Of Wolves and Wendigos

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5295932.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Teen And Up Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>Multi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Until Dawn (Video Game)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Emily/Matt (Until Dawn), Ashley/Sam (Until Dawn), The Stranger/Dr.Alan Hill, Jessica/Mike Munroe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Sam (Until Dawn), Josh Washington, Chris (Until Dawn), Ashley (Until Dawn), Emily (Until Dawn), Jessica (Until Dawn), Matt (Until Dawn), Mike Munroe, The Stranger (Until Dawn), Dr. Alan Hill (Until Dawn), The Wendigo, Wolfie (Until Dawn)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Unofficial Sequel, Wendigo Josh, Somehow the Stranger survived, His name is Jack - Freeform, Chris wants to go back and get Josh, Everyone else gets dragged along, even Dr.Hill, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Rare Pairing, Ash broke up with Chris cause he's getting a bit obsessed, Dr Hill is gay and nobody can tell me otherwise, They all do not want to go back but they go anyway, Dr.Hill is gonna get a little fucked up, Inspired by an idea my friend had, O and the wolves are gonna be in this alot</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2015-11-27 Updated: 2017-10-08 Chapters: 5/? Words: 5345</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Of Wolves and Wendigos

by kingollie

Summary

After three months off Blackwood Mountain Chris is prepared to go back for Josh, much to the horror of everyone else. When they inform their therapist of Chris's intent he claims they should travel to the mountain with him. Thus begins the search to find and bring Josh back home.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
"We have to tell him! What Chris is going to do is dangerous."

"Look it's Chris's idea let him do what he wants, because I am not getting involved with this."

"I'm with Sam on this one we should tell him."

The six people had been sat in the waiting room for twenty minutes and had spent almost every second of it arguing. The blonde, who's hair was tied up in a bun, had been trying to convince two extremely stubborn females to listen to her. The other three people had watching the debate intently; eyes flicking back and forth to watch whoever spoke.

Finally one of them said something, she was often the most introverted of the group, however this quarrel was beginning to bore her. The girl named Sam looked at her, smiling slightly at her new found supporter.

"See," She said turning to the other females "Ashley is sensible, we are going to tell him."

The other blonde lowered her head moderately but her friend would not back down.

"No Sam it's none of his or our business what Chris does, I say we don't tell him." This made Sam even more frustrated.

"Fine, let's take a vote" She declared "All in favour of telling Dr.Hill what Chris is planning to do" With this Sam placed her hand in the centre of the table. Ashley immediately set her hand down beside Sam's. After a seconds hesitation one of men put his hand down on the table this action received a:

"Thank you Mike." From Sam. Slowly, almost cautiously, the other man followed Mike's example.

"Sorry Em," He mumbled to the dark-haired individual. "But I'm with Sam on this one, Chris could get hurt." Emily narrowed her eyes at him before through gritted teeth hissing,

"Fine, but me and Jess want nothing to do with it when Chris throws a tantrum." Then, "and Matt you're an awful boyfriend."  

"Right let's do this" Sam said standing and walking towards the receptionist, asking for Dr.Hill.

"You don't have an appointment, however, Dr.Hill is currently free, so you may see him." The receptionist grunted not looking up from her magazine. Sam smiled tightly before she began down the hallway followed by Ashley, Mike, Matt as well as a reluctant looking Emily and Jess.

They reached the door marked with a plaque upon which was written the name: 'Dr. Alan. J. Hill' Sam breathed in heavily then knocked on the door three times. A calm voice spoke from the other side of the wood.

"Come in." Sam did, she twisted the doorknob and pushed the door open, then she ambled into the room along with the rest if the group. Dr. Hill looked up from his writing and smiled. "Samantha, what can I do for you?" He inquired, tilting his head.

"It's Chris," She said shakily "He's trying to go back to Blackwood." Then "He's going to get Josh.."

