. This was going to get interesting. How was I going to keep from getting blood on my nice new outfit ? Oh well.

I slid my Katana from my side and put my arm to hold Azura to my chest and slung my weapon and I took off the first one's head with ease. It must have been old. The second one bent down to eat its fallen friend and I stabbed my katana through its brain. I made Kellan double check to make sure they were both dead. It was a green light. We stepped over the bodies and headed towards the bunker again. I made Kellan stop to make sure I didn't get blood on me or AJ. I get extra kill points since I managed not to ruin our new outfits today.

We walked slowly because neither one of us wanted to wake AJ. The backpack was beginning to weigh heavy on my shoulders but I knew we had to keep going. I kept trying to play different conversations in my head. Each one was different but they all had bad endings. I couldn't come up with a happy ending for any of them. About the time I started to get frustrated, Azura started to fuss.

"Kellan, toss me a bottle out of the front pocket."

He handed me a bottle and luckily it was still warm. AJ quieted down instantly once the nipple touched her lips. I tried to walk a few steps and feed her, it wasn't working out too well for me. I guess Kellan was watching.

"You want to stop and take a breather and finish up what you're doing there. We are almost there."

"Yeah."

I finished feeding AJ and I burped her. She settled back down to sleep. We walked the rest of the way to the entrance. The closer I got to the shelter the more I thought it was a mistake to come back. I squeezed Kellan's hand for strength and he opened the door.

Chapter 7 - Leaving

We noticed that the bunker was silent and that the lights were off. In every horror movie I watched that was a bad sign. I tugged Kellan's hand and he just looked at me like he knew what I was thinking. He drew his gun and I grabbed my katana and neither of us knew what to expect. He grabbed my flashlight and was searching. I was hoping that Lorna was one of the biters I just killed and I prayed that Michael was okay. Kellan checked their bedroom and they were sound asleep. That is quite odd. Normally they would be up and going.

"Mom. Dad. You guys alive ?"

Kellan was trying to see if they were even part of this living world I guess. It would suck if they weren't, well for Michael anyways. I never had a problem with him and Lorna, well, I could care less about that evil hag.

"Kellan. Try poking them with a stick or something. They could be biters or something now."

"Good idea. Never thought about that."

Kellan found an antique fire poker and jabbed Lorna in the ass. They were alive because she come unglued.

"What in Hades are you doing Kellan James ?"

"Oh. You're alive. I have been trying to wake you guys up for a bit now. You sleep like the dead. Wake dad up we have to talk. It is kind of important."

Lorna managed to wake Michael up in the rudest way possible. She pushed him out of bed with her feet. He hit the floor with a huge thump.

"What the fuck Lorna?"

"Wake up. Kellan says he has to talk to us and its important. He probably knocked up the Babylon whore or something."

I just cradled Azura next to me. They hadn't quite noticed that I was carrying a little bundle yet. It made me wonder though, why the fuck was she untied ? Questions to be answered at a later time I guess. Kellan ushered us into the sitting room and had me sit in the chair and grabbed another bottle and popped it in the microwave. It was about time for AJ's feeding. Just about the time the microwave dinged she started her little fussing sounds and that's when everyone stared at me. I felt like a pariah . So breaking this little secret was going to be harder than I thought. Oops. Kellan handed me the bottle and I began my routine of feeding AJ and burping her with ease. I never received so many looks.

"Kellan James. What is that ?"

"Mom, Dad, That is Azura Jade. We found her in the house, that you didn't even bother to come check in on us after being missing for over seventy-two hours. Betts and I have decided to adopt her. We are going to raise her as our own and if you don't like it then oh fucking well."

Michael just beamed. He looked excited.

“Michael would you like to hold her ? She doesn't weigh much.”

“Yes. So, you are my granddaughter. Azura, huh ? I think I like that name. It's exotic. Look at your hair and those eyes. Oh you are going to be quite the looker, just like your momma. Your grandma Lorna hates your momma. It's okay though. I love her.”

Kellan looked surprised that his dad took to AJ like a fish to water. AJ just stared at him, almost as if she was sizing him up. I was just waiting for the part where we tell them that we were leaving and that we doubted we would be coming back to this dump.

“Dad. We love you. Betts and I got to find a different place to raise AJ. The bunker doesn't have enough supplies. Hell, it doesn't have any baby supplies. No one thought that we would have a baby or even find one, in my dresser. There just isn't any room. She needs space to grow and we need formula and diapers.”

I thought Lorna was going to have a heart attack. I was wishing for it but she just chimed in with her opinion like usual.

“You just want to go off gallivanting with this whore. Admit it. She roped you into keeping this baby and now your leaving. What kind of son are you ? Have you even thought about us ? About what this might do to me ? You never loved me and you just hated the thought that I tried to bring you up right. I should have killed that girl when I had the chance.”

“Lorna, What the fuck are you doing untied ? Did you use Satan's wiles on your husband so he would release you ?”

Kellan was getting pretty heated by now. His face was red and his fist were balled at his sides. I hoped he would hit his mom. Before anything physical could happen Michael grabbed Kellan and pulled him off into the other room.

“Dad. Come with us. If you come with us, You would have to leave Mom here. She should have plenty of supplies to last her awhile. I just can't risk the safety of AJ or Betts. I can give you twenty four hours to think about it. I need to catch up on some missed sleep.”

“Okay son. I'll think on it.”

Kellan laid down beside me and instantly passed out. I laid there thinking of places to go, where there may be survivors and places near stores that contained lots of baby supplies. We needed a place with thick walls, then again we had the dooms day RV. I laid AJ in between us and decided that tomorrow would start the journey that would last a lifetime.

The Biter Awakening: The Journey Begins

Chapter 1: The Journey Begins

I laid beside Kellan thinking and trying not to worry of the hard choice Michael had to make. I felt sorry for him. He had the hardest decision ahead of him he would ever have to make, leave with his son and leave his wife of twenty some-odd years behind or stay and eventually starve to death. Kellan did the right thing by giving Michael the chance to decide. I honestly don't think that twenty-four hours is enough time for someone to choose the fate of their destiny at the moment. I was excited for our new adventure and the road ahead.

Azura was tucked close to my heart as I lay wrapped in Kellan's arms. They both seemed to be sleeping peacefully, yet I couldn't seem to shut my brain off to save my life. I tried to sleep I tried everything in my power to sleep. I counted sheep, I laid there in silence, I even told myself stories and played scenarios over and over in my head. Each little scenario was different . I guess in my own way I was mentally preparing myself for anything and everything. It felt like I had laid there for hours. I know I hadn't moved an inch.

"Why aren't you sleeping , Betts ?"

"I don't know. I just can't. I have tried everything. I just can't seem to shut my brain down. Maybe I'm excited or nervous. I don't know."

"Why don't you try going to sleep, will you? You're not going to be any use to me or AJ if you don't get any type of rest. I know it's hard but try."

"Okay. I'll try."

"I love you. Now come here and get some sleep."

Kellan kissed my forehead and I pulled me and AJ closer into his arms. I guess I just needed to hear him say that it was okay for me to sleep. I finally dozed off. I woke up to a tiny whimper coming from Azura. This was a sound I was growing accustomed to hearing every morning.

"Morning AJ. I take it your hungry again. I know, I'm up. I get that bottle here in a minute."

I looked around for Kellan while I got AJ's bottle prepared. The one thing that calmed her before she began to wail was me talking to her as I walked through what was becoming my morning routine. I laid out clothes, diaper, wipes, and an already made bottle with her burp rag.

"Alright. You ready for this morning ? Let's get you undressed and fed and then how about a change and we will go find your daddy."

Let's face it, I'm weird for talking to a baby but I had no problem talking to Azura. I had no issues playing mom either, in fact I loved it. It was pretty amazing. I loved being able to wake up to big bright eyes staring at you or when she hears my voice she automatically opens her eyes. In short, to me, she is Heaven on Earth. I managed to get her to guzzle most of her 8 ounce bottle this morning and dressed her in the second cutest outfit I could find.

“AJ, you ready to go find daddy now ? I know mommy’s getting tired of him constantly disappearing on her at the weirdest times. Yeah, smile . You probably don’t understand half of what I am even saying right now. It’s okay though. Mommy loves talking to you.”

Carrying AJ, I went in search of Kellan. While searching the little bundle I carried had dozed off and I kept getting a nagging gut feeling again that something was just off. I just shook my shoulders and reminded myself that no matter what everything would be fine and this gut feeling was just a weird insecurity that I had about our upcoming journey. AJ was nestled tightly against my chest and a random thought crossed my mind about how much I hated hearing the silence on days like this. It was sad and honestly pretty fucking pathetic. Here I am rambling on to myself about how I miss the noise and I should be worried about why it was so damn quiet in this hellhole of a bunker. Sometimes I swear my mom might have dropped me on my head a few too many times.

