

Okay, I'm a huge liar, sue me. I've been busy with work, so I've honestly been too tired to put down the ideas I've been having. But I do have them! I'm not stopping until I've written it out completely, I'll guarantee you that much. So don't give up on me just yet!

As usual the disclaimer 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. 17

Daryl was sitting in his favorite chair in the corner as I quietly shut the door. He looked up from the book he was reading and shut it with a loud thwack. I jumped slightly from the sound that echoed through our tiny apartment. He just stared at me with unreadable blank stare. He put down his book and let out a small sigh. He got up and started walking over to the bedroom.

“The only reason why I'm still up is that I'd just wake up every five minutes because you weren't there.” He said.

“Daryl, I-“ I started.

“I'm not mad John,” He interrupted, “Can we just please... go to bed?”

I hung my head and walked behind him. When I got close I tried wrapping my arms around his waist, he tensed up and quickly bolted away from me. He turned around and looked at me like he was... frightened. I gave him a concerned look and his face relaxed a bit.

His breath was short and scattered, “T-take a shower first, okay? I'll be... in bed.”

“Daryl?” I tried walking up him again but he just backed away.

“No!” He shouted with fright as he backed away, his fright died down slightly and stuttered quietly, “I-I can't.”

Something felt different now.

His face retained its frightened mask as he slowly backed into the bedroom.

I can't explain it but it felt our... connection wasn't there anymore.

The door shut behind him and I just stood there wondering what had happened, feeling strangely angry at myself.

He... does this... to other people. Not me though... *never me* damn it! I clenched my fists and gritted my teeth as I hung my head, fuming to myself. I'm never supposed to let him do it... I'm never supposed to let myself get to the point where he has to...

But... I did.

I allowed myself to get so far... I allowed him to put up an emotional wall between us.

All he's ever needed was someone that he knew wouldn't let him down.

All anyone who cares about him expected from me was to be that person.

And... I failed.

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The pool...

I remember it here. In the summer the hotel would open the pool to the public and Daryl and I would come here to cool off some. He would always wear these tight black Speedo's that looked painted on. He didn't wear them because he liked showing off, he wore them for practical use. He used to be a competitive swimmer, he just got used to the hydrodynamics of them.

But damn, I did love gawking at him as he walked out of the pool. It was like everything was in slow-motion. Water dripping off his messy brown locks and onto his face as droplets of water just trailed down his flat stomach and slightly protruding chest. He'd always shake his hair out and slick it back with his hands. He'd do a small stretch as everything just slowly cascaded off his lithe body.

And he was completely unaware of how sexy he looked doing it.

And that gave me problems, because I wasn't the only one blatantly staring at his little show. Daryl is very modest; he doesn't think much of himself. He thinks he's just a normal guy. In the attitude respect, he pretty much is, and that's what I like about him. He's not high maintenance, he doesn't care how he looks or acts, he just does what his heart tells him, and he's the only person I can say actually does that without any hesitation.

But his modesty doesn't hide his slender frame or his curvaceous ass. It doesn't hide the honest naivety behind his words, or the nervous innocence he has when meeting new people. It doesn't hide his shy, fleeting eyes or his quiet relaxed voice. All of these introverted, anti-social traits set off flags to people like me, predators, hunters, protectors,

rescuers, hero-types. People who don't give up trying to get a hold of what they want, that's why I'm so over-protective and possessive of him.

Because if I'm not, then someone can easily knock me off the pedestal Daryl puts me on and take my place.

He doesn't notice the way people look at him, any flirtatious dialogue goes right over his head. He's oblivious to any come-ons unless it comes from me. And that's only because I'm the one who fucks him.

And as long as *I am* the one who fucks him, he belongs to me.

He's mine, and I'm going to remind him of that as soon as I find him.

But, that leads to the question of where he is in the first place.