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They were walking down the street towards Chris's apartment before any of them had time to register
what was happening. Dr. Hill was in front walking with long, fast strides; Sam and Mike were behind him exchanging looks of surprise, neither had expected him to try and convince Chris not to go personally. After them came Matt, Jess and Ashley all were almost jogging to keep up with the three people in front of them. Trailing along at the back, behind by ten feet, was Emily looking both bored and irritated.

They finally came to a stop at Chris's apartment and Dr. Hill knocked on the door... no answer. They stood for about five minutes before someone spoke.

"I think that he's already gone." It was Emily, she had been standing as close as she could without looking like she wasn't part of the group. They turned to her in surprise, she hadn't said anything since they had left Dr. Hill's office.

"What's makes you say that?" Mike said, frowning.

"He would have answered the door by now, it's Chris you guys, he couldn't be rude to save his life."

"He has a spare key under the door mat." Ashley mumbled. Sam crouched, then lifted up the corner of the mat a silver key glinted from under it. She picked it up and put it in the key hole twisting it around until it opened. The lights were off in the apartment there was no sign of life anywhere.

"Hey, Chris you here?" It was Mike who called out, once again there was no reply.

"I'll call him," Matt said bringing out his phone and unlocking it, he put it up to his ear and waited.

"Can we turn on the lights it's getting freaky in here." Jess said timidly, Emily flicked on the lights and they illuminated the room.

Dr. Hill appeared to have seen something of interest and crossed the room in two strides, stopping at the table he leant down and plucked something off the surface. It was a note. Sam came to stand beside him just as Matt announced that Chris hadn't picked up.

"What does it say?"
"Salutations to whoever reads this-," Sam rolled her eyes at Chris's note, in the corner of her eye she saw Dr. Hill's lips twitching into a small smile ",by the time you've broken into my apartment and read this I would have already gone." Sam read over Dr. Hill's shoulder "I'd advice you to not come up after me, you know how dangerous it is. I'm Josh's best friend so I'll be the one that goes and gets him, like back on the mountain. I'll see you when I get back, okay? See you; Chris" She finished, frowning slightly.

"Well, what are we gonna do? We can't go up after him, it'd be suicide." Sam turned and looked at who had spoken; Jess; the girl was twisting her fingers together and was shifting uncomfortably. Mike wrapped an arm around her shoulder in an effort to comfort her before he spoke.

"Maybe, I mean, we could go up cause we get what's up there now. We could handle it right?" Mike said quietly.

The came loud huff from the corner of the room, Sam turned to Emily. Said woman was leaning against a wall, her nose wrinkled up in annoyance. "What Em?" Asked Mike.

"I'm sorry, but you didn't exactly deal with the wendigos perfectly last time, you blew up a fucking house to 'handle' them." She snapped, eyes narrowing dangerously.

Immediately Mike growled something under his breath, triggering Emily making her snarl back a retort.

Dr. Hill had been watching the back and forth with curiosity, a brow raised. "As much as I admire your courage Michael I feel it's highly irresponsible to run into your possible demise." He spoke calmly.

"Thank you." Emily said, shooting a smirk in Mike's direction.

"However, if Christopher is in danger then I believe it is essential we stop him before he gets hurt." He continued causing Emily's smirk to drop. "I think we should inform the authorities that we are going to search for him." Now it was Mike's turn to smirk.

"So we go?" Sam asked, Dr. Hill turned his gaze to her.

"I believe that we should, we could stop him before he gets onto the mountain." The therapist said.
"However, I understand if you do not wish to return there." He added turning to Emily.

"I'll go, just to keep your sorry arses safe." The woman grumbled, Dr. Hill smiled despite the sour tone of her voice.

"Lets go then." It was Matt that spoke, he was smiling slightly. "We don't wanna lose Chris."

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"So then you take this bus." Sam was speaking as she jumped onto said vehicle followed by the rest of them, Dr. Hill bought up the rear. He felt slightly out of place and he was beginning to regret the lack of thick clothing he was wearing.

The man took the seat closest to the front as the rest of the group settled down.