As I walked through the bunker, I passed a wall that still had the tiny scribbles of incoherent words and tiny butterflies along the doorway. It made me think of the time that me and Kellan ran down here to hide from Lorna after I put bubble gum on her pillow for beating Kellan over losing his lunch money at school. I hated the new memories made here but needless to say there were good ones too. We played in the bunker to get away from his mom, when she was on her bible thumping raves. I knew eventually this place would die along with the people in it , once we left. It would only be a matter of time. Whether it be from going fucking insane or from starvation or from becoming a snack to those biters. There were so many scenarios, yet none of them were happy nor would anyone survive. As far as I was concerned I hoped Lorna would rot here in this bunker, alone.

Just thinking of those thoughts made my cheeks flush with the pure hatred of years of torment from her. My mom raised me to respect my elders but that woman would get what she deserved in the end, karma would see to it, if I didn’t first. I continued my search for Kellan and eventually I managed to locate him in what they called their “Living room”. It held two chairs, a couch, a tiny end table, a equally tiny coffee table and the ugliest floor lamp that I had never seen on or actually ever used. I just kept thinking positive and was looking forward to finding a safe home for my family. Kellan was sitting on one of the chairs with his head hung in his hands.

“You okay Kellan ?”

“Yeah, Betts. I’m fine. I mean ... Well no. I am just worried that dad is going to say that he is staying here with mom. Don’t get me wrong, I love my mom. I do. Even after everything she has done to me, the beatings, the religious cult shit she forced on me for years, putting you down for being the only one I could turn to besides my dad, but she’s a fucking lunatic and she eats a hell of a lot of food and I can’t and won’t deal with the burden of my mom eating all the food. She eats, sleeps, and preaches. I just can’t do that to our family. I don’t want that burden on my shoulders. No one should have that burden, Betts.”

“Oh, Kellan. It’s going to be okay. I promise. Everything will work out for the best. No matter what you will always have me and AJ. It’s not much but we love you.”

I squeezed his hand. I figured if I was in his situation I would want that as some symbol just to know someone was with me 110 percent and they would carry any burden with me, equally. I looked down at AJ and noticed her pretty pearly eyes staring back and she gave me the

biggest toothless grin she could manage and it always makes me feel better. I figured maybe she would do the same for Kellan. I picked her up out of the makeshift baby sling and handed her to him. She just stared at him like she was trying to figure out how to help ease his mind. All she did was smile. Kellan's eyes and face grew softer and I noticed he was more focused on that little angel in front of him instead of what was going to happen. I knew that Azura was and would be the greatest pick-me-up of all time.

Azura managed to make some sort of cooing sound and I swear I almost giggled. It was the most interesting sound in the world but I was intrigued and beyond happy at the same time. Just that moment in time we seemed lost in happiness and it was worth all the money in the world. At that very moment Michael chose to enter the room. Kellan clutched AJ close to him, as if he was going to protect her from his dad.

"Kellan. Betty. Sit down. I just want to talk before I tell you my final decision on the matter at hand. First off, I love you all very much and I love Lorna but come on. Enough is fucking enough. A home cannot be built on hatred and distrust. With that being said, it brings me to my second point. Kellan, I love your mother dearly and she wasn't always this way. There was a time when she didn't even attend church. She danced, smoked, drank, and even did stuff that should never be brought up. Kellan you don't know but you had an older brother. His name was Elijah and your mom was very attached to him, much like Betts is now to Azura. When Elijah was four months old, Lorna took him to the park. They were there for hours, she turned to talk to a friend of hers for just a second and Elijah disappeared.

Lorna screamed and searched everywhere. She called the police. They searched and searched. It was about three weeks later we received a call from the police. They had found Elijah's body about six miles from the park. Lorna was devastated. She was never the same. It took over 10 years for us to even try for you Kellan. I know your childhood wasn't the greatest but hopefully we can manage to make Azura's decent. I have decided that I will go with you and Betty. I want to see Azura grow and blossom into a lovely young lady. We need to start packing immediately and preparing the RV's for travel. This journey isn't going to be easy and it there are going to be rough patches but this is a road that must be paved at a pace of our own. Let's hope to make it even. So are you sure you want to go through with this now?"

"Dad, I think Betts and I need this. We need a safe place to raise AJ. It has to be a place with plenty of supplies. Not to mention we have to get away from mom."

"Michael, don't get me wrong here but I just want to keep AJ safe. I love her like she is my own daughter. I don't want to keep her here."

"Well as long as she has you two for parents, I think she will always be safe. Now let's go pack up before Lorna actually finds out what we are up to. I haven't quite told her that I plan to leave her crazy ass here alone."

With all that being said we made a plan to gather supplies and try to safeguard the bunker for Lorna before we made the official journey out of the soon to be forgotten hell hole. We gathered bags and tools and some small necessary items needed to help with preparing for the trip. Luckily, Lorna was sleeping. All I could think about was ' Oh Thank God. That bitch's biggest downfall is she is lazy and all she does is sleep'. If Kellan and Michael could actually read my mind I doubt they would be so nice to me as they are now. It takes a lot for me to be

as nice as I am on the outside. I think this biter issue has started to turn me into a real bitch, at least in my head.

We headed towards the tunnel door. I knew what lied beyond it. Unfortunately, it just so happened to be two rotting corpses and a very rank world. I looked Michael dead in the eyes and gave him a little warning about the dead biters in the tunnel.

“Michael. Watch your step. I am not entirely sure if they are actually dead but I think I killed those bastards on the way back from the house. The smell is putrid and you might puke. So take this mask and put it on. Stay close and for God’s sake, if you have to kill something, make sure it isn’t one of us.”

Michael nodded his head and we headed into the tunnel. Just like I thought, the smell had gotten worse. I held Azura as close to me as I could. I didn’t want that smell to be a memory for her. We made our way into the tunnel and again I got that weird feeling in the pit of my stomach that something was going to happen. I clenched AJ to my chest because no telling what the fuck could happen in this dark tunnel. Biters were vicious and they always wanted to eat. The funny thing is I kind of identified a biter with a fat, depressed person. They move really slow and they always are eating something. Cruel way to see it, but sometimes you just have to look at it and move on. Somehow I managed to nudge my way in between Michael and Kellan, so AJ and I were in the middle of the two men. I knew we were reaching the end of the tunnel because the passage way was getting wider. We finally made it to the house and I touched the doorknob. I noticed that it was sticky and felt wet.

“Kellan. There is something on the doorknob. I am not sure what it is. Think you can shine you light over here for a minute.”

The moment the light touched my skin, I knew right away I had touched blood. I am not sure if it was a biters meal or a biter itself, all I know is that it was blood. I stood there in a daze for what seemed hours even though it was maybe a minute or two.

“Betty. Hey darlin’. Come on. Snap out of it. We have to get that blood off your hand before you touch Azura. Kellan, give me your button up shirt and that bottle of water out of the bag.”

I am not even sure why I was even surprised that I had touched blood. I had killed several biters and it didn’t faze me a bit, but touching blood and I became a fucking pansy. Who knew that touching blood would screw my mind up that bad ? Michael washed my hand and then the doorknob. He thought it would be best if we left the shirt lying in the dirt. He decided it would make Lorna think that biters may have gotten us or some bullshit like that. Once we had entered the basement, my nerves were all over the place.

I noticed blood smears on the floor and walls and stairs. I knew something had went down and I just couldn’t figure out what it was. Was this a victim of a biter who tried to escape the house and eventually ended up turning or was this a biter who had lost an arm or leg and managed to get into the tunnel. I figured it would be best if I finally told someone what I was thinking.

“Uh... Guys. Either there is someone who is seriously fucking wounded in this house or there is one fucked up biter on the loose. We need to watch our asses in the house right now. So in other words. Be fucking quiet and hurry the fuck up.”

“Betts. You sure . I mean this blood could be from that biter we cleared out when we found AJ. Maybe that blood thing has you freaked out or something.”

“Jesus Christ. Okay look. Kellan over there in the corner, that’s where I killed the biter. See how the blood is a kind of dried up rust color.” Kellan just nodded. “This blood over here on the wall, the stairs, and the floor is fresh and it’s still wet. So yes you fucktard, I am sure.”

“Relax, girl. You need to relax. If you aren’t thinking clearly you won’t be any help to any of us. So , Betts do us a favor. Take a few deep breaths and calm your little ass down.”

This whole situation was really starting to piss me off. The first few thoughts were I wanted to punch Kellan in the face and then it was oh shit, now I have to worry about if there isn’t some nut case running around the house with the possibility of turning into a damn biter. Wonderful absolutely wonderful. I admit I hate biters more than anything in the world, even more than clowns. I really fucking hate clowns. Seriously , I hate them. They are creepy as hell and they need to die.... Well, the only thing worse than a biter would be a damn zombie clown. If I run across one of those, well, needless to say, I am so screwed. Thank God for double whammies. Not really, but hey we all need to stay optimistic about something right ?

I wondered when Michael was going to tell Lorna that she was going to have the bunker all to herself here shortly. I am eternally grateful that I won’t have to worry about her coming with us. She always complains, whether it be about the food or the weather, so when we leave her behind my life will become a little less complicated. I decided that the only thing to do was to follow the trail of blood and find its source. I just knew it. Sure enough there was another biter in the house and laying in the floor was another victim. The horrific sight was more than Michael to bear and he released the contents of his stomach all over Kellan’s shoes. I released a little giggle. I realized it was a mistake on my part. The biters head turned and slowly the decaying corpse headed for me. I ran at it with my blade drawn and severed its spinal cord. I looked down and noticed that its teeth were still trying to bite at me. I pierced its brain. Michael looked stunned.

“Jesus Betts. Did you get any blood on Azura ?”

“Nope. Not a drop.”

I double checked myself as I said that. AJ was sleeping soundly.

“She is completely zonked out. She probably doesn’t even have a clue what the fuck just happened there, but I think we definitely should check the garage and RV’s. I mean as a precaution. You can never be too careful around here. I just want to be doubly sure there aren’t any damn biters lurking around while we are packing the RV’s.”

“Betts, I think you’re right. Let’s scope out the place before any other incidents happen.”

We headed for the garage. I knew I wasn’t the only one who heard the weird shuffling and banging noises coming from the garage. To me, there sounded like there had to be at least three something or others in the there and I needed to be extremely careful considering I had the duty of carrying Azura. I gazed down at AJ sleeping so peacefully in my arms. I didn’t want anything to wake her. I knew that any noise from her or me could and would get us both killed instantly or eaten alive. I ran a few scenarios over in my head about what could go wrong and gave a questioning look to Kellan. He just shrugged his shoulders like he had no idea either. I

knew that I was too the point that it would be now or never. I kissed Azura's forehead lightly and decided that we had to enter the garage no matter what. Entering that garage was our only means of survival and we had to do it. I kissed Kellan and hugged Michael. This was my family and I was fixing to enter a den of vipers. However this played out, I either kept my family alive or got them all killed. I prayed for the best and readied my favored katana. I reached for the doorknob and took a deep breath, hoping that it wouldn't be my last.

Chapter 2: The Garage

I turned the doorknob and yanked it open. I seen what looked to be a woman trying to fight off two biters without any weapons. She was trying with everything she had and it looked like they were advancing on her. I couldn't just sit back and watching any longer. I had to do something. I grabbed my blade and decided to help. I stabbed both biters in the skulls with no hesitations. With closer inspection, I realized that the woman I was helping was actually a man in woman's clothing. So many thoughts ran through my head the first was 'oh my fucking God. Dude looks like a lady'. I just burst out laughing until I realized this asshole was in my favorite tank top. That is when I lost it.

"Why the fuck are you wearing my clothes ? What the hell is wrong with you ? Are you some kind of pervert or something ? Are you wearing my underwear too ?"

This guy just stood there like he had never heard a girl yell at him before. I was about ready to take my blade and shove it through his tiny little ass.

"You want to answer me or are you going to stand there like you are a scared little pansy princess ?"

"I... I.... I was coated ... in...in..in blood and this..this...this was the only clothes I...I...I could find. I'm s..s...sorry."

"Holy shit dude. Did Betts, really scare you that bad ? Relax her bark is far worse than her bite. Calm down before you crap yourself."

"Thanks Kellan. I'm sorry. It's just that is my favorite tank top and I get emotional and I have had to kill a lot of biters today. So Let's try this again. I'm Betricia . You can call me Betty or Betts and this is Kellan and That lonely looking guy over there in the corner is Michael. This little bundle here is Azura but we all call her AJ. And who are you ?"

"I'm Brandon. I'm sorry about all this. I just needed a place to keep away from the biters and to get some rest for a bit. I have been running and fighting my way here for about two weeks now. I am about ready to give up. Thankfully this gal showed up at the right time and killed those things with a baby in her arms no less. I am eternally grateful and I know it would be wrong to ask, but do you have any men's clothes that you could spare ?"

"Yeah. Follow me. I think you should be about my size and I may have a belt lying around somewhere."

"Thanks, you said your name was Kellan, right ?"

"Yeah. Betts you and dad finish up here. I will be right back. Be careful. Okay?"

"You got it. Hurry back. There is a lot of work to do here."

Kellan took Brandon off to find some more manlier clothes, instead of my pink yoga pants, black skull tank top, and green over shirt. I swear that had to be the most mismatched outfit I had seen but I understood where he was coming from. Brandon had a thick southern draw and he was lanky enough to fit my small clothes but muscular enough to tell up close that he

was a man. If he could pull his weight, maybe we might have a new travel companion. Unfortunately I am not sure how well Michael and Kellan would take that in this situation. For all we know he could be a serial killer, who escaped from prison during all the panic and chaos. No one wanted to be in this type of predicament, yet I didn't want to be the bad guy and I didn't want to take a chance of bringing someone in who may harm my family.

Michael was looking under the hood of the largest RV. I noticed that he looked that everything should be ready to go on that and meanwhile I was checking the smaller one to make sure it had gas and propane to make it livable. Luckily for us, Kellan and I would be using the larger RV, which had a bedroom in the back, a dining area, a small living area, and a bathroom with a shower. It was a mini home. I was okay with that. Michael made sure that we would be comfortable. The smaller RV didn't have as much space but it would work for two men, if we decided to take Brandon with us. Though the smaller one had the option of having three sleeping areas. One was over the driving area, the dining room table laid flat and became a bed, and then there was a bed at the back of the RV itself. I checked the larger RV and it had a full tank of gas and plenty of propane, so now all we had to do was gather all the supplies needed for this journey.

"Michael, I am going to go gather blankets, pillows, sheets, and some soft things to lay on the floor of the RV for Azura. She has been cooped up in this sling for a good 3 hours. She's I think she needs to stretch a bit and it should be about time for her next bottle."

"Alright. Be careful and double check everything. If needed find a pen and paper for me so I can make a list while Azura is getting some needed freedom."

I made my way out of the garage and decided to check the smaller downstairs bedroom first. I knew to be on my guard. As usual I prepped myself for anything. I entered the bedroom and checked every nook and cranny and nothing was touched and there wasn't a biter to be found. I managed to strip the bed of all its linens and checked the small closet for any extras that may be in there. I was glad I did. I found just what I needed, a large box full of quilts, sheets, and comforters. I grabbed the pillows and noticed a small box that was marked ' DO NOT OPEN '. Knowing my avid curiosity would get the best of me, I opened the box. It was a box of baby items. I knew right away what and whose this was. This was Elijah's baby box. AJ was growing pretty fast and it didn't really matter what was in here, it could be used. I took the box of items back to the RV and let AJ stretch for a good while. Since Michael was with the RV's I asked if he would watch Azura as she slept while I scavenged the rest of the house. My next stop was going to be the kitchen.

I knew that with there being three, maybe four of us, the food in the pantry should last at least two or three weeks, if it was rationed properly. I grabbed all the dry goods and nonperishable items that I could find and boxed them up. I found several empty jugs and filled them with water, at least that still worked here. I decided to make my way upstairs to finish stripping the rest of the house for anything of use. I came to the first bedroom and noticed it was locked. I thought that was a bit odd. I ran to the garage and asked Michael about it.

"Oh. Yeah, that is Elijah's nursery. If there is anything you can use in there, take it. The key is right here."

He pulled the key off a tiny key ring that he kept in his pocket.

“Thanks. I bet there is a lot I can use in there for AJ. We need everything we can get. She is going to grow pretty fast.”

I made my way back to the locked door and placed the key in the lock. I got that familiar gut feeling yet again. I placed my hand on my blade, just to be on the safe side. I turned the knob, and the smell of dust and old age hit my nose, along with a odd funk. I just couldn't figure it out. I gazed around the room and noticed toys and all sorts of useful items that could benefit Azura in one way or another. I walked over to the crib and what I seen, I just couldn't get over. There looked to be a skeleton of a baby inside the crib. This room was kept as a tomb for Elijah. I wonder if Michael ever came into this room at all. Since we really couldn't spare anything, I left the crib alone and went for the bassinet. I pushed it into the hall and smack dab into Kellan.

“Hey. Take this to the garage. Well. ... Wait a minute, There's more.”

I handed over a few more boxes of baby items, such as toys, clothes, blankets, and what looked to be diapers and everything needed for ages three months and up. I grabbed everything I could from all the other rooms and made Brandon and Kellan carry most of the items down to the RV. I knew that eventually I was going to confront Michael about the infant skeleton in the crib. I just didn't think that right now would be a good time. We loaded everything up and got it all prepared. I decided that before we took this trip I had to ask, it was going to haunt me.

“Michael, why is there a skeleton in the crib upstairs ?”

“It's Elijah. Lorna wasn't ready to let go. She went in the room every day. She wanted to have him stuffed and honestly I couldn't deal with it. I wanted to have Elijah cremated and she refused. She stole the body from the mortuary and placed him in that room. I didn't know what was in there until about 2 months ago. I brought it up to her and she broke down. That was Elijah's grave.”

“Well, I left the crib, but I took everything else. But we really need to leave. The only way to really do this is if we bust the garage doors. Since this is an old house and the garage door was never updated to where all you had to do was push a button, we could have someone stay back and pull the doors open or bust them out.”