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It took a while, but I was getting used to the commute from our apartment back to campus. You forget how big New York really is when you limit yourself to around campus. My main problem was parking, I hate using the bus and subway like Daryl does so I take my car, but I can never find a decent spot near my class so I end up having to walk clear across campus to get to and from my car.

During my small hike along campus a small crowd had gathered around a large planter. I wouldn't give it a second thought but the crowd was blocking my way to the parking lot. Letting out a defeated sigh, I tried to force my way through the crowd, but I ended up being mobbed into the center of what the crowd was watching.

There were three of them, Peck, Slick and Donny; they were a trio of mechanical engineer majors who liked to be bullies around campus. Today's victim was a small-framed blonde guy who looked really familiar to me.

"Do something." Somebody murmured to me as I was pushed further into the center.

Three on one isn't very fair.

For the blonde guy.

The trio was more than enough to handle the blonde guy, but I was much bigger than all three of them, I could easily take them all on. The three had crowded him, the one facing him had his fist drew back to give a nice finishing shiner to add more injury to injury. I walked up behind the guy and grabbed his wrist in a firm grip.

"Hey man, that's a nice watch, where'd you get it?" I asked casually.

The trio's heads whipped around and dread spread across their faces, the guy I had a grip on wasn't even trying to get out of it, but his buddies were beginning to back away from me. I looked at the now exposed guy they were crowding, he didn't look too thrashed. A couple scrapes as far as I could see, I think I stepped in before they got to the good parts. With a terror stricken face, the guy I had a hold on began to stutter.

"H-hey guy w-we're just trying to h-have some fun."

By now the blonde guy had become too hip to my involvement and was watching everything with an elated expression.

I looked to him, "That true?" I asked.

The blonde guy stood up and dusted off his pants before looking over at me.

"Absolutely." He responded with a smirk.

"Huh." I let the guy go; he stumbled back and fell on his ass, "I guess there's no problem then." I said evenly.

The guy scrambled to his feet and sprinted off to catch up to his buddies. The crowd gave a mix of applause and disappointed groans for the lack of the likely expected ass-whooping they deserved. But I wasn't feeling very violent today. I just wanted to get home to Daryl. The blonde guy had walked up to me and stuck out his hand.

"Never thought I'd be saved by Heartbreak Harris, thanks, I'm Wren."

I took his hand gave a firm shake, "Where have I seen you before?"

He gave me a lopsided grin, "Not one for introductions, huh?"

I shook my head and let go of his hand, "No point, you just said my name. Besides, everyone who goes here knows who I am."

He laughed, "A little arrogant of you don't you think?"

I kept my face serious, "Just stating a fact."

He shrugged, "Guess it's to be expected. You probably know me from the Greek council.

A light went off in my head, "Oh yeah, you're head of..."

"Phi Chi Delta." He said.

"Right, that."

Wren was what Daryl calls 'Fluffy', very feminine and more 'pretty' than handsome. He was very skinny, almost alarmingly so, he had these giant blue eyes that had a mischievous gleam behind them that would be covered by his medium length blonde hair occasionally.

Wren bent down and picked up his bag from the ground and threw it over his shoulder.

"Say, we're having a party tomorrow, you should come. If what you said is true, you'll have no problem getting in."

I shrugged as I adjusted my own bag.

"Tch," He scoffed, "I'll see you there." He said with confidence.

I watched him walk away until he was out of earshot.

"Now who sounds arrogant?" I muttered.

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The pool was of a standard size for recreational purposes, and was trapped inside a glass box with patio chairs and tables near the glass paneling. I could see the thick fog swirl around against the glass. It looked like it was trying to force its way in, but the glass was blocking its path. The hair on my neck stood on end, the fog always unnerved me.

I scratched my head, wondering what the hell I should even be looking for. There was nothing at the bottom of the pool, it wasn't even drained. The picture in my hand told me there was an object sitting on top a drain surrounded by ceramic of some sort. I figured it to be the pool... It's not out of the question for me to jump to conclusions. But as far as I know none of the showers in the rooms have ceramic like the one in this picture. There are no communal showers here.