"Is this the last bus Samantha?" He asked looking back at the woman; she nodded. Dr. Hill resettled in his seat looking down at his hands and drifted into thought. His main concern were these 'wendigos' after all his research he was still unsure if they even existed. Another was, according to all the members of the group excluding Jess and Matt, as they had been in the mines. Apparently there was a man on the mountain. Wonderful.

According to Chris the man had been friendly so if the encountered him hopefully he would cause no harm.

He raised his head to look out the window, snow was flying past. He watched the shapes of the trees and the forest silhouetted against the snow. Half searching for any signs of these 'wendigos' or the man that apparently hunted them.

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Blackwood pines looked miserable, it was the only that Dr. Hill could describe it. The sign hung off its hinges and creaked as the wind blew it. The trees' branches sagged with the weight of the snow upon them and the air tasted like rotting wood. Not pleasant.

He walked through the snow, the whiteness was almost blinding, as the sunlight was reflecting off of it. He squinted his eyes to adjust his vision, it helped but not much. The shrink turned to watch the younger members of the 'group' press close to one another as they came to a stop just behind him.

"So we stop Chris before he gets on that cable car." Sam was saying as she led the group, Dr. Hill dropped behind to let her go before himself.

"That shouldn't be hard, Chris can't even run that fast." This time Mike spoke, he was still wrapping his arm proactively around Jessica.

"Yeah but if he thinks we'll come up after him he might walk faster." Ashley mumbled, her voice was trembling; she was noticeably the most uncomfortable being up her. Sam reached out and took the other's hand in an effort to calm the other girl.

"I'm sure he'll slow down when he sees us, plus that cable car takes forever to get up and down the mountain." Sam smiled gently as she said this. "Don't worry about it Ash."

Emily appeared to be the least bothered about where they were, she was walking briskly tugging a tired looking Matt behind her. Dr. Hill forced himself not to chuckle at the scene, instead he raised his eyes to look around the forest.
The trees were even taller here, though that may have been because the pathway they were walking down had been dug out. Dr. Hill squinted, looking through the trees trying to make out the shapes that were in among them, nothing seemed out of place.

The man observed the gates as they came to them, they were tall and seemed almost impractical as the area either side of them weren't even fenced off.

"Do you wanna climb this then?" Matt came to a stop in front of a wall and patted it with his hands. "Oh, er Dr. Hill, do you reckon you could climb this?" He continued awkwardly.

"I could climb the bank and go around easily." The therapist offered, checking said bank, sizing it up. "I'll be a bit behind you. If you think you will be able to convince Chris without this old man." He chuckled softly.

"If you're so sure." Sam said, watching him for a moment before facing the wall. "Let's go then."

Dr. Hill watched as they scaled the wall before turning to the snow bank. "Let's go indeed."
Friends for Lifetime

Chapter Summary

I got the next chapter done, which is cool cause I'm a slow writer.

Dr. Hill heaved himself up the slope, he was too old for this. He grabbed a tree and pulled himself up to it, he began to move along the snowy bank. He finally reached a point where he could shimmy across the bank without falling into the pathway.

He finally made it around the gate and slid down the slope, spraying snow in different directions. The floor was covered in the young adults' footprints. The therapist wrapped his arms about his own torso in an effort to keep warm.

Along with the footprints of the people there were hoof prints and the pawprints of some type of dog. He frowned for a moment before he continued along the pathway. He checked his watch, seeing how long it was before it got dark. 5 pm. Not too long then.

Dr. Hill snapped his head upwards as he heard the splintering of twigs. He turned around as fast as possible to see a pale wolf-like creature slinking from the undergrowth, its eyes trained on the therapist. It drew its lips back and growled softly, ears flattening against its head. The therapist shrunk back his eyes widening in horror he breathed out and spoke as calmly as he could.

"Hey there, is this your territory? Sorry." Dr. Hill mumbled squatting down and grunting in effort. The wolf tipped his head to one side and continued to approach him. The animal now stood a foot from him, its eyes fixed on his own.

