

I Became A Zompiewolf - Chapter 1 - Bite (1)

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Location: Earth

Year: 3100

Designation: Lost Cause

That's how the situation of the world had come to be. A virus was all it took to stop the world from going in the direction it was supposed to. Humans were once the proud occupants of the planet, but now they had been turned into slaves.

The catastrophe struck a century ago, yet to the humans, it felt like yesterday. It was a normal day, nothing unusual was happening. People were going about their daily work... when 'it' happened. A virus of unknown origin was released simultaneously in three different parts of the world in countries formally known as the USA, Russia and Indonesia.

No one was aware of what this virus was, but those who came into contact with the virus changed, and the virus changed a lot of people. Almost 70% to be precise. However, the change wasn't the same all over the world. The patients in America turned into a bunch of undead, but they weren't anything like the mindless ones which the pop culture was filled with.

These undead did not crave brains and weren't weak at all. Far from it, they were agile, intelligent and had super strength. It didn't take much time for them to spread like wildfire and forced the rulers of the country to flee and you know things have gotten bad when one of the superpowers had to abandon the nation

However, as a departing gift to the undead, the POTUS activated the nuclear football to nuke his own country. If they couldn't have their country then no one could. But even that did not seem to affect the undead much, if at all. In fact, radiation from the nukes only further stimulated their evolution. Not to mention how many innocent people end up dying because of that. But Americans weren't the only ones dealing with such a problem.

In Russia, thanks to the virus, the Vampires had awakened to take control from the mortals because they were 'bored' from being in slumber for so long. Something similar happened in Indonesia and Werewolves came into being. Soon the world that was run by humans had turned into a world full of monsters leaving no other choice for mankind to leave the planet as soon as they could.

But not everyone was able to board the spaceships and as a result, more the 85% of the remaining human population was left on the planet for them to suffer. It had been a century since that event and now the humans were slowly multiplying again. But this happened under strict surveillance and to serve a certain purpose... as livestock.

The new rulers of the world had an appetite for only one thing, human flesh and blood. Although the undead didn't require to eat in order to live, the powerful families amongst the undead considered having human flesh for sustenance as a luxury and often organised 'hunts' to obtain the meat.

The cold ones weren't much different from them either. They too liked to hunt just as much as the undead from the west. But they had to do it for sustenance rather than fun. Unlike the Undead, they needed to consume human blood regularly or else they would get weaker and weaker from hunger.

The Lycans were an exception to this human-eating rule. Although some of them enjoyed human flesh, most of them only sustained themselves on the flesh from other mutated animals. This type of Lycans who did not consume the flesh of the humans were known as vegetarians in their community.

"We should be thankful we were born in an area belonging to the Lycans." An old man said in his frail voice, "Or else, our fate could have been far worse than it is now."

A crowd of youngsters had gathered around the old man to listen to his tale while they waited for the others to cook food. After all, they did not have much to do there anyway. The Lycans were kind enough to give them shelter, food, and utilities so they were better off than the nearby zones that were governed by undeads and cold ones respectively.

"If this area belongs to the Lycans, then why do we have other factions here?" One of the kids excitedly asked.

"You have a sharp head, young one." The old man smiled wanly, "About 50 years ago, the three great lords of each faction met to discuss a treaty to avoid fighting amongst themselves. According to that, each of the regions would have to establish two embassies for the other two factions to live in. That way, they would be able to live in peace while also being under each other's watchful eye."

In a distance, Ashton Fenrir, was watching the rest of them laughing and smiling. They had already heard this tale so many times and yet they keep listening to the same stories again and again as if they couldn't see the walls that surrounded them, or the guards who stood on top of the thick walls keeping an eye on them. With them being ready to kill anyone shall they misbehave in their presence.

Standing 5' 6" tall, this brown-skinned man had a dismissive feel about him. A particularly notable feature on his face was his faint freckles and his elbow-length white hair. He also had a fresh, large bruise on his left foot which he is proud of. Of course, he would be proud of the bruise that he got from defying the orders of those beasts.

In his long arms was an earthen bowl that had been empty for a while as a punishment for his actions. Ashton was used to being hungry because he would rather be punished than obey the command of the monsters who took his parents away four years ago.

His short torso and bony hips were proof that he hadn't been feeding for quite some time. The others wanting to please the Lycans always ostracized him. All of them wanted to be on the good side of their 'master' or else, their master would have given them away as present to the cold ones or even worse, the undead.

"Keep sucking their paws you fools." Ashton spat out in anger before smashing the earthen bowl on the ground, breaking it into pieces, "A couple of hours more and I'll leave this place to join the resistance.. That's when you will realise it was me you all should have sided with."

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