Could the employee's have their own showers?

I turned to walk out of the small patio, only to find Hailey standing at the doorway. She had a contemplative look on her face. I walked past her to use the other door out. I heard footsteps behind me as I went into the hallway. Not knowing where to go, I went back into the lobby. I stopped by the music box, peering out into the faint orange light of the doors.

"Did you find it?" I heard Hailey ask behind me.

I wasn't paying attention; I was too busy looking at the closed window to the reception office. I went over to the door, and jiggled the handle, it was locked. I sighed in frustration. I shook my head and settled for what I always do.

Some people like to say violence isn't the only answer.

No, it's not. It's just usually the best one.

So I kicked down the door.

"You know, if you keep breaking shit the whole place will eventually collapse on top of you." I heard Hailey from over my shoulder.

I looked back at her and grunted. I walked into the small office.

"So I'm not even worth a verbal response now?"

I ignored her and started shuffling through papers and files and looking through drawers in the desk.

"What are you looking for anyway?"

After shuffling through some papers I finally found what I wanted.

A map. One for employee's.

I stood up and waved the map in front of her. I squeezed past her and made my way into the hallway again. I opened the map and studied it quickly. Finding the communal showers the employee's had access too. I stuffed it in my back pocket and marched out towards the elevator. I heard footsteps trot up behind me. I stopped and quickly turned around and stared the girl down.

"Why are you following me?" I gruffly demanded.

She shrugged, "I'm not finding what *I'm* looking for. I figured I'd follow you to see if I could find some leads. It seems like you're actually getting somewhere."

I let out a growl of frustration, "Listen girlie, I'm not your boyfriend, I fuck a different kind of hole, got it? Be a woman and solve your own problems. I'm not going to help you."

I turned around and made a quick walk to the service elevator. I kept hearing footsteps behind me, when I did get to the elevator and pressed the button I turned around again.

"I told you: stop following me."

She crossed her arms. "I'm not, it just so happens we're going is in the same direction." She stepped passed me and into the elevator. She leaned against the wall and taunted me with, "You comin' or not?"

I wiped my hand over my face and let out a low growl. I reluctantly walked into the elevator and stood next to her.

“You going to press the button?” She asked.

“You’re closer.” I pointed out.

She let out an exasperated sigh, “Making me do all the work...” She muttered. She kicked herself off the wall and pressed the button.

The doors closed and the elevator bell gave a cheerful ring, both Hailey and I let out a huff of distaste.

At least *something* in this place seemed happy.

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I don’t know why I didn’t ask Daryl to come.

I just told him I was going out with friends and I’d be home late.

He just waved a dismissive hand at me while studying his text-book.

“Later.” He muttered distantly.

The house may as well have been shaking. I could feel the bass of the music thudding through my body, and I wasn’t even inside yet. At the door was a guy on a stool, sifting through a list while several girls were trying to distract him into letting them in. I jumped up the steps and the guy looked up from his list and noticed me. I pointed my thumb at the door and he just nodded in my direction and went back to his list.

The moment I entered the party, a drink was shoved into my hand and I was pushed by mobs of people into various rooms. I eventually found a couch I crashed on to catch my breath and to try and see if I could make up of down. A couple collapsed onto the couch next to me, making out like none of the hundreds of people were here. I slid myself from under them and got up. I began to force my way against the flow of the crowd to get out of here when I felt a hand tap on my arm. I peered over my shoulder to see Wren behind me with a smug grin on his face, holding up a blue plastic cup as if to toast.

Wren grabbed my hand and dragged me to a seemingly less populated part of the house, the backyard. The music was quieter, the drinks were less abundant, and there were a few people smoking, just talking quietly to one another. Wren sat us down on a swing at the deck.

