

I Became A Zompirewolf - Chapter 2 - Bite (2)

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The resistance... that was the only thing that kept Ashton going nowadays. Just the thought of somehow taking revenge for what the Lycans did to his parents calmed his raging nerves. About a month ago, he had accidentally overheard the guards talking about the resistance and how they are becoming more and more troublesome now.

Before then, he was completely oblivious about the existence of such an organisation which was to be expected since they lived in the enclosure, they rarely if ever received any news from the outside world.

Ever since that day, Ashton had made it a point to try and get more information about the resistance from the ever so careless guards. After snooping for a month, he was able to get a rough location of where their base was located. He wanted to snoop more and gather as much information as he could, but unfortunately, he was out of time.

'If only it wasn't for this mark...' Ashton thought while scratching the tattoo of the werewolves on his right shoulder before looking out of the window as the moon shined with all its glory.

He had already been 'marked' by the ones who owned him. In the enclosure, it was nothing less than an honour to have the mark. The mark symbolised that the one had been chosen to live as a werewolf for the rest of his life, that is after spending 16 years as a human being.

Ashton was marked the day his parents were taken away by the Lycans to send as an offering to the undead and the cold ones respectively. Ashton still remembered the tears of his mother and the screams of his father as they were being taken away. He remembered how no one helped them. He remembered the feeling of despair he had back then.

In that despair, he lashed out for the first time. The then 12-year-old Ashton picked up a baton that one of the soldiers had left behind while dragging his parents out, and rushed over to them. To this day, he still didn't know how he

was able to do it, but he remembered jumping higher than he ever had, his fingers tightly wrapped around the baton.

And then... his memory was hazy. He remember hearing a voice but he wasn't so sure what he heard. The next thing he remembered, was that the guard had his skull split open while he had a bloodied baton grasped around his hand. All of this happened right in front of the 'Mistress'. The Alpha werewolf who was their owner.

He still remembered her smile as she looked at him. Her ruby eyes were shining as if she had found some kind of treasure. It was the same day she 'marked' him. Back then Ashton didn't know what was happening to him. But remembered a hot rod of iron searing his flesh.

It had been almost four years since then, and it was his 16th birthday in five days. Meaning in five days he would be taken away from the enclosure to be turned into a weremutt and serve the mistress which was supposedly a great 'honour' for his kind.

'Honour, my a.ss. I won't be anyone's slave.' Ashton thought as he waited for everyone to sleep.

Once they were asleep only then he could enact his plan to escape. Thankfully, he did not need to wait for long because it was a full moon that night. On the night of the full moon, the usual guards were replaced by the 'voluntary guards' as the werewolves could not tolerate being out in full moon. It made them lose themselves to their primal nature which wasn't good for anyone, thus they preferred to stay indoors.

As for the voluntary guards, they were nothing but humans who abandoned their kind to serve the strong, even though they were treated like absolute sh.it by the Lycans. They were possibly the only ones whom Ashton detested even more than the Lycans.

'Time to move.'

Ashton slowly crawled off his bed and took a sack that he had already prepared. There wasn't much inside the sack, a couple of bottles of water and a few protein bars which he got using his status as a marked one from the guards a couple of weeks ago. He also had a rope with a small hook attached to it that was his 'weapon' as well as a utility tool to help him climb the walls.

With all that equipment, he was ready to leave. But his luck ran out as soon as he stepped out of his quarters. Because he ran into the captain of the Voluntary guards, Gustavo Volga.

Standing 6' 0" tall, this dark-skinned man had an authoritative feel about him. He was covered in black gears from head to toe which helped him camouflage with the darkness around. One of the most notable features of his face was the large brown scar on his nose that covered the entire lower half of his square face.

His ears were large and pointy, much like that of the Lycans. He had medium-length, wavy, brown hair which was left un-styled, while he wore his beard in a goatee. He also had a tattoo on his palm, signifying that he was a proud slave of the Lycans. Behind him were a dozen other men that consisted of his patrolling team.

Ashton knew this man very well because he was once the closest friend of his father and also the one to betray him. Ashton felt nothing but disgust towards this man and the way he acted all friendly with him despite knowing that Ashton hated him with all his being.

"Pretty late for a night stroll, Ashton." Gustavo smiled at him, "Where are you going with all that baggage either way? For your sake, I hope you are not planning something as stupid as your father?"

"Why? Are you planning to out me and get another promotion, backstabber?" Ashton snapped at him.

"Woah... easy there, little fella. As for your question, I absolutely will, if I feel the need to." Gustave replied while brandishing the badge on his left shoulder, "You have been honoured with a mark and for your sake, I hope you will honour it as well."

"Yeah, yeah, now leave me alone. I have to train. I only have five days to build myself up as much as I can before they take me away."

Ashton spat on his feet before heading towards the gym that was used by the Voluntary guards as well as him. It was one of the other perks of being marked. Ashton got to use their resources whenever he wanted. Not like he used them often.

"Another fool, just like his father...." Gustavo shook his head and moved on with his patrolling team.