

This chapter was meant to be two separate ones, the first part was too short for to ever really consider it a chapter. So I combined it with what was going to be chapter thirteen. I'm still working on chapter thirteen so don't expect it out for a while.

Also, there's sex between consenting minors (although they're barely that) and it has authoritarian themes that are stronger than the ones from the last time I wrote sex. If you don't get off to that like I do, then I suggest skim it, because even though it's sex, it's still kind of important.

The rest of the 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  
Chapter Twelve

The fan built into the ceiling was moving at a snail's crawl. I was hunched up in a corner. I was still in my silk pajamas. I had no idea where I was or how long I've been here. A few days judging by how greasy my hair felt, my... cell... looked in much worse condition. It was a rusted tin box. It had no bed. No toilet. All it had was a door, with no knob, as well as a vent in its side, which looked to lead into the next cell.

There was evening light escaping from behind the fan. I guess it leads outside. And yet this thing manages to smell stale and a bad kind of earthy. The only human contact I've had since I woke up here was with the guy who brings in the slop he calls food. He rarely speaks, and he wears a mask to cover up his face. Our conversations are usually limited to one word.

His is "Eat".

Mine is "Thanks".

It doesn't hurt to be polite. He occasionally brings me in a chocolate bar, so I guess it's working. He brings in a bucket with toilet paper about twice a day for me to go to the bathroom into. After a while of just staring at the fan I fall asleep.

One day, I'm not sure when it was, it could have been dusk or dawn, there was a commