

So, okay, here's a warning, there is... \*gasp\* sex! In this chapter! And it's between two consenting guys under the age of 18! If that bothers you at all, then, well... deal with it? I mean... how else are my characters going to have sex? I mean seriously, what did you expect?

And all the rest of the usual disclaimery stuff applies.

And also, I don't own Silent Hill or anything, I just obsess about it. Konami owns it. And the movie belongs to Silent Hill DCP. Inc.-Davis Films, although this book will have little, if anything, to do with the first movie.

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Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken

By Eric Wythe

Chp. 10

Prom, huh.

I guess if I gotta go look for him this note is a big scream in the face of “GO HERE FIRST, ASSHOLE”. Now, prom was something I actually do remember, I got sick and spent that night and a few nights afterwards in the hospital. Johnny was by my side the entire time. I had to get Ron to come peel him off his chair with a paint chipper and take him home to shower. Believe me, he was that rank. I'm sure I wasn't much better off too.

No one even noticed I was gone from school. The only reason Veronica or Ron didn't bring it up was because John was always being overbearing and making sure I wasn't pushing it. I was glad they caught on that if they did it too I'd sock them in the face. I mean, he *actually* got permission from the school to be in *all* my classes just in case something happened. How the fuck he did that is beyond me, but he did it. The only reason I put up with it was because he had this concerned look on his face all the time that broke my heart whenever I saw it.

Looking at my map I made a circle around the school. I'm in for a trek. I opened my bag and placed the flyer in the filing folder. I adjusted the bag and bundled up a little under John's jacket and breathed in his scent again.

What? So I like the way he smells, you would too!

It was chilly out here, John's jacket was a bit big for me and didn't fit me as well as it used to. You'd think it'd get smaller as the years went on, but it got bigger. When it was new he'd always give it to me when I was cold. Even if he didn't have another jacket to keep him warm. He did catch a cold like that once or twice. I turned into the overbearing boyfriend for that. So I guess the “Promitis” as I liked to call it, made us even.

The silence was overwhelming, not even the constant chatter of my head could make it any better. The streets were barren, the scattered cars looked stripped of paint and interiors were cracked. Most of the doors to any buildings that might make my trip shorter were either jammed or locked. I made check marks of what were locked along the way.

I managed to run into two more chasms, one of them had a first-aid kit on its edge; the other had a couple boxes of ammo. Though when I looked inside the boxes, they only had enough rounds to reload my gun once. The original box of ammo I had could hold up to 72 rounds, so I just compiled them all in the same box.

Now, you might be wondering “Why is all this crap strewed across the streets?”. Well, that’s simple really: I don’t know. It just is, and I figure if it’s there then I might need it at some point.

I continued walking.

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I rolled over on the bed and buried my head in his pillow. His scent melted me and made me want to fall asleep again. But then my jeans began to ride up so I had to roll over again.

I love sleeping in John’s bed. Not only is it bigger than mine, it’s a lot softer; it’s so easy to just lie down and fall asleep on it. It’s even easier when John’s spooned on my outside, sheltering me with his warmth. In that situation we don’t make a ton of use of the space of his bed. He likes to keep me as close as possible.

I heard a slamming noise coming from outside. I hopped off the bed and looked out his window. I broke out into a grin when I saw Johnny coming up his walkway. I burst out his bedroom door and scrambled down the stairs and attached myself to him just as he opened the door.

“Hello” He said with amusement.

“Hi.” I said with a huge grin on my face.

“I wouldn’t want to touch me, I’m all sweaty and greasy and oily and stuff. My car’s all fixed though. I need a shower.”

“Great!” I exclaimed kissing him. “And I can buy these shirts in four-packs at the department store, and I have three other pairs of jeans like these, so I don’t particularly care. And the sweat? Well,” I nuzzled my face into his chest and breathed in his masculine scent. “The sweat just turns me on.” I muffled into him.

“Mmm-hmm.” He kissed my forehead and began to massage my ass with his strong hands. He was groping me and burying his fingers into me good.

“What’re you doing babe?” I muffled as I began to melt against him.

“Claiming what’s mine.” He stated nonchalantly as he picked me up by my ass and started carrying me upstairs. I encircled my arms around his neck.

“Oh, and when did I become your possession?”

“When I figured out I’m in love with you.”

“Really, and what does being your possession entail?” I asked as we reached the top of the stairs.

“It means” he roughly pinned me to the wall next to his bedroom door “that you’re mine, and no one else can have you. And if they try to take what’s mine then I’ll make sure they won’t be physically able to try a second time.” He growled.

