

Follow the Sun

Von Findraeth

Kapitel 1: Never Surrender

04:34 | August 23 - Dylan
Hackett's Quarry Lodge - Kitchen

His heart stopped for a split second as a low growl echoed through the silence of the dark camp kitchen.

That's it... that's the end!

The werewolf scented them and now they are trapped... like a little, fluffy bunny in front of a wily snake.

If he only hadn't put that damn pan back on the counter!

Not that it would've helped him in this predicament, but at least he would've had something to hold onto.

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit!!

The growling got closer, the scratching sound of the sharp claws on the kitchen floor got louder.

Dylan closed his eyes for a brief moment before holding his breath to steady his heartbeat.

He feared that it would give away his... incredibly clever chosen position...

However, it's too late to change that now.

The next few seconds felt like hours.

Totally normal when you're waiting for your inevitable death.

In his mind, he cursed himself for the hundredth time that night for his stupid suggestion to do 'something else' than what Mr. H. had told them to.

If they only had listened to Ryan and stayed in the Lodge overnight.

Ryan...

Hopefully he's in a less shitty situation right now.

Hopefully he's alive...

A movement out of the corner of his eye made Dylan flinch.

Fortunately, at the exact same moment, the pots on one of the counters clattered, drowning out the high-pitched sound that escaped his lips.

.....

It's just Kaitlyn.

God dammit, this woman was as quiet as a jellyfish gliding through the water.

A brief moment of relief before a low roar kindly reminded him of the situation they were in.

There has to be something they could do! There HAS to!

Dylan saw Kaitlyn's eyes scanning the room frantically, hoping to find something that can help them escape.

So he did the same.

But all he could see was this creepy and tattered stuffed animal... looking almost pitiful at him with its one eye.

Hard to believe that a child would take that thing into bed, but pee his pants because of the hag of Hackett's Quarry.

Well.. at least if you assume that she doesn't exist.

Damn, Dylan! Focus!!

His eyes continued to wander... but nothing. Just more useless pots, pans and baking trays.

Not even a knife to defend themselves.

Even though he was sure that a knife, if it wasn't silver, could at best tickle that beast to death.

So he turned back to Kaitlyn, hoping she had miraculously come up with an idea.

They're running out of time.

Werewolves weren't exactly the brightest candles on the cake but the kitchen was tiny and their `hiding place` certainly wouldn't win any medals.

If they don't come up with something, they'll end up as dog food, literally.

Then suddenly, Kaitlyn peeked around the corner of her hideout before stealthily tiptoeing over to the freezer.

Dylan's gaze nervously shifted back and forth between her and the deadly predator a few times, while his colleague opened the heavy door as quietly as possible.

What the fuck was she doing?!?

After the door was open, Kaitlyn took another quick glance toward the exit before looking urgently at Dylan... then past him.

So he turned his head in the same direction, only to meet the gaze of that creep ass rabbit again.

His gaze went back to her questioningly before she made a hand gesture.... as if she wanted to start a chainsaw.

Just the brief thought of it made his stomach clench.

Additionally, her lips silently formed the words 'It can talk'

Oh... OH!

It took Dylan a moment to realize what she's trying to say.

Maybe he shouldn't have taken the whole bunch of painkillers back in the pool house, because despite all the adrenaline in his body, his head was completely foggy.

He nodded and took a careful look back before he slipped over to the stuffed bunny as quietly as possible.

Quickly Dylan grabbed for it, jammed it between his left upper and lower arm and pulled the string.

Here it goes... all or nothing.

Either the werewolf would spread them both over every inch of the kitchen or they would make it out of here unharmed.

Well... at least as unharmed as they had entered the room.

Dylan took a swing and threw the shredded piece of cotton with all his might past Kaitlyn, who was back at her hiding place behind the counter, into the freezer.

"Do you wanna play with me?"

The rabbit's distorted, electronic voice sent a shiver down Dylan's spine, making all the hair on the back of his neck stand up.

Then everything happened very quickly.

A loud roar shattered through the kitchen before the werewolf leaped on all fours after its supposed victim.

Kaitlyn followed closely on its heels.

She forced her slender body with all her strength against the heavy metal door, which slowly moved towards the lock after the werewolf was inside.

Too slowly for Dylan's taste.

The beast in the freezer noticed the trap as soon as the door made a loud squeaking noise and again an angry growl started to come out of the werewolf's throat.

Yellow, unnatural eyes flashed at him from the darkness, a second later a loud crash was heard before Kaitlyn's movement stopped immediately and a long arm with sharp claws was about to reach for her from behind the door.

"Fuck, watch out!!"

Without thinking, he rushed forward.

