

**The Biter Awakening**  
**Part 1**

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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 tell 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 were 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 were 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 chocolatey 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 one’s 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 were 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

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