Okay, Possessive Johnny: hot. Well, that’s another side that can’t fail to turn me on.

“Then why don’t you mark your territory?”

He let out another growl and kicked open his bedroom door. He roughly tossed me on his bed then began to rip off my jeans.

“What about a shower?”

“I’m fucking you first.” He stated. “And then you’ll take a shower with me.”

“Oh, well-“I was interrupted by John putting his mouth over mine.

“No more talking.” He mumbled. He shucked his shirt and started to kiss me hard. He let go of my face and looked down. “Good, you stopped wearing underwear.” He looked up. “Lose the shirt.”

I tossed my shirt near John’s and he grabbed the back of my head and pulled me onto his lightly fussed chest. It was still sweaty and I began to kiss and lick down his rock-hard pecs. He moaned in his approval as he guided my head down to his nipples. I sucked and chewed on them as I was undoing his pants. He ripped my head away from his nipples and pushed my hands away and began to do it himself as I kissed each one of his cut abdominal muscles.

Johnny was fumbling with his belt and I gently pushed away his hands and undid his pants for him. The boy always gets impatient with his pants. He scooted to the edge of the bed and got up. Then he pushed down his pants leaving his beautiful bubble-butt in view. I couldn’t help myself. I pulled apart his muscular globes and buried my face in his ass.

John bellowed a loud groan and braced himself on the dresser he was standing in front of. His ass was clean but his sweat made his scent intensify and I licked and sucked everything that my tongue led me to it. John was shuddering and moaning in delight as he was pushing his ass back as hard as he could without tipping me and himself over.

“Stop!” He ordered in a growl. I froze and he lifted his ass away from my face and presented me with his dick. I stared in awe at his tool; I never did get over his size. I stuffed his big, dripping mushroom head into my mouth. I sucked his pre-cum up like a man dying for water, his sweet taste dripping down my throat in copious amounts.

John let me have at it for a while but he took charge and thrust forward. Half his dick shoved into the back of my mouth, he grabbed the back of my head and began to fuck my face. Each thrust buried more of his huge dick into my mouth and down my throat. He thrust hard and stuffed his entire length down my throat and held me there for a few seconds. My jaw was aching, and I needed air, but I was too busy sucking to care, or remember.

He shoved my head off his dick and I fell back on the bed. He climbed over me, his large frame casting a shadow, and gave me a rough kiss. He reached up by his bedside grabbed a large bottle of lube. He poured a generous amount on his hands and began to distribute it over his thick cock. He poured some more on his left hand and he began to slide a finger inside my ass. His fingers are thick so it was a little uncomfortable at first, but he began to massage my walls and loosening me up. Every now and then he would rub up against my prostate and would send shivers through my body.

He stuck in a second finger as his other hand was rubbing the inside of my thigh. My eyes had been tightly shut, but I opened them to see John staring at me intently with obvious concern. I gave him a wide smile and the corners of his mouth perked up slightly.

He slowly worked his fingers to a third, then a fourth. At this point domineering Johnny disappeared and his gentle side popped up. It always happens this way. His concern for me feeling pain always overrides his need to get off, somehow. Johnny’s the epitome of virility and dominance, and he’s always horny as fuck, but he somehow manages to forget about getting off to tend to me.

And thank god for that.

He scooted up and put my legs over his shoulders. He lined his dick up and began to firmly push himself in. The initial penetration was always the most uncomfortable part; I always had to keep myself from screaming. It was getting easier every time we did it, but I think it’s always gonna hurt a little.

As my hands tightly gripped the sheets, Johnny bent down to kiss me, realizing my discomfort. His head finally popped in and I let out a painful moan into Johnny’s

mouth. He froze; I could tell how hard he was trying to hold back. He was trembling. I was too I guess. You would too if you had his dick tunneling its way up your ass. It felt like getting the business end of a baseball bat shoved up there.

I let go of his lips. "Go." I said.

He slowly eased himself in. We were both sweating bullets. He was finally down the hilt, I felt every throb and that "full" sensation that you can't really understand 'til you've actually felt it. Johnny bent down and kissed me again.

"I love you." He said.

"You better damn well know I love you too." I said in a breathy tone.

He chuckled slightly "I know."

He began to withdraw, very agonizingly slow. Every inch felt like a mile and my prostate was being so stimulated I thought I would cum right then. Once he was fully out he slowly pushed himself in again at the same pace.

He did this for what seemed like hours. It was great for a while but as I got used to him being inside me it got kind of... boring. I got a bit fed up with it at some point.

I grabbed his arm to get his attention. "Johnny, you're claiming your territory, not fixing your fucking car. Claim me, mark me as yours, and make sure my ass doesn't forget it anytime soon."

