

I Became A Zompirewolf - Chapter 3 - Bite (3)

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"This is not good... not good at all!" Ashton gritted his teeth trying to fight through the pain he was in.

Ashton wanted to scream but he couldn't afford to. After using the gym building as a cover, he was successfully able to get out of the enclosure after climbing the walls. However, the happiness he felt was short-lived as he got stuck afterwards. He had a great plan in his mind but there was one thing he hadn't accounted for completely: Traps.

The enclosure was surrounded by more than a hundred traps to keep the monsters away from the precious human food. Yup, there were monsters in the world apart from werewolves, vampires and zombies. As just like they evolved from humans who came in contact with the virus, some animals were exposed to the virus as well.

These animals mutated into numerous kinds of monsters. Some were so dangerous even the werewolves were a bit hesitant to mess with. And the favourite meal of these monsters? Human flesh of course. It had been more than a century since humans were on the top of the food chain, and now they rejoiced their place at the bottom with not even the plants being below them. Even the food they ate in the enclosure was specially made for them right from the scratch.

Ashton thought he knew about all of the locations where the traps had been hidden. Apparently, he was wrong and was stuck in one of those traps. Luckily he was far away from the enclosure for anyone to see him, but that also worked against him.

Since he couldn't be seen, it was unlikely the guards would be able to see the night creatures either. Which meant, if he was to get attacked, there wasn't anything anyone could have done to save him. Even his makeshift weapon would not be enough to help him out of the mess he was in right now.

Not to mention, he was bleeding hard. The sharp teeth of the bear trap had dug themselves deep within his foot. But the pain he was suffering wasn't the

only cause of his worry. Ashton was worried more because of the blood he was leaking.

As far as he had heard, the night creatures had a highly sensitive sense of smell and human blood was something they all craved for. Thus, he was like a sitting target for the night creatures. At this point, he was even contemplating cutting his leg off, however, he did not have any weapons to do that.

Heck, even if he did had the tools, what good would cutting his leg off, do to him? He would get free from the trap, but what next? In fact, sacrificing his limbs would do him more harm than good as chopping his leg down would make him bleed even more. Hence attracting more night creatures and fending them off with one leg did not seem to be a good idea either. In a way, he was better off with the trap chomping on his leg, at least while sitting he would be able to defend himself better rather than while hopping on one leg.

While all these scenarios were playing inside his head, he heard a noise coming from behind. He tried to look back but his leg did not allow him to turn back enough to see what was going on. However, the moon was shining above him and with the help of the moonlight, Ashton was able to see the shadow of the figure approaching him.

Judging by the shadow, it was most likely to be one of the guards. A feeling of relief splashed over his face. As much as he wanted to escape from that place, dying was much worse than living as a captive.

The guards would save him and take him back. It went without saying that he would be punished for trying to escape. However, since he had been personally marked by the mistress, he would probably not receive any harsh punishment.

"Can you please get this trap off my feet- Oh no! Stay away!"

Ashton's eyes widened in horror as the figure got closer to him. The smell of rotting flesh entered his nostrils. There was no mistaking it, his blood had attracted an undead to him. But what was the undead doing here? It was Lycan territory. Undead and vampires were not allowed to step foot there. However, there was no denying that there was an undead standing behind him.

Ashton struggled to get the hooked rope out of his bag at least have something to defend himself with. But before he could do anything, the undead grabbed his head and slammed it hard on the ground.

Blood spewed out of Ashton's mouth as soon as his head was slammed against the rocky terrain. Following the attack, a constant ringing sound flooded his ears while his vision got blurry. Even in his state of confusion, Ashton could feel a gust of wind brush across his exposed head as blood drizzled out of his head as well.

Ashton saw the creature effortlessly rip the bear trap off of his feet with its bare hand before lifting him. Through his blurry vision, he got the first look at his assailant. The undead appeared to be a teenager just like him and had green eyes. The hairs on his head were falling off from places, just like the clothes on his pale greenish skin. He was shorter and thinner than Ashton, yet he had strength that Ashton didn't.

Before Ashton could see anything else, the undead bit him hard on the shoulder and tore off a large piece of flesh from there. Ashton wanted to scream in pain but his body didn't even have enough energy left to scream. His mind slowly turned foggy as his vision got darker and darker.

'So this the end...' Ashton thought as the memories from this life started flashing before him.

The undead was about to sink his teeth into his flesh again, but before that could happen, something pulled him out of the undead's grasp and he was thrown away like a discarded toy.. He wanted to see who saved him but couldn't as his vision completely turned black and he lost consciousness.