He hesitantly extended his hand towards the animal, hoping that the wolf wouldn't attack him. It didn't. The creature instead approached him pressing its head against his hand. "Oh, haha, yes hello there." Dr. Hill smiled softly at the wolf.

"You're not mean are you?" Dr. Hill pet the animal before shakily exhaling then stood up. The animal must have encountered a person before this, how else would he explain the almost dog-like friendliness? It might have be possible, maybe the wolf belonged to the man that lived upon the mountain.

He looked in the direction that the animal had come from as soon as he heard the crunch of snow. His eyes narrowed, he could recognise the sounds of more wolves but he was still on edge. The therapist backed up until his back made contact with the slope behind him. He turned round and scrambled ungracefully up the slope, he dug his fingers into the snow and undergrowth, leaving his fingers numb and freezing.

The man finally took shelter behind a tree and turned to see what had been approaching.

A man had emerged from the trees, he was wearing a large, faded green coat and donned what appeared to a gun of some type. He was followed by more wolves, who's heads’ were raised as the smelt the air. Dr. Hill shifted so he was less likely they would see or scent him. The pale wolf from before was staring straight through the trees and looking at him.
The therapist winced at the man began to scout out the area, it was annoying, he couldn't see exactly where the man was looking due to the goggles covering his eyes. Some of the other wolves had come to a stop besides the first and were staring out towards him. Oh goody.

The man immediately turned towards the area where the Dr. Hill was crouched close to the floor. The therapist pressed close to a tree, holding his breath. He knew this man could be 'friendly' but while he was walking around with a posse of wolves he decided to stay hidden. The man began to make his way up to the bank and rested his hands on the snow and staring through the trees.

Finally the stranger reached the bank and he started to pulled himself up the snowy slope, grunting in annoyance as he did so. Dr. Hill stood; too quickly for his own liking, his back hurt immediately afterwards. He turned and began to scramble up the slope, he heard one of the wolves making a gruff barking sound and the man snapped something behind him. The therapist winced, unsure on how he was supposed to respond to this man; he wasn't sure if this was the same man Chris had described.

Dr. Hill froze up, turning to the man; pressing his back up against a tree. He tried his best to keep his face unreadable.

"What are ya' doin' up here?" The man had an accent that seemed to belong more in the South. It was odd hearing an accent like that this far North.

Here he was analysing this man's accent, instead of answering him.

"I came up here with a group, they're up ahead, I dropped back." Dr. Hill tried to explain, it was uncomfortable not being able to see the man's eyes.

"With who?" The other growled, taking another step towards him and the therapist shrunk back into the tree.

"They were here three months ago, one returned to this mountain to find his friend. We came to stop him."

The man grumbled, clearly irritated. "Fuck, idiots." He turned and began to slip down the slope and back onto the path. Dr. Hill stumbled down behind him, haulting when the pale wolf approached him, the animals pressed its head to the therapist's legs.

The rest of the wolves had begun to follow the stranger so the Dr. Hill slowly trailed behind man, he wrapped his arms about himself and trailed slowly behind the man.

"What are you going to do?" Dr. Hill asked, frowning.

"I'm gonna stop them, getting themselves killed." The stranger replied, turning back to him.

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The two of them arrived at a cable car station, it was empty. The was no sign that the others had been there aside from some footprints in the snow. The stranger began to stalk up and down, probably searching for any signs of the group.

Dr. Hill observed him, it was interesting; watching the mountain man try and locate the group from some footprints.

"They've gone up." The stranger decided eventually. "I'm gonna go up after 'em."
Mountain

Chapter Summary

Mountain men clearly weren't all that used to company, so it seemed.

Chapter Notes

I'm very sorry for disappearing but I'm back with a new chapter now!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr. Hill frowned, watching as the man stalked towards the cable car station. The wolves with him trotted after him, apart from the pale wolf, who was leaning against his own legs. He tentatively pet the animal's head and let it rasp its tongue over his numb hands.

Slowly, he began to follow the other, stepping into the cable car station cautiously and casting a glance in the direction of the monitors. He could see the house, or at least what was left of it.