He let out a low growl and it sounded like I let something loose in him. He slammed into me hard, and I groaned out in ecstasy.

"That's it." I encouraged.

"You're. Mine." He emphasized each word with a hard thrust.

Something deep and primal unleashed inside him and he began to fuck me hard, fast and rough. The caring Johnny that was concerned about me earlier seemed to vanish into a void of the urge to breed me. And in all honesty, I preferred it that way.

He pumped in and out of me fast and I began to lose track of everything except the sensations that were traveling through my body, his huge dick ravaged everything throughout me and set off my nerves to space.

He was almost at his climax, his thrusts were more frantic and he was roaring with each outward motion. I clenched the sheets tighter; he bent down again and roughly pressed his lips against mine. He thrust himself hard into me one last time and that sent me over the edge. He fucked me so hard it's as if he shot my load himself. My first shot

rocketed over my head and plastered itself on his bedpost. The rest shot over my chest and on his bed.

Johnny's dick was having a fit of spasms and I felt his dick expand as his hot cum shot through me like a cannonball. He shot out so many times I lost count, each were as copious as the last. How I managed to find room for it all with his dick still crammed up me is a wonder.

With one final grunt, Johnny collapsed on me. He drew his arms under me and squeezed me into him.

“Don't lose any of my mark, got it?” He ordered.

I nodded, still in a high from our climaxes. We lied like that for a long time, we were both exhausted. Eventually, we made our way to the shower. Johnny became his usual self again and kept asking me if he hurt me or if he went too far. It's funny that as soon as he gets off he goes from ordering me around like he owns me, to becoming sweeter than sugar and tending to my every need. Of course, according to the cum in my ass, which a drop never escaped, he does own me.

And I am so totally okay with that.

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I stood at the entrance of the school parking lot and adjusted myself. The fog filled through most of the archways and terraces. Our school was mainly an outside complex. All the buildings were clustered together based on their subject, but since the school was small, a lot of the classrooms were renovated for different use after unpopular student turnouts. The hallways were exposed to the slightly different degrees of weather throughout the year.

As the main office came into view I began to notice the various decorations strewn about. Streamers were swaying bright red in the breeze, barely clinging onto trees and various parts of the buildings. It looked more like someone TP'd the place instead of decorated it. Flyers were all over the ground and posters were falling over. My thoughts of sleeping through the apocalypse returned.

The parking lot was bare, the lines that made up the spaces were faded and pot-holes and loose gravel were sprinkled across the expanse. I made my way deeper into the lot, making sure to avoid anything that would make me have an embarrassing fall.

The thick fog seemed to part like the ocean for me as I moved. Vague objects became clearer, like the bench Joan McKichie and Tom Lees used to spend lunch together, or the spot behind the shop room where all the Goth dudes used to smoke when they thought the principle didn't notice. There's the tree Mathew Bluthe broke his arm on from climbing it sophomore year.

And there's John's car...

Wait, what? It's his old car! It's his old converted 1968 Z28 Hardtop Camaro! It's the same metallic blue with the white racing stripes and everything... He sold this ages ago... what the fuck is it doing here?

I slid my fingers over the hood. A sharp pain shot through my temples, my eyes snapped shut. I braced myself onto the hood of the car and waited for the loud ringing in my ear to die. When it didn't hurt to move, I opened my eyes.

And I was staring at me...

It was me... but a lot younger; I was looking at myself from nearly a decade ago. It wasn't in the reflection of the car; I was right in front of myself... My younger self wasn't transparent, but it felt like he wasn't really there either. He was staring intently at a younger looking Johnny at the drivers-side.

Wait... I remember this! Well, kind of. I just remember what happened in this instance.

I remember I said "Hot car." And just as I thought it, my younger self said it. I looked over at the younger John and he did the thing he does where he scratches the back of his head when he's embarrassed.

The younger John murmured "Thanks".

The sharp pain returned and I stumbled back a bit and the ringing in my ear returned. It dissipated quickly and when I opened my eyes, I was gone, and so was the younger John.

I tried opening the doors, they were both locked. As I circled around the car I noticed a piece of folded paper pinned under the windshield wiper. I promptly removed it, the note was written in John's handwriting again, but the paper itself was significantly more aged than the flyer, which looked brand new. This one looked like it was fished out from John's old school stuff. The note only contained three numbers:

22-47-16

Well, this could be a few things. But... since we're at a school, I think the most obvious meaning would be a locker combo.

Now I just have to remember where it is... Great.

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I don't have anything to say about chapter ten.

But if you do-please tell me! Email me at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).