Dylan has never been one of the brave ones, on the contrary, but he can't leave everything to her ... if he didn't do something right now, they would both die.

The werewolf was about to strike when he reached his friend.

It was the smartest thing to concentrate his power on one point of the door, as far out as possible.

So he slammed his remaining hand and forearm against the door above Kaitlyn's head. At the same moment, a sharp pain ran through his entire left arm, making him gasp slightly before a slight dizziness overcame him.

'Don't you dare pass out now, Dylan,' he admonished himself, trying to swallow the pain.

She couldn't do this alone!

Together they pushed with all their remaining strength, and finally the heavy door moved again, inch by inch.

For a few seconds, all that could be heard was their strained gasps and an angry growl, then a pained scream.

Dylan felt razor-sharp claws dig into his back before they tore through the flesh at his side.

"Shit, Dylan!"

"Hnnnggg!!!"

In pain, he clenched his eyes and teeth tightly.

"It's.. it's okay, it's okay....just...keep pushing!"

His breathing grew heavier under the exertion and pain while hearing something

quietly drip onto the floor beside him.

Just a little more!

The door stopped again, but they didn't stop pushing against it.

Suddenly, the beast yelped pitifully and very loud as his arm apparently threatened to break under the pressure of the metal door.

It tried to pull his arm back, so Dylan took the chance and loosened his grip for a brief moment.

As soon as the arm disappeared into the freezer, he jammed the door into the lock, which closed with a very satisfying click.

"Hell YES!"

They did it... they really did it!

Completely fatigued, Dylan closed his eyes and, despite the pain, a big, lightened smile began to form on his lips.

He leaned his forehead against the pleasantly cool door, where the werewolf was noticeably rampaging behind.

But it doesn't matter now, they're safe.

As he struggled for breath, Kaitlyn stepped aside, also panting, and a smile formed on her face as well.

But it faded immediately when she saw her colleague's shirt soaked in blood.

"Shit, are you ok? Let me take a look at this."

She moved closer as the taller boy slowly straightened his back, his face contorted in pain.

"Um...it's ok...I think. Just a scratch, really..."

He winced, however, as Kaitlyn pushed his shirt all the way up, to have a proper look.

"Just a scratch, huh?" she asked, raising an eyebrow skeptically before inspecting the wound.

"Yeah....a pretty...painful scratch."

Silently, she looked at the wound before raising her voice a few seconds later in a state of alarm.

"Holy fucking Jesus, Dylan..."

"What?"

The answer came immediately in a somewhat shaky voice as he turned his head to Kaitlyn.

She just stared at his side, wordless.

He tried to look at the wounds, but that proved rather difficult without being in utter pain.

"Am... I going to die? It... it's not that bad, right?"

No response.

"Dammit, Kaitlyn! Say something!"

"What? No dipshit! You're not going to die. You've been through.. much worse tonight"

Her gaze briefly went to his left, non-existent hand and his eyes followed.

Well... she was right.

It was... very strange to have only one hand left, and it will be much more difficult when he's back home.

What should he tell his parents?

"....."

He'll figure something out. But not now.

"The wounds aren't particularly deep. They should be stitched up tho... but..."

For the next, unbearably long seconds, it became silent again.

A very uncomfortable silence, which made him slightly nervous.

"Um..Yeah...? I know my butt is phenom..."

"Oh shut up, dump ass!"

His comment made her eyes roll in annoyance, but he thinks he can spot a tiny smirk at the corners of her mouth.

Either that or he was already hallucinating from blood loss.

"It's just...look."

She raised her hand until it stopped at the end of her forehead and then guided it to the scratches on Dylan's side.

It's about the same height.

"Fuck, if you didn't got my back earlier... literally, my head would look like the fucking watermelons by now, after Jacob's done with them... and believe me, that's nothin` you wanna see..."

"Eww...gross!"

She looked up and gave him a genuine, grateful smile.

"So you really saved my ass twice tonight, huh?"

"Well... yeah, I guess... no big deal, I mean...um...."

A little embarrassed, Dylan scratched the back of his head before a small, sheepish chuckle could be heard from him.

"I mean, you saved me more than once tonight, so...um...I thought...I'd return the favor."

He simply kept quiet about the fact that he hadn't thought at all.
Again Kaitlyn rolled her eyes and slightly shakes her head , but the smile on her lips doesn't disappear this time.

"Ok, ok...enough of these sloppy-sloppy feelings. Let's go get Abi and then I'll take care of your 'scratches', ok?"

The answer was an exhausted nod, before his gaze once again went to the freezer.
In the meantime, it was completely quiet in there, no more growling or rumbling.