"They really did a number on that building." Dr. Hill spoke, trying to break the uncomfortable silence which hung in the air. The stranger said nothing, merely grunting as a response.

After a minute or two of more silence the therapist tried again. "I don't wish to be rude, but I was wondering. What is your name? I want to know how to address you." This caused the man to turn and regard him fully, he found himself forcing down the desire to shift under the man's gaze.

"I need to know first." He grumbled, and Dr. Hill blinked, taken aback, though he quickly responded.

"Hill. Alan J Hill." He felt the man considering a response.

"Jack." The stranger, Jack, muttered, turning back to the cable car control panel. With the man's back turned Alan mouthed the name, he didn't look like a Jack, he seemed too intimidating. He'd expected a vicious name; Victor or something of that calibre.

Soon he had begun to pace, it was a nervous habit, plus he was cold. The pale wolf followed him, its head tilted to one side, confused. At least the action was something to distract him.

Then the uncomfortable silence became too much again, he could stand it if he was in his office or at home, at least there he was safe.

"If it's not too much of a question, how long will the cable car take to come down?"

"'Bout five minutes."

"Oh-okay, thanks." Alan then returned to his pacing, it was something to keep his mind on. The wolf by his legs stepped in front of him, stopping him from walking back and forth. Alan froze quickly to avoid standing on the animal's paws, the abrupt stop made him wobble slightly.
He noted that Jack had wandered off in another direction, behind the building. Alan breathed out, at least he wouldn't feel so insane talking to the wolf alone. "He's not the most friendly of characters is he?" He mumbled crouching down to the wolf's level. The animal made a quiet whining noise and pressed its head to the man's leg. "You're very friendly though aren't you?" The wolf cocked its head to one side and Dr. Hill tipped his own, chuckling as the animals ears perked up in response.

Alan stood and shuddered, the temperature was beginning to get to him. He glanced in the direction that Jack had disappeared, then wandered outside too. The cable car was almost here, he noted.

The man wrapped his arms around his own torso, waiting for both Jack and the cable car. The man glanced down at the wolf and smiling weakly, the animal's tongue lolled out. He wandered over towards a nearby pine tree.

As he leant against the trunk of the tree he heard the crunching of footsteps, Jack came about the corner seconds later. He spotted where Alan stood immediately and approached quickly, he looked down at the wolf, brows furrowing behind his goggles. Alan wondered if he was jealous.

"The cable car is almost here." The therapist smiled, albeit slightly awkwardly and Jack nodded once, turning to the car.

"I know." He then began walking briskly towards it, Dr. Hill blinked before jogging a few strides and then falling into step beside him.

Alan was about to spark up another conversation, but then Jack spoke of his own accord. "How do ya' know these kids?"

"I was their friend's, Joshua's, therapist. Some of them came to me after the... event." Jack nodded, then:

"Aren't ya' too old the be up here?" The man stepped into the cable car and took a seat.

Dr. Hill winced, followed him and sat opposite the man.

"I doubt I'm any older than yourself." He argued. Even with the goggles and mask Jack's wrinkles were notable.

"I'm 60." Alan cringed, the man was younger than him then. He looked away for a second at the wolves piling in. There were five of them. Then he returned his gaze to Jack, who was pulling down his bandana.

"I'm only 67."

"So you're older than me?"

"Yes. Only by seven years however."

Jack didn't refute that, he instead pulled up his goggles, revealing his eyes.

Dr. Hill felt a stab of sympathy for the man, one of his eyes was completely clouded, not to mention the scar running straight through it. He shuddered, once again wrapping his arms about himself.

They returned to the act of sitting in silence for a while longer, once again it was Jack who started up another conversation.

"Din't ya' bring a coat?"
"I'm afraid not, we were all too caught up in worrying about Christopher."

"Hmm?"

"He's a tall man, blond hair and glasses."

"Ah." The man opened his mouth fully, Alan noticed the missing teeth immediately.

"You remember him?"

"Yeah, real determined kid. Wanted to save his friend bad."