“I was hoping to break you in slowly.” He said happily, “Didn’t want to scare off Heartbreak Harris. That would all but kill my rep.”

I chuckled lightly, “I’m not known as a party animal, I doubt anything I did would affect you.”

He gave me a ‘Yeah right’ look and turned his head over to one of the guys smoking.

“Hey Josh!” He shouted.

One of the guys perked up.

“Would you stop coming to my parties if Harris over here didn’t want to come?”

“Ch’yeah.” He laughed, “It’d have to be a seriously lame party if a jock didn’t want to show up for free booze.”

Wren turned back to me. “I rest my case.” He stated.

“Hey,” I said taking a sip from my drink, “I’m all for free booze. Parties... not so much.”

“Why, because your *boyfriend* doesn’t want you too?” He asked condescendingly.

I rolled my eyes at him, “Daryl doesn’t give a crap about what I do.”

“That’s not the way I see it.” He said getting up.

I gave him an odd look as I watched him go back inside the house.

I took another sip of my drink.

What the hell was that supposed to mean?

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The employee lounge was pretty swanky. It had a nice long meeting table with a TV propped into the corner wall. It was on with the constant sound of snow ringing throughout the room. The silence between Hailey and I was awkward, so the white-noise was comforting. An old ragged couch was sitting against the counter of a kitchenette, with two doors leading to the employee bathrooms.

Hailey decided to raid the kitchen. I don’t know why, and I wasn’t going to ask so I just went into the bathrooms. It was standard, urinals, stalls, and a few divided up showers at the end. I compared the flooring with that of the picture.

It was a match.



I looked around on the floor for anything weird. One of the toilets was blocked up; these people should really fix their plumbing. The showers were divided up by four walls made out of glass cubes. The one in the back was missing a cube though. I crouched to the ground to take a closer look at it. It wasn't a missing anything, someone just replaced the cube with the music box! I stood up and feverishly scratched the back of my head in frustration.

How the fuck am I going to get that out now?

"John!" I heard Hailey shout from the other room.

I went back out to see Hailey staring at the TV oddly. I looked up to find that the TV was showing two people standing in a room, one was a man in a suit the other was a girl, no older than sixteen. Their heads were cut off from the screen, but we could see the rest of them. The girl was holding her arm and the man was brushing out the wrinkles in his suit.

The girl spoke up, sniffing, "Dad, I--"

The man walked over to her and grabbed her shoulders, "It's okay princess, what we did was *very* special." He said in a paternal sooth, "But you can't tell anyone, your mother, your friends, not even your sister, okay? They wouldn't understand, trust me princess."

The girl sniffed and nodded as the TV faded back into snow.

I looked to Hailey; she looked pissed for some reason.

"I hope they weren't talking about what I think they were." I said softly.

"Did you find it?" She asked shortly.

I nodded.

"Where is it?"

I pointed my thumb to the bathrooms. "It's trapped in cement. I don't know how to get it out without destroying it."

"There's cement dissolver in the maintenance closet." She started walking off out the room in a huff.

"How do you know that?" I called after her.

She stopped dead and lowered her head.

"I-I don't know. I just do." She responded dejectedly.

I stared at the back of her head for a second then let out a breath.

“Fine,” I said walking up to her, “lead the way.”

She looked up to me, “You’re the one with the map.”

I sighed and shook my head, walking out of the room with Hailey in tow.

I never want to understand women.

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And neither do I.

It was kind of nice to flesh out John more, I put a lot more of me in him than I first realized, so I’m glad I get to build him a little more on a personal level than just through Daryl’s commentary. Uh, I’m not entirely sure where I’m going with this hotel scenario other than the end and Hailey’s involvement, the other part with John’s past thing and the scene at beginning I do know what I’m doing with it. So that just leaves filling in the rest I guess. I wouldn’t expect it anytime soon though, haha.

If you’d like to feed my ego, feel free to email me at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).