"We should still check in from time to time.... to... um...see whoever is behind this whole 'all creepy, bloodthirsty and scary' monster. I mean.. it could be Nick or... someone else from the group, you know?"

Kaitlyn thought for a moment before nodding.

"We will. And now get moving, chop, chop!"

She clapped her hands together twice before making a clear gesture toward the exit.

"Ryan will make my head shorter if I let you bleed to death, and no one can want that, right?"

Her words caused a half happy, half worried smile.
He really hoped Ryan was okay... that everyone's okay.
But right now, there's nothing he can do but wait.

"Yeah... Right."

So Dylan started moving, heading for the first aid room and he really hoped that there will be no more bad surprises tonight.

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05:17 | August 23 - Dylan
Hackett's Quarry Lodge - First Aid Room

"Ouch, ouch! Kaitlyn, a little more gentle, please!"

The piece of cotton burned as if Kaitlyn had poured gasoline on it instead of sanitizer.
Dylan was lying on his stomach on the hospital bed, his arms crossed so that he could

rest his head on them.

Next to him, on a small table, lay a rather large pile of bloody pieces of fabric.

This was... quite a lot of blood.

It's no surprise that he feels so damn dizzy, but that doesn't stop him from complaining vociferously.

"How can you be so small and delicate and have the hands of a butcher at the same time? Those poor kids who were under your treatment."

She then laughed in response before throwing the wet, blood-soaked cotton in Dylan's face.

"I beg you fuckin' pardon? I've had 11-year-olds with lacerations on their heads who whined and cried far less than you. In fact, they didn't even flinch, so put your shit together. I'm almost done."

From the drawer she took out a box, which she dumped on the table and... um... took a funny looking thingy out of its package.

He was about to ask what it was but a sharp scream from outside interrupted him and made them both flinch.

Kaitlyn, immediately on her feet, runs over to the open door, while Dylan straightens up a bit.

"Ahhrg, fuck me..."

Stupid idea... really really stupid idea.

"Abi?!" she yelled outside into the darkness, noticeably nervous.

"I...it's all right, I.... I just wanted to see if...whoever's in the freezer...is still alive and..."

Her shaky voice came closer really fast before she stopped in front of the First Aid Room.

"Yeah...he...she...it...is definitely very alive. It jumped against the door and I... it just gave me a fright."

Kaitlyn exhaled in relief before reaching for the rifle next to the door, shoving it into her hands.

"Take this... just in case. Did you see or hear anything from the others?"

Abi shook her head with a troubled look in her brown eyes.

"Ok... go to the main entrance and keep an eye on the surroundings outside. If there's anything, yell. I'll be with you in a second."

This time a nod came in response, a small sigh before the red-haired girl pressed the rifle to her chest and slowly walked to the entrance of the lodge.

It was a hell of a night for each of them and now that the tension has eased a little, you could clearly see that they are all on edge.

They desperately tried to fool each other with jokes and stupid comments that everything is fine... but it wasn't... not in the slightest.

Silently, Kaitlyn came back and continued where she left off her work.

Nobody said anything... all you could hear is the opening of the plastic wrappings and the quiet gasps of Dylan as she squeezed his wounds again and again to stick something over them every inch.

"Done. Try not to move that much, okay? Those staple plasters don't hold for very long but they should last until the wound can be taken care of properly."

"Yeah...I'll do my best. Thanks Kaitlyn."

Very slowly, Dylan straightened up and reached for his shirt, only to realize again that he had no hand left on his side.

He sighed quietly.

Before he could reach for the bloody piece of what was his shirt not so long ago, Kaitlyn did and handed it to him.

"Thanks..."

"Do you want me to... take a look at that too?"

Dylan looked up, only to take a glance at the stump of his arm a moment later.

"No, I...this will do until I get to the hospital."

Silence.

"Do you want to talk abo..."

"No! No, I...don't want to talk about it right now....um.... thanks for the offer, though. I just need... I just need some rest, that's all."

Worried, his colleague nodded before placing a hand on his shoulder comfortingly.

"All right, I'll leave you alone now. And in case you need painkillers..."

She reached into the medicine cabinet, pulled out a tin and set it on the small table.

"I'll be outside if you need me."

With these words she left the room and closed the door behind her.

It was deadly silent... for the first time that cursed night and the longer he sat here, the more oppressive his thoughts became.

His eyes rested on the bandaged stump where... his hand should be.

Dylan tried to make the familiar motion that formed a fist, but all he got was a wrenching pain.

"Fuck..."

He covered his eyes with his remaining hand before a few tears ran down his cheek. For the last few hours, he's been able to pretend it wasn't so bad ... But now he was alone.

At this point, there was no longer any reason to pretend.