"Sounds like Christopher." Dr. Hill mumbled, trying not to sound particularly forlorn. "And are you referring to Joshua?"

"The Washington boy?" Jack raised a brow.

"Yes, he lost his sisters almost two years ago now, tragic." He shrugged, Jack gave him a long, unwavering look before responding.

"I know. And I figure you're talking 'bout the fact Josh disappeared too."

"Mmhm." Alan nodded. He shifted under the other's gaze, half-wishing that Jack would pull his goggles back over his eyes, just so he didn't need to see them. "How long does it take to get up?" He added.

"Three minutes, give or take." Jack grunted, petting one of the wolves before him. Alan rested his chin on his knuckles and cast his eyes out of the window, frowning into the forest that they were approaching. Nervously he drummed his fingers on his knee, bouncing it slightly in an effort to distract and calm him.

He could feel Jack's eyes on him and swallowed tightly, the man was possibly the most intimidating person he'd ever encountered, and he had encountered many people.

"Ya' kinda' twitchy for a therapist."

"Excuse me?" Alan turned, brows still furrowed.

"Ya' sorta'," the man tipped his head, "seem on edge."

"I'm nervous. It's a natural response." It sounded more snappish than he had intended but he made no effort to soften afterwards.

"Knee jigging ain't universal." Alan glared at that, directing his gaze foward. He knew he could appear frightening if he tried, but he seemed to be having no effect on Jack. Alan whipped his head to look back out the window, scanning the forest below.

The other man had shifted where he sat, looking slightly unsure of what to say. Alan exhaled, his eyes looking about for a subject to speak about.

"Are those dogs yours?"

"They're wolves." Jack spoke immediately. "And not really, I feed 'em, they follow me."

"So they're pets?"
"Nah. Sorta. I guess." He made a soft grunt, leaning forward to stroke one of the animals.

"Do they have names?" The older man tilted his head, half-smiling, slightly weakly.

"No." Was the blunt response. Alan was about to speak again but stopped when the lift jolted suddenly.

They were at the top.

Chapter End Notes

Also sorry this is a bit short :')
The Cold

Chapter Summary

Upon reaching the mountain Alan realises how cold the air really is. Jack finally seems to as well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alan squinted out of the window, fingers drumming on the pane of dirty glass, watching the looming, twisting trees beneath and before him. Surrounding them. He wouldn't deny it, no point in doing such, the scenery looked like some eerie scene from a horror movie. It was rather unnerving. Dark, ominous, overwhelming. The snow was thicker up here too, clumped about tree stumps like big, white pebbles, and it hung to the branches until they drooped. Even in the cable car Alan could still see his breath, fogging up into the air, almost like steam, he mused. He looked down and began eyeing the state of the interior of the cable car, it was clearly well beyond repair. Absent-mindedly he found himself tracing the leather of the seat he was perched on, fingers drifting carefully over the torn up, rotting stitches which held the chair together.

He could feel the other man's eyes on him the entire time.

Then Jack got up, causing the cable car to sway precariously. Alan flinched, cringing at the rocking before he stood too. He leant on the walls as he came to stand behind Jack by the door. Then, as the car jolted again, he wobbled and stumbled, reaching forward and grabbing onto Jack's hood to steady himself, wincing as he did so. Whoops. The wolves about them paused, seemingly intrigued at the new man's presence and how wonderfully ungraceful he was. Jack turned and glanced at him, looking slightly uncomfortable and very unsure.

"Ya okay?" He finally grit out, teeth pressing together.

"I..uh. I'm fine." He replied, pulling back, "I just tripped, is all." He used his numbing hands and brushed down his disheveled clothing, doing a quick double take upon realising how similar in colour his fingers were to the pale grey cardigan that he sported. He stuffed them hastily into his pockets, hoping it would help at least stop them from getting any colder. "Regardless," he huffed, "any idea which way to go?"

"The sanitorium, it's the only safe way ta access the mines now. That's where they'd be. If they have any sense."