“Betts, we will just bust them open. I already bolted the tunnel door. Mom won't have a way to come in the house and I made sure to leave the boxes of food on the other side like you said to along with a note. So, let's get out of here and find a new place.”

Chapter 3: The Long Road Ahead

Kellan managed to rig up a make shift car seat for Azura. There are biters and here we are worried about being pulled over for not having her in a safety seat. Michael and Brandon had already piled into what would be their new home. Kellan asked me what I had hoped to find out there. I waited a few moments and decided to choose my words very carefully, for some weird reason.

“Honestly. I hope to find a biter free zone with other survivors. We already have a growing group and I know that along the way we will find more people and I want us to be a long lasting group. I want to live to see my 70th birthday and my grandkids and all that mushy shit. I just want a home. What do you want Kellan?”

“I want you and AJ, maybe even a little boy. I want the same Betts. I want to have a family with you. I think we could have lots of kids.”

“Are you high? There is no way in hell I would bring a child into this, right now anyways. Seriously... You are fucking.... Ugh... You are tripping.”

His jaw dropped and that ended that conversation pretty fast. I just didn't want to hurt his feelings anymore than they already were. I finally had a little bit of breathing room as I tucked AJ into her little makeshift car seat. I looked at my new home. It was small but it would work and it was biter proof for the moment. I then noticed that above the passenger seat there was a CB. I turned the knob and automatically heard static and knew that I would be able to call out to survivors. I called out to Michael and asked if he had one in his RV. He nodded that he did, we decided that channel 22 would be our best way to communicate with each other.

I was ready to get on the road and see what type of devastation that we would be facing. I thanked God that Michael had thought of everything while preparing for some sort of dooms day issue. Kellan started the RV and it roared to life and he nodded to the other guys and Michael crashed through the garage doors with us trailing behind him. I just couldn't believe that what I saw was worse than before. Biters were everywhere. They gathered in hordes around corpses. Bodies decayed at an exceedingly rapid pace. Half eaten corpses with jerky movements clawed the ground. Discarded body parts were littered across the extent of the land as if it was some sort of haunted house attraction.

I noticed that the biters who stalked the other undead cannibals looked and sounded the worse. They had flesh falling from any exposed body part and blood covered them as if someone had gone by and splattered red paint on them. The sound they made was nothing like what was in the movies; it was more a cross between a lion trying to roar and a snake hissing. I was so deep in thought that when the CB went off I screamed and almost pissed my pants. Kellan just chuckled that deep hearty chuckle he has when he is amused and went back to trying to avoid the large obstacles of overturned cars and trees.

“Can you believe this shit?”

I recognized Brandon's deep southern drawl. I responded back.

“No. I can’t, kind of nasty huh? All I know is I was staring out the window so hard when the CB went off I almost pissed my pants. Off that subject though and I know your laughing so stop it. Which direction should we go? It needs to be towards a town with a large carry all store in it, but small enough that it doesn’t have a very large populace. I think that only leaves North or South.”

“Betty, there is a Haymoore’s about one hundred and ninety-six miles north of us. They have everything. They just opened a home store on the other side of Grovesails. I had seen their website not to long before the whole biter thing happened.”

“That’s great Michael. I guess we are going north. Lead the way.”

So we headed down the driveway and before doing so a biter jumped at the RV. Kellan floored it and left biter jelly on the tread of the RV tires. I didn’t really expect that to happen at all. After that little incident I decided that maybe it would be best that if I just relaxed and let Kellan drive. There were biters literally placed everywhere like an obstacle course. When we finally reached the end of the drive, we automatically knew that this day was going to suck. There were cars abandoned everywhere, some not so abandoned. They contained trapped biters. It looked like people seen what was happening and just said ‘ Fuck this shit. There are people eating people and I ain’t going to stick around for any of this and I won’t be made a meal today. I am getting the hell out of here. ‘ They are probably one of those undead fuckers or became a biter meal now. I looked around and all I seen was devastation. If the road wasn’t packed with cars and biters I would probably steal a better car seat or a couple of car seats for Azura. Maybe as we get closer to Whitesage.

I kept glancing at AJ laying peacefully and wishing that we would hurry up and make it somewhere safe soon. I sat back in my seat hoping that we would reach some sort of rest stop soon. I wanted to exit the RV. I hated car rides. There was something about being trapped in a metal box for hours that just didn’t fucking appeal to me too much. We made our way through all the abandoned cars and finally reached the sign that stated ‘ Now Leaving Silverspell ‘. Even though the town was about 10 miles long, it was a small rural town. I chuckled to myself and thought it was ironic as hell that the town looked a little dead.

About thirty minutes into the ride Kellan poked me in the arm.

“Hey. Try seeing if you can get any survivors on the CB. Switch the channels every ten to fifteen minutes. Remember to say your name, where you’re going, and keep doing it. Hopefully you can reach someone.”

I nodded and started on the first channel. After about an hour, it was a well rehearsed scripted saying. “This is Betricia and I am on Highway 392 headed towards Whitesage. If there are any survivors out there listening, please respond.” Then the line would be static. Repeating the saying at least twice before I would wait for the allotted time. I felt like a fucking abandoned alien left on Earth who is sending up random distress signals to the mother ship. AJ managed to sleep most of the trip. We had to stop a few times for diaper changes and feedings. I just had a feeling that she was going to be easy going and that she took to riding in a vehicle to like a fish to water.

As we got closer to Whitesage, I tried to contacting survivors again. I tried several times and stopped waiting the ten minutes. About the time I was going to give up, I heard a voice

cloaked in static come on the channel. The voice barely squeaked "Help. I'm here. I've been locked in my basement for almost a month and I haven't eaten in days. I live in Whitesage on Briar Mount Road. Please hurry and please help. My house is the last house on the street with a bright orange door."

My only response was "We are on our way."

I turned to Kellan who then asked what just happened. I guess the dipshit wasn't paying any attention to what was going on like usual. I relayed that I just found a survivor and I told them that we would be there to help. Kellan just gave me the look of what did I do and then just without any warning he proceeded to tell me that I had made a mistake.

"Where the hell do you get off telling me that I made a mistake? No, I didn't make a mistake. The mistake was ever fucking you in that tunnel. Helping someone escape the same situation we just did, that isn't the mistake. Jesus, I swear Kellan you make no sense."

"Betts, I am just saying you should have asked if we all thought it was a good idea before you just went and told someone that we would go and rescue them. I mean this thing or person could get us killed. You didn't think of that and now we have to stick by our word and try to get this person out of the basement."

"You are a selfish person. I am sure if I asked your dad, he would have said that I did the right thing. You on the other hand are just a damn disgrace. Don't fucking talk to me."

I switched the CB back to channel 22 and asked to speak to Michael. I then asked right away if I did the right thing. I was right, Michael and Brandon both agreed with me. I knew they would. Kellan had some burr up his ass. I decided to try to contact the survivor again.

"Hello, this is Betricia. If this is the Survivor is Whitesage, we are getting closer. I just want to talk to you and let you know more about us. If you can hear me at all please respond, please."

I heard a stronger reply this time.

"Hello. Can you hear me?"

"Yes. I can hear you. You can call me Betty. I am traveling with my friend Kellan, his dad Michael, and another survivor Brandon and my daughter Azura. We are coming from Silverspell. We are going to come and get you out of the basement but I need you to listen carefully. Whatever you do don't leave the basement. Stay there. Hold on okay?"

"Okay. Betty."

"So how old are you and what's your name?"

"I'm 26 years old and my name is Tammy. I came home to visit my family and everything was doing okay. We were watching the news and the special announcement stated that everyone was to stay indoors and barricade ourselves inside. Well we were in the process of doing that and some weirdo crashed through the window and attacked my dad. Then more came through and then they began eating my parents. Our pantry was located in the basement so I locked myself down there. Who knew finals week would be so exciting. I ran out of food about four days ago. I have managed to supplement my hunger with water. I won't lie I am scared to death and I just want something to eat."

“Relax Tammy. We are on our way. Just hold on.”

I knew that we had to help this girl. If anything I would die trying. I relayed to Michael that Tammy lived on Briar Mount Road and that we needed to get there as soon as possible. Michael agreed. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the Whitesage city limit sign. I knew that Tammy was scared and I wasn't really familiar with Whitesage, but thank God that Michael was. I got seriously nervous as we got closer to Tammy's street. It was deathly quiet, I didn't see any biters and I didn't see any survivors.

I contacted Tammy again.

“Tammy. We're on your street. We can make enough time to get you and some of your stuff out but that is about it. When I say run, you run to the nearest RV to you. Got it?”

“Yes, Betty. What are these things? I just don't understand what they are. I know they used to be people but are they some sort of biological or chemical weapon?”

“Honestly, I have no idea. I just know that they eat people. We call them biters or Zombies, undead bastards, the cauldron born, flesh eaters, undead cannibals, you name it. We have probably called them everything we could have thought of. We just stick with biters, because well they fucking bite. They are severely dangerous and I have seen first-hand that if you get bit you will turn into one of them. So, safest bet, don't get bit. Anyways we are in front of your house. You ready?”

