

Zombie Love- Part 03

Natasha Kerry

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As the three men walked down the street, Luke kept a keen eye out for any signs of movement. He also listened as hard as he could, knowing it might be their only clue. Thomas and Pete walked ahead, murmuring to each other. Luke was sure they were talking about him, which he didn't really care about, but they were barely watching where they were going. They moved further down the street, and the two men were starting to get louder. They didn't seem to care about anyone- or anything- that could be listening.

"Guys, don't you think you should be a bit quieter?" Luke asked, catching up to them.

"What for? The creatures won't come out here, and we're not going to do anything stupid when we get to the house. We'll do all the necessary checks to make sure it's safe."

"Elena and I did those too. And she was still taken. Just because they don't come out in the sunlight, doesn't mean that they aren't active." Luke looked at the two men. Thomas laughed.

"Nothing's going to happen."

"Thomas, maybe we should listen to him. He's seen them active during the day, and like he said, they had done the usual checks. We might only be getting lucky on other runs. This could be the house where they're hiding, just waiting."

"Pete, you're getting soft. Let's go. I want to be able to get a lot of food back to the Compound today." The three men heard something crash in the house directly next to them. Luke and Pete whirled to see what had happened, but they couldn't see anything. Thomas just laughed. "Relax boys. Something obviously just fell off a shelf or something."

"Things don't tend to fall off shelves on their own. Something probably bumped it." Luke said, looking at Thomas. Luke really didn't like Thomas. He could get them killed. "Let's keep going. We don't want to risk being out here too late."

Luke started down the road, heading for the last house on the street. He kept his senses on red alert, waiting for the slightest sound to betray a creature's presence. As he approached the door, he saw what looked like blood smeared across the front of the house. They all knew that the virus was spread through blood, and they knew not to touch it. But the handle on the door and all the windows were smeared, and the men needed to collect food for the Compound.

"Well, what do you think?" Luke asked as Thomas and Pete caught up. Pete started making noises in the back of his throat, and Thomas went pale.

"Do you think they knew we were coming? This wasn't like this on the last trip..." Thomas walked over to the building with his hand out.

"You idiot, what are you doing?!" Luke called out, running over and grabbing Thomas' hand. Thomas jerked his hand away from Luke.

"I wasn't going to touch it. I'm not a moron. I was just looking at it."

"I think we need to think about our next move. We need to get in that building for food. My question is, is this a warning, or a trap?"

"I don't think we should go in there. We should move on to the department store. It's safer."

"Don't be a sissy Pete. We need to clear the houses before we go to the department store. And if they've gone to such lengths to prevent us from getting in, what must they be hiding in there?" Thomas moved closer to the door and started thinking of a way in.

"I agree with Thomas. We need to get in there. It's almost certainly a trap. We can't let our guard down, but if we follow protocol, we should be fine."

"What do you know about protocol? After your missus was taken, everything got a lot stricter. No one's allowed to enter a house on their own, we have to go in groups of three now." Thomas spat on the dry and dusty ground and frowned at the front door. Luke sighed and pulled a cloth and some gloves out of his pack. He put on the gloves, and used the cloth to carefully open the front door. Careful not to touch himself with the blood, he put the cloth and gloves together in a plastic bag and sealed it tightly. Pete was staring at him in awe, and Luke turned to him and said, "They might be able to study the blood. Find out something about the virus." Luke moved inside the building, and gave himself a moment to let his eyes adjust. The two men followed him in, and after a moment of listening, they decided it was safe to move further in.

"We need to stay together. We can't risk losing anyone. We get as much food as we can, and get out," Luke murmured. Thomas rolled his eyes, but the three moved down the hall towards what must be the kitchen. The house was eerily quiet as they walked. It was as if the house itself was holding its breath.

As he glanced into what would have been the study before the attacks, Thomas saw something he thought he'd never see again. Alcohol was not a priority, and so it was never brought back to the compound. And there was an unopened bottle of black label scotch sitting on the desk across the room. Thomas glanced at Luke and Pete, and decided it would only take him a second to grab the bottle and catch up to them. He turned to enter the room, and missed the first sign of his doom. The slight edge of a shadow from behind the door. He walked over to the bottle and hefted it in his hands. He turned to take his pack off, and as he did so he saw the door close. And the creature between him and it did not look like it was going to let him go.