"Ah. Okay." He paused, waiting as the man clambered out of the cable car. He moved forwards then froze, furrowing his brows close together as the wolves buffeted out past him, they bounded out onto the snow. He waited- his face twisted into an irritated look, finally stepped out after them; squeezing his hands up into fists as an attempt to keep them warm. "And where is that?"

Jack pointed, vaguely swinging his arm in the direction he was facing.

"That-a-way." He gruffed. Already trudging towards the hill through the snow, Alan watched, staring down at the snow covered ground. His Oxfords were not made to cover this type of ground -
clearly: for they were already beginning to let the snow seep into the sides, numbing his toes. Then he began after the man, lifting his feet high above the snow in order to cover any ground. The oddly pale wolf dropped back to trot along beside him. Alan smiled a little, despite himself.

He jogged a bit, encouraged by the wolf nudging into the back of his legs. Pants of hot breath puffing up into the air like smoke. He managed to catch up with Jack, jogging still to keep beside him. The other man didn't seem to notice his predicament, and if he did he made no move to help him in any way. Alan inhaled deeply, the sharp air stung the back of his throat. His eyes watering a slight at the harshness of the weather. As they made their way towards the looming building Alan let his eyes flick about to watch the scenery. The forest seemed to sway and move, things flickering around just beyond the edges of his vision. He frowned, neat brows pinching together, eyeing the trees with clear wariness.

He didn't fear the “wendigos”, no, his fears were much more realistic - grounded in reality. Vicious animals, particularly nasty elk, et cetera. Alan swallowed, turning away from the trees and continuing to trudge forward. He lifted his hands, cupping them about his mouth in order to puff warm air into his palms. The wolf watch him intently, ears pricked. Maybe it could feel his discomfort, Alan reached to it, giving the animal's head a little pat. He smiled, the crow’s feet at the corners of his eyes crinkling with amusement when the creature turned its woeful eyes to him.

“Ya very damn slow ain't ya?” The man ahead of him stopped and turned to stare harshly in Alan's direction. The therapist didn't so much as blink.

“I'm old, cold and these shoes are hardly appropriate.” Though his response was far from snappy, he was certainly tired-sounding. Jack blinked twice, almost as though he had just realised that the other wasn't used to this. Alan blinked back, cocking his head.

“Ah.” Jack twisted away, walking forward again, pulling his beanie down over his ears. “Come on then, I'll have some spares in the sanitorium.”

“You.. live there?” Again Alan began to move with rejuvenated hope, the idea of warmer clothes and possibly better shoes was a good one. He caught up to the other, trying intently to read his expression.

“Yeah. Ain't nowhere else anyway. 'Sides it's the highest point that's generally wendigo-free.” Jack glanced to him, pales eyes regarding Alan intensely.

“Pardon?” The therapist’s brows shot up.

“.No . Wenidgos?”

“Oh.. well, I merely recall Michael stating once that he blew a rather nasty hole in it because” he put as much emphasis as he could on that word “of wendigos.” Jack looked a slight uncomfortable before he shrugged it off immediately.

“Close as wendigo-free as it gets up here.”

“Mm.” Alan quirked one of his brows. “. Will… there be some there now?”

“Let's hope not, ay?” And with that Jack twisted his face to stare pointedly in the direction where Alan was not. Then he set off at a faster pace than before, feet crunching through the snow. This time Alan kept up, much more intent on reaching their destination - with the promise of clean clothes and protection from the vicious snow and violent whips of winds. The cold made his cheeks burn and his ears had gone numb but it did not bother him as much as before. Jack glanced across at him,
he looked rather intrigued, Alan turned and met his gaze. The man whipped his head away, staring down at the ground before tugging his balaclava up over his mouth, pulling his goggles down, obscuring his eyes. Alan swallowed awkwardly.

And they kept moving.

Chapter End Notes

Heyyyy I'm back. And I have a new chapter, sorry for disappearing!

End Notes

So here we are hope you enjoyed reading the first chapter of this story, criticism welcome of course. If I've spelt words wrong or there are grammatical errors please tell me so I can change them. Thanks again~

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!