“Yes. I cannot wait to see people. I just want food. My belly is growling worse than those biters.”

“Here is the plan. We are going to check the house for the safest route in and out. We then will proceed to kill any biter in the vicinity of the basement door. When the coast is clear for you, I will knock three times on the basement door, to let you know that it is us.”

She agreed to the plan and I relayed the information to all the important parties. I knew right away that from the silence that I was walking head first into a silent hell. I had no clue what waited for me. I just knew that I was going to try my damndest to get her out of there. I had no idea how many biters were in there or if I could even get this girl out safe and sound without risking my family's safety. I knew there would be no way in hell that I would even attempt to take Azura into that type of situation. I decided to ask Michael if he would mind staying back and watch my little bundle of hope while I risked my neck to save a total stranger.

“Michael, do you think that you could watch AJ in our RV, while we try to rescue this girl? I just don't want to take a chance of taking her with me. It would mean a lot to me please.”

“Yeah, it won't be a problem at all. It would be nice to have a bit of time with my granddaughter all to myself.”

I thanked him and then I realized that Kellan was looking at me like I was a totally different person. It made me feel like I was some sort of pariah in a city of holy men. I didn't like it, then it dawned on me, I was getting too big for my britches. I guess I had what was known as a superman complex. I just wanted to save the world, one person at a time and I wasn't really sure how to do it. Eventually I would have rescuing people down to a science. I had saved Azura and now I was bound and determined to save Tammy.

I guess the element of surprise was on my side today and I grabbed Kellan and kissed him as hard as I could. He stood in awe at what just transpired. "I love you Kellan, I really do. Yes, we may fight, bicker, argue, and I may say that I fucking hate your guts on a daily basis but the truth is I would be lost without you. You're my best friend. Now how about we go and play Batman and Robin?"

I knew by the sparkle in his eye and the smile on his face that he would be up for anything now. I grabbed my katana and managed to peek my head out the window; there still wasn't a biter in sight. I found it quite odd that the biters were nowhere to be found. I slowly exited the RV and still no biters. I figured if I didn't make any sounds I would have the element of surprise still on my side and then maybe I could take the biters out one by one. I knew those bastards would be hiding somewhere wanting to kill us and make a tasty meal of my still beating heart and entrails. I didn't trust anything I seen or heard in a strange or unusual place. I decided that it was now or never time for there was no going back now.

I made my way towards the front door and placed my ear on it. I listened for any movement or sounds of distress. What I heard was not what I expected. I peeked into what looked to be a broken window that had been boarded over and what I saw was a room full of decaying bodies and hungry biters. It was absolutely disgusting and I was amazed and how many bodies could actually fit in such a tiny room. It was like being at a circus and watching clowns pile into a tiny car, the only difference was that everyone in there but Tammy was dead.

I walked around the house and looked for any other openings or ways that a biter could possibly get in and something just felt wrong. There were no biters on this street or anywhere near this house but they were in this house. It was almost like they were placed in the home on purpose. I would hope that no one would ever do that to a person. That was a death far worse than even the worse criminal would deserve. I finally got to a place where I could make out the basement door. I knew right away this rescue was not going to be as easy as it looked. Inside the door were at least a dozen biters clawing at each other. It looked like they were starving and decided to eat each other. It was sickening.

They were getting restless and I noticed that one was sniffing the air like it could actually smell me. She started to chatter her teeth like some sort of rodent and it was disturbing to say the least. I knew we were going to have to hurry and rush this escape. The other biters started to follow suit. I literally would have to kill every biter in this house in order to save Tammy. The house was overrun with these bastards. I decided that the only way that we would ever survive is if we would get them out into the open and fight them there.

"Kellan, we have to get them in the open. If we don't we don't stand any chance of surviving. Our only option is to be bait and take them out one by one. If you don't want to do this, I completely understand but I promised someone that I would get her out of that house and so I have to."

"Betty. Use me as bait. I can run pretty fast, plus I am a great distraction. So if all else fails, I died trying to help someone. Just get her out of there and tell Michael that he was a great guy to talk to."

"Brandon are you sure you want to do that? If you agree I may not be able to save you and if you become a biter I will kill you."

“Kellan, just make sure if Betty is the one to kill me, she takes this letter and places it at the address on this envelope. It’s for my son, if he’s still there.”

“I can do that for you, Brandon. I promise.”

The conversation on that subject ended. I kept praying that everything would go according to plan and we all make it out safe and the biters in this vicinity would be dead. Brandon prepared for his loud run. He planned to make as much noise as he could when we opened to the door and Kellan and I would begin to kill each of the biters as they reached us, spacing them out so we had room. I felt bad for letting Brandon agree to be biter bait but it was the only way to actually rescue someone who needed it. We decided that we would count to three and then would begin the killing spree.

We counted together.

“One, Two, Three!”

Brandon sprinted around the yard yelling at the top of his lungs the most weird and random things he could think of and Kellan opened the door. It only took about 1 minute and biters started to pour out of the house like roaches when you flip on a light. I took my katana and just started hacking heads away like I was Genghis Khan and I was going to make damn sure I was going to get my way. It may sound horrible but it was fun slicing the heads off the biters. The last five or six biters were a bit harder to handle. The first one came out and I swung my blade and I nicked a chunk out of the left side of its head, leaving the brain exposed. I knew I was going to have to hurry and think fast. I knew that with the brain exposed that anything could cause serious damage. I asked Kellan to throw me anything that would be hard and long. I ended up with a steel pipe. I swung the pipe at the biter and it was right on target. It penetrated the brain and the body hit the ground and twitched for a few seconds before it went limp.

The next biter was easier a quick slice to the neck and the head was removed. The same followed for the rest. I was ready to get inside and clear the house and get the fuck out of here. I was getting tired and worn down. We entered the house and right away the stench of corpses and death permeated the whole house. The smell made me gag and puke in my mouth a bit. I was to the point where I just wanted to hurry up and get the hell out of this place. I got that weird gut feeling again telling me that something wasn’t right and that we should just leave but my conscience told me that I had to keep going. As of now all of us were alive, and I aimed to keep it that way. I headed straight for the basement door and knocked three times. I heard some shuffling movement and then what sounded like footsteps on stairs and then the door opened. I have never seen a person so happy to see me in my life. Tammy started to cry and just thanked me.

Tammy was a beautiful tan Mexican girl with long dark hair and even darker eyes. She spoke without an accent so I could see how someone would naturally assume that she was white or black over a CB, like me. It made me feel kind of bad, but all I was trying to do was put a picture to a face. I could have sworn that she was a model and not a college student, either way it goes she was gorgeous and I had a feeling that I would be a bit jealous of her. Finally, after I could stop staring, I gave her the details of what happened and informed her of what awaited outside.

“Tammy, there are going to be corpses without heads and bodies everywhere. We had to kill a lot of biters to get you out. The agreement was that we would give you long enough to get you a few items and then we would have to rush out of here. We can’t just stay put for too long.”

“I understand Betty. I have three suitcases that I never unpacked sitting in the hall closet. If we can get those and if I could just stop and grab that picture off the wall there and the photo album on the shelf by the TV. I would be happy. I’m sorry if that seems like an awful lot but I just want to make sure that I keep the memory of my family and friends. Those pictures are all there is now.”

“We can grab them. Brandon will be waiting outside for you. Get ready to run.”

We grabbed the items she asked for and gathered other essentials that might be needed such as toilet paper, paper towels, and other linens. I managed to rummage closets and grab a few items for myself. I went into what I guessed was Tammy’s parent’s bedroom. I thought that she might want to keep her mother’s jewelry and some of her personal belongings. I guess I can be a bit sentimental. I don’t even know if my own mother is still alive. I boxed and bagged all the items that I thought could be useful and headed back towards the RV’s.

Once I was tucked back inside my cozy little home on wheels, I sat Tammy down and gave her the small box that I picked up just for her. I guess she thought that it wasn’t that important, but I could tell in the look in her eyes that it was. Each little item she pulled out meant something very special to her and even though I didn’t know her that well I knew that it was important. I managed to grab a bottle of perfume, the jewelry box, a scarf, a blanket and little odds and ends from each of the bedrooms. I told her that if she needed time she was more than welcome to it. She just hugged me. I guess anyone would need a hug after seeing their family get ate by a horde of biters.

We all loaded up into the RV’s and I must admit that it was a job well done. I managed to save someone and not get everyone killed. I knew that Tammy would be hungry and everybody else would be too, I decided to start preparing for dinner. Tonight we would be celebrating the success and to our ongoing travels. I just couldn’t figure out what to make so I made my favorite food when we stopped at a roadside park. I refused to leave the RV so I made everyone come to me. I made lasagna with garlic bread. Good thing to, the cheese was going to go bad soon. I was glad that I could sit down and eat with my new family.

I would be happy to lay down tonight with my daughter and my best friend. I knew that eventually Kellan would want more and I knew that I would have to make up my mind with a yes or no answer. Sometimes matters of the heart are more complicated than they look. Everyone ate and I fed Azura and I could tell she was glad that everything turned out for the best. I kept thinking in the back of my head that it would be nice if Tammy and Brandon got together and had a beautiful half Mexican baby. I am pretty sure that baby would be amazingly gorgeous just like Tammy.

I knew that the night was wearing down and so was I and I couldn’t wait to curl up in a warm bed and sleep for ten or more hours. I needed it. I have killed more biters than most would expect from a seventeen year old and I did it without hesitation. I haven’t slept much since AJ and now if I could just find the time to actually catch up on what I missed. I know it will be hard now since we have to constantly be on our guards now. I hope that we can find that Haymoore’s and create it into a safe haven for awhile, if no one else already has.

We knew that it was going to be a good while yet before we got to Grovesails. We didn't know how much longer it would be or what way we would have to take. We just knew that Haymoore's was in Grovesails and that is where we wanted to try to make a safe place for all of us to live. Life on the road would be too hard on all of us and it would just take a bit of time to adjust to it all. Kellan looked like he could have passed out at any moment and I just didn't want to stop anywhere and sleep. There could be robbers or squatters who try to steal what little we have. I suggested finding a gravel road or a field to park in or having Brandon drive. He liked the idea of Brandon driving better than being in a field. They managed to switch places and we began to travel onward to Grovesails.

Chapter 4: Grovesails

Tammy sat in silence for what seemed to be an eternity and I knew it had only been minutes. I guess the realization that she was now the only person in her family hit her at once and she was learning to cope with it. All I honestly could do was just hold her hand as her heart was breaking for lost loved ones. This was a doomed world and we were all she had left now. I knew how she felt. I had no idea what had happened to my mom or any of my siblings and it scared me. Eventually I would have to find out but right now Tammy needed her mourning time and she cried. She shed a tear for all she had lost and the battles she had won. The horrendous tragedy that she suffered would change her. I knew that she was going to deal with depression for a long time.

I finally knew that maybe now would be the right time to introduce her to Azura. That little bundle of hope had some natural way about her that always brought warmth and love and I knew that she would help Tammy cope with everything.

“Tammy, I know right now is going to be extremely hard for you and nothing I can say or do is going to fix it. I just wanted you to meet Azura. Most of us call her AJ. I think she may be the saving grace we all need in this world. Why don't you feed her for me ? I really need a rest. I have a bottle on a table with all her stuff. If you don't know how I can show you really quick.”

“Gee, are you sure about that Betty? I know how to feed a baby but do you think she can actually make me feel better. She is kind of small and just looking at those eyes does something for the soul. I think I will go ahead and let you get some rest. Thanks.”

Tammy took to AJ without any questions or hesitation. Azura had that way with people. I glanced over a few times without being noticed and seen that Tammy had sparkles in her eyes and color in her cheeks. That was a great sign that she was going to pull through with no problem. I was worried that she might have been a bit suicidal but I think I knew better than that. I know people talk about déjà vu and destiny but I think that I was meant to find Azura and that as a group we are meant to take care of her and see to her survival. I know in my heart she will be the end to the biters. She was the greatest blessing that a person could ever know.

I hoped to find a few more survivors before we reached Grovesails. I dozed off and on for maybe an hour and woke up to Kellan nudging me.

“Hey there, sunshine, Listen we have to stop for a bit. We all need to stand up and stretch and yes I know it's dangerous but sitting too much is too. Dad, Brandon and I are going to search some of these cars for some supplies and maybe a good car seat for AJ. Is there anything I really need to look for that you want?”

“Uh....CDs, mp3 player, music maybe. Be careful. I'll stay put and guard us girls. Thanks for waking me up though.”

“No problem. I love you.”

He kissed my forehead and out the RV door he went. I hopped in the front seat to keep a clear view of what would be going on. I saw him and the others searching each of the cars as quiet

as can be. I could see a few straggling biters left but they seemed to be decayed beyond hurting anything but themselves if they moved too much. I stayed glued to the windshield to make sure that they would be safe and that if anything would go wrong I would be there to correct the mistake. Since I was the smallest and leanest, I moved faster than the boys did. It took them about thirty minutes and they had the closest cars gone through and lots of stuff for us. Who knew that Kellan would think to grab things to entertain the ones who weren't driving?

Michael and Brandon were the first through the door and Kellan followed. Several bags of goods hit the floor. I just hoped that nothing of real use broke. They started emptying the contents of the bags. I was amazed at what was left behind. Kellan handed me not one but three laptops and told me to take my pick along with several cameras and a portable DVD player. I noticed there was nonperishable foods, a new baby seat, and some clothes for the guys. I was just waiting for them to pull out a midget or some sort of mythical creature. I did end up several mp3 players, all which had different genres of music on them, so I was in heaven. I noticed that Tammy's eyes lit up when she saw romance novels. I was very excited. I would have something to occupy my time and a way to capture memories and videos.

I hugged kissed Kellan and managed to hug Brandon and Michael. I had never expected such wonderful items but they would come handy in the long run. Michael pulled something out of the bag that no one expected and I almost died laughing.

"Is that a suitcase of cash? Seriously. You found a suitcase full of cash. What next a bag of jewels?"

He smiled so big and dropped it on the table in the RV. I about choked to death.

"We found that car that was full of stolen goods that was all over the news. Amazing huh? So I figured Betty, you brought us all together, this is all yours. You earned it. You keep us safe and you find the survivors. Hide it and don't tell anyone about it."

"Michael. This should be for everyone. I mean it isn't like we need the money now but the jewels can come in handy if we come across traders or something like that. I want the survival of the group. I love you all. I won't lie, I will take a few pieces for myself and the rest will be put up. Deal?"

"Deal."

That was the most generous gift that I had ever received in my life. I had never had such gratitude from people or been looked upon with such respect. I just knew that in order to survive we all had to look out for one another. I told everyone that I wanted to try to find at least a few more survivors before we reached Grovesails and we discussed what should be done before we settle down in one place, such as how we would go about fortifying the place, supplies, and what not.

I finally had a chance to sit down and look at my new laptop. I guess they got it out of a delivery truck; it was still in the box. I opened it up and noticed out of the corner of my eye that Kellan, Michael and Brandon were huddled up and whispering, almost as if they were a group of boys planning to attack an all girls summer camp and put frogs, snakes, and worms in their beds. They kept glancing up at me and the way they were acting just didn't sit right with me. I had hoped that I could go just one day without that damned nagging gut feeling that always

seemed to hit at the oddest times. I could never figure out if it was a preemptive warning of impending doom or if I just contracted some weird and rare fucking disease now.

I guess they noticed that I was staring and broke up their little macho boy huddle. It was pissing me off anyways. I figured when we all could managed to sleep in peace I would ask Kellan what it was about, but for now I would let it go. I decided to step in what was my bedroom and check on how Azura was doing. I could really use some cheering up. As soon as she saw me, I was welcomed with a fuzzy smile and big blue-grey eyes.

“Hey honey. Missed me, huh? Yeah. I thought so. I seen you been keeping Tammy company. What do you think of her? I like her. She reminds me of my big sister, Malana. You would have liked your Auntie Malana. She had long bright red hair and green eyes. She was more Irish than anyone I know. I miss her a lot. She was my best friend, even more than your daddy. I lost her before the biters. She battled with cancer and lost. It’s okay though. I think she sent me to find Tammy and to find you. You guys are my family.”

Azura smiled and cooed as I talked to her. Sometimes, it was nice just to tell her about her family. I know she wasn’t mine by birth but she was mine by heart. I knew that if the others heard anything that I had said to AJ, I would be in some serious trouble. I noticed that she was starting to get that hazy, sleepy look in her eyes and I started to hum a childhood lullaby that my sister sang to me when I was scared. Azura was fast asleep in minutes. I could only hope that I would be able to raise her to be what she was meant to be. Kellan approached me and told me that we needed to get moving towards Grovesails or we would never make it. I decided to give someone else the duty of calling out for survivors. I figured that I deserved to actually get some sleep. It felt like I hadn’t slept in days, which is true.

“Listen, I really need sleep. I haven’t slept in days. I keep cat napping but not actually sleeping. I need at least five hours to be able to function. Is there any way that you guys can stay out of trouble long enough for me to do that?”

Tammy and Kellan just looked at me. Tammy took the reins and pointed towards the tiny cubby bedroom.

“Go to sleep then. If you need the sleep, then why are you still awake? I can let Michael and Brandon know that you are sleeping if they need anything and I will take care of Azura while you’re out. Don’t worry. I will try to reach out to other survivors. I got this. So take your raggedy looking ass to bed.”

I smiled and made my way back in to the bedroom and fell into what felt like pure heaven to me. I was sure that it wouldn’t take me very long to doze off. I removed my shoes and bra and shrugged off my pants. I climbed into bed and that was it. I remember going to bed as the sun was going down. I woke up just about dawn. I was pissed. I remembered telling them five hours not eight to ten. I got up and automatically knew that something was off. I didn’t hear anything. There was no sound from anything, no laughter, talking, whispering, just dead silence. It was eerie and I hated it. I dressed quickly and rushed out of the bedroom. I knew right away that I was just paranoid.

“SURPRISE!”

They all scared the shit out of me. I totally forgot that today just happened to be my birthday. It was August 27th. They had managed to plan a doomsday, zombie apocalypse surprise

birthday party for me. It had balloons and a few ribbons and there was a small cake. It was special because it wasn't everyday that you turned eighteen. I guess through all the confusion and chaos in my life right now, I had forgotten that it was my birthday. I felt stupid but at the same time special. I now knew what all the secrecy from everyone was about. They had been planning to make this day special. Kellan had remembered that today was my birthday.

We all sat down and I looked at the most wonderful cake I had seen. It was a dark chocolate cake smothered in white frosting topped with beautiful scrolling letters.

"Alright guys. Who did what and you all scared the shit out of me with the silence."

"Tammy wrote all the stuff on the cake and did the baking. She let us help ice it but other than that she bossed us around. Made us put up ribbons and go find other presents and balloons. She's a lot like you."

Tammy just smiled and I just broke down. I cried like I did when I lost my sister. I needed it. I still couldn't believe that I had forgotten my own birthday. I was so worried about everyone looking like they were plotting to kill and eat me that I just started to become a paranoid person. I felt like an idiot for not remembering. I guess I should thank Kellan for remembering and planning out my wonderful makeshift party. It looked like they had literally robbed a party store and stuck it in the RV. I haven't felt this loved and wanted since my sister was alive. Now here I am eating cake, in an RV, that just so happens to be parked in the middle of the freeway, in the middle of a zombie apocalypse.

I was keeping company with the most amazing group of people; each who had their own special place and each of them were growing to be very dear to my heart. I don't think today could get any better. I was excited to be heading towards Grovesails and even more so now. I guess to me Grovesails was my hope for a new future, a brand new beginning, if we could find a place that was safe enough. If biters had never happened I would have been graduating this year and moving away to attend college. I would probably still be living with my parents without a boyfriend and still a virgin. I would still be only friends with Kellan and he would still be dating those nasty whores from school and afterwards coming and hanging out with me. He honestly still confuses the fuck out of me like he did back then.

I still have no clue if he would still just hook up with anything that walked, back then he wouldn't even give me the time of day. I really don't think that I should even be thinking about the past on my birthday. This is a new chapter in my life and I need to keep moving forward. That is all that I can do.

"When do you think that we might actually make it to Grovesails? I'm just really nervous about finding a new place to settle down in. I will admit, though, I am pretty excited about going to a new town."

Michael with his always serious face replied,

"Well Betty, at this rate, might be tomorrow, or the day after. Just depends on the time we take to travel, I guess."

I guess with that answer it made me feel a little depressed. I just put on my best optimistic smile and trucked on forward. I shouldn't let anything get in my way of me being happy on my birthday. I decided that I would have what could be considered a blast, today. Here I am stuck

in a RV with nothing to really keep me entertained. I decided that I would venture out and find something other than electronics and board games to keep me happy. While everyone was busy having cake and talking, I managed to sneak out. I managed to arm myself with my weapon and knew right away that I was going to need it. I seen biters pretty much everywhere I looked. I noticed that there was a beer truck and I was going for it. It was my birthday and for fuck sakes it was hell out here I was going to have a few drinks. I was hoping and praying that there was some sort of liquor or alcohol in that damn truck.

I looked around and tried to find the easiest way to it. The only option was going straight to it at a run. I needed to slash as many of them as possible to make my journey back a bit easier. I prayed that it would be unlocked when I reached it. I made my break and headed for the truck. I ran just as fast as I could. I killed every biter I encountered. A part of me actually enjoyed killing them. It was fun. I guess to me it was a form of anger management. The other part of me knew that these things used to be human at one point. They could have been a classmate, a parent, a sibling, even a best friend. I tried hard not to think about how I got off on killing those undead bastards. I guess the morbidity of the world now changed everyone, even those stuck up church do-gooders who always said "God Bless" and "Turn the Other Cheek". Yeah, I bet they are armed with uzies and carrying AK's screaming "Die you Fucking Dead Whores of Satan!"

I think I let my imagination run away there. They were honestly the first ones to be turned. Those poor believing souls. On a second note, I also thought that if I didn't get my head back into the killing game and lost my concentration again, that I would become just like them, a mindless and soulless entity with a craving for breathing and living flesh. I don't want that, for anyone. I have seen the destruction. The more I kill them, the more it made me want this alcohol. If killing people you might have known, that just so happen to be in an undead form doesn't drive you to become an alcoholic, a nut case, suicidal or a serial killer, I have no idea what would.

I just knew at this moment in time I wanted a beer. I had no idea what it even tasted like or if it would be worth all this damn trouble, but I was going to get one. I finally made it to the truck. I noticed that it looked a lot larger than what I expected. I just kept praying that it was unlocked. I tried the driver side door and it flung open and with it came a nasty looking biter. I noticed that it was highly decayed and very hungry. I was able to out maneuver it, only because it was literally starved to its second death. I was flung to the ground and it landed on top of me. Who knew that getting a beer would be this much trouble? I hoped that I would be able to make it out of this without being noticed by his buddies and then being someone's meal. I shimmied closer to where my weapon had landed and I still could not reach it. I felt something cold and hard near my finger tips. I tried holding the biter by the throat and I reached to grab this object. It scraped the ground and that's when I realized it was a heavy pipe. I grabbed it and yanked it with one hand, hoping to get it closer so I could grip it better.

I finally managed to wrap my hands around it. I hoped that I had enough strength to lift it to hit this nasty thing off me. I guess my guardian angel was watching today, I swung that pipe upwards towards the biter's head and made contact. I heard the distinct sound of bone shattering. I dazed it enough to push it off me and once I got up I swung again making a loud crunch and then blood and brain splattered against the pavement I stood on. I walked over, grabbed my katana and got back to the truck. I made my way around it to see if the back was

unlocked. I just prayed there was no more hidden surprises. I just wanted to celebrate my birthday with a drink. I really don't think that is too much to ask. It's better than killing everyone off and then letting the biters have me. As luck would have it the back was unlocked and full of liquid that would make me forget everything.

I hopped inside and was trying to make up my mind when Kellan hollered inside the truck and scared the shit out of me.

"Betty. What the fuck are you doing? Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

"Nah. Don't worry Kellan. I just wanted everyone to have a drink. I seen the truck and thought what the fuck, why not. So don't act like you're mad. I got here safe and I will be leaving safe too. So help me grab some of this up. You act like what I did was a crime."

"You had us worried. We were looking for you. All this because you wanted a drink. Seriously? Why didn't you ask us guys to get this?"

"Well for one, I'm not helpless. I can handle myself. Secondly Kellan, I don't need anyone running a pussy errand that I am perfectly capable of doing myself. So stop acting like my dad. Grab a case or three. I plan on drinking."

Kellan didn't say another word to me. He just grabbed what I told him to. I know we had plenty of beer and liquor to last awhile. I just didn't know what had gotten into me lately. I was moody and tired. I really didn't want to eat. I wondered if it was depression or if I caught some sort of bug. Knowing my luck and the way things go out here, I probably carry the biter virus and have immunity to it. Kellan was brooding the whole time while I barked orders on what he should grab. I knew at this moment he was staring daggers and looking like he wanted to dig out my eyeballs with a rusty spoon and then feed me feet first into a wood chipper so I wouldn't even see it coming. At this time I could honestly care less, he didn't own me. He may act like he is my parent or even my husband but I was not going to let him tell me what to do. He was my friend and nothing more and I guess letting him know that just pushed him past the edge to where he was fed up with me just as much as I was with him.

I pissed him off and that was that. There was no going back now. I was excited to finally be heading back to the RV with my armfuls of goodies. Kellan didn't say a word or even look at me, he just unloaded his arm and his backpack and then stormed out of the RV and went inside his dad's RV. I guess the alcohol and the fact that Kellan actually got pissed amazed the group because they were all speechless. They eyed everything that was there. I still had my backpack on and I hadn't even shown them the good stuff yet. I took my bag off and laid it on the table and opened it up. I had what looked to be very expensive bottles of liquor. Tammy gasped and Brandon just stared in amazement. Michael on the other hand didn't seem so enthusiastic about anything I did except kill biters and find survivors.

"So this is where you ran off to? We give you a nice party and you had to have spirits?"

"Oh, don't spoil this for me. Yes, I took off. I was upset. You guys did a great thing for me. You managed to remember my birthday and it was my party. I wanted to give you a gift in return. I figured; why not give you guys a chance to have a party too?"

"Betty. We didn't need the alcohol. We did this because you do so much for us. I guess what Michael is trying to say, is that we really didn't need a gift but thank you for it. Now, who wants

a glass of champagne to celebrate this pretty awesome birthday?”

I knew Tammy would take my side. She was a pretty awesome person and when push comes to shove she would stand up for me. She was the closest thing to a sister I had right now and I was thankful for that. Brandon seemed to enjoy my gift and Michael just shook his head and shrugged his shoulders and accepted a paper cup of champagne. I have learned so much from being on the road, even though it's a zombie ridden world out there, no one is too white trash to drink expensive champagne from a cheap paper cup. I could tell that everyone enjoyed my thank you, except Kellan and I was still pissed at him. I was glad he wasn't in this RV, otherwise he would ruin everyone's time. Michael excused himself and took Azura with him.

“Betty, I want you to have a great birthday and so you can relax and have fun, I'll take AJ with me so you will be baby free and I plan on locking you guys inside so I have the peace of mind that you won't wonder off in search of biters.”

“Thanks, Michael. I really appreciate it.”

I was finally able to relax and enjoy my birthday without any worries. I had my first beer with two of my new friends and it was great. I had never been drunk before and I started to feel lightheaded and a bit dizzy.

“You know what. Fuck Kellan. All he does, you know what he does, all he does is hold me back from being me.”

It was at that time, that I leaned over and kissed Brandon and he kissed me back. It was almost like magic. It was better than Kellan but then again I had only been kissed by three guys. After it happened, I just had a feeling that if Kellan ever found out that he would beat Brandon senseless. I figured it was my birthday and Tammy was already passed out, I should be able to have some fun. I would most likely regret this in the morning if Brandon didn't stop anything from happening.

“Betty darlin', I don't think you should drink anymore. How about we get you into bed? I promise I won't tell Kellan that I kissed you.”

I just nodded my head. I knew that tomorrow was going to suck and I prayed that I wouldn't remember anything. I remember waking up next to Brandon but thank God he was clothed from waist down and he was snuggled up next to me and somehow or another Tammy was on the other side of me. I became a snuggle-sandwich. I never felt so safe. It was kind of embarrassing when Michael came in followed by Kellan holding AJ and I only had my tank top and panties on. Kellan just happened to be the first to chime in.

“Looks like you guys had some party. I hope it was worth it because it won't be happening again.”

“Well good morning to you too asshole. Did you enjoy sitting over there brooding while we had a good time?”

Tammy, God bless her was a real bitch in the morning.

“Why don't you three get dressed? We need to get going. If everything works out right, we might actually make it to Grovesails by nightfall. So, do you mind if we can get this done in the

next, say ten minutes?”

I had enough of Kellan's attitude and I spoke up. I was just tired of all the bullshit that went with his controlling ways and I shouldn't have to play along with it.

“Kellan, how about you and Brandon trade spots today. Your dad told me he drives the other RV just fine and you need to spend time with your dad anyways. If you want, you can even take AJ make it a Daddy- daughter day.”

“Betty, that doesn't sound like a bad idea. I haven't spent a lot of time with Kellan and Azura lately. Thanks for throwing that out there.”

“No problem Michael. I won't lie. I think I have a hangover and honestly I don't think I want to move out of this bed.”

Michael just chuckled and asked if I could manage to pack a few things for Azura. I managed to get out of bed with my head pounding and my stomach churning. I grabbed formula, diapers, and toys, a couple changes of clothes, a few blankets, and some odds and ends. When I came out of the back, Michael had coffee and aspirin along with a nice breakfast of toast and instant oatmeal. I hugged him and thanked him. I took the aspirin and drank the coffee and I didn't even bother to get dressed. Tammy reminded me that I still hadn't put any pants on and brought me a pair of sweats. We ate and chatted and I started to relax, I was ready to finally reach Grovesails.

Brandon asked me to sit up front with him when Tammy went to take a nap.

“How you feeling? Hangovers can be nasty business sometimes. Do you remember anything that happened last night?”

“I'm doing okay. I remember the kiss if that's what you're asking? I remember it well and eventually I want another one. I can't wait to get to Grovesails though. I need some sort of freedom.”

“Well, I know we should be stopping soon. I will need a break from driving and then you might get more than you bargain for. I won't lie, I like you and I don't think Kellan deserves anything to do with you. There is something seriously wrong with that boy. I haven't really had much of a chance to show you what I can do, but when we settle down I will.”

“Look, that's the city limit sign. We made it. Finally, I can start to look for a place that is safe enough to raise Azura.”

Brandon just smiled. He slowed down and I just leaned over and kissed him. It wasn't a friendly kiss; it was an “I can't wait to rock your world” type of kiss. Brandon grabbed my hand and I knew that it was a secret for us. I turned to look to see if Tammy was still sleeping and that is when I knew she had seen it all and she was smiling.

This is the end of The Biter Awakening Part 1! Whether or not this story continues is up to my readers. If you did enjoy this story please leave a positive review on Amazon and Goodreads, and if you don't I may send Betricia after you with her katana!

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P.S. I have many other books available and I will list some of them here.

Zombie Books (The Incredible Story Of Kyle Moore)

Zombie Books for Kindle is the incredible post apocalyptic story of Kyle Moore. Kyle is a 20 year old high school dropout living in Cheney Washington. He is considered a no good loser by the other residents until after the zombie apocalypse where Kyle is one of the few remaining survivors dealing with the zombie fallout. Contrary to popular belief he is very smart and has mad survival skills which help him to thrive in a very dangerous new world. Kyle Moore becomes a zombie hunter who is determined to rid his town of all the undead and becomes the protector and local hero of the last people left alive there. This is one of the great zombie books for teens or above and excellent zombie books for adults. Zombie books in Kindle edition. Zombie novels and best zombie books.

Zombies VS Bikers

This book contains two great stories about Zombies battling with Bikers and other groups in a Post Apocalyptic world.

The Dead Jesters are an aptly named motorcycle club with only ten or so members left at the time of our story which is about seven months after the green light bathing the Earth brought the dead crawling back to life as zombies. The group has been travelling across America on their Harleys taking what they need but keeping a good pace because of the rumored salvation in a small seaside town in southern Florida. The Jesters must kill zombies and fight off other humans along the way. The rumor is that a mass exodus will be taking place featuring hundreds of ships. We're talking boats of any kind, loaded with supplies, hoping to find a way to survive on the sea while the zombies continue to decompose and die off since a large chunk of the living population will be off the country and unavailable as zombie food.

The Eight Horsemen

This is a very tough and well armed biker gang that battles hundreds of zombies along side with another town of survivors. They fight hard and party even harder while trying to find refuge in a zombie infested America. Zombie books for adults, bikers, zombie books for teens, horror stories, biker gang stories, zombie books in kindle, zombie books for kindle, best zombie books, zombie books on kindle

Mardi Gras Zombies

Seven college friends who attend the University of Connecticut (UCONN) together take a road trip down to New Orleans, Louisiana in order to have a good time during the Mardi Gras celebration. Mark, Nikki, Laura, Destiny, JT, Abe, and Steve are staying in a luxury hotel right on Bourbon St to party their brains out and to get away from the cold weather for a few days of fun and debauchery. Their only goals for this escapade are sex and drinking lots of alcohol,

while listening to Rock and Roll, Blues, and Jazz at various bars. Partying in the French Quarter as a group will just be a bonus. The guys and especially Mark want to see as many boobs as possible. Unfortunately for them a zombie apocalypse happens during the midst of the Fat Tuesday celebrations. An amazing and relaxing adventure turns into a desperate fight for their survival. Which of them will live to go home again?

Bonus Story!

Hot Topic is a story of zombie outbreak in New York City that is a fast paced high octane thriller that is sure to please zombie fans!

Both stories are written by Bart Gnarly and are great zombie books for teens, zombie books for adults and New Orleans fiction.

ZOMBIE CHICKENS INVADE KEY WEST

Key West has always been a very strange place that follows a different set of rules, but now things are going to get a whole lot weirder there real fast. Something bad is happening to the chickens of South Florida. A new virus that may be from outer space called chicken zombithicus is turning normal tame chickens into deadly zombie chickens! Zombie chickens Invade Key West is a short story that is hilariously funny, gross, silly, entertaining, and wildly imaginative. If you are of legal age kick back with a cocktail or two at home and get ready to laugh out loud till it hurts! This is a horror short story, horror shorts, horror short reads, horror comedy, horror comedy books.

Those are just a few of my zombie novels, there is also a more serious science fiction book under my real name Brian Moorhead.

BLACK CONE (A Global Pandemic Apocalypse Thriller)

February 19th, 2019 - The United States has just created a devastating new genetically targeted biological weapon. Derived from the deadly H5N1 bird flu virus this Top Secret discovery will change everything about how wars are fought amongst the major world military powers of today. Conventional armies daring to oppose America are effectively obsolete. Potential enemies do not realize just how vulnerable they are. Tanks, guns, warships, and planes are completely helpless against this threat. A small canister full of Black Cone can wipe them all out without firing a single bullet or bomb. The most powerful military use compound ever created can be precisely directed to take out a few individuals or vanquish an entire army of men with terrifying accuracy. All of this destructive capability is now possible while having no effect on American or friendly forces. What will happen when this virus is unleashed upon the world...will Black Cone get into the wrong hands? Black Cone is pandemic fiction, pandemic prepper fiction, pandemic survival fiction, pandemic apocalypse, virus apocalypse, virus fiction, pandemic novels, pandemic thrillers, and prepper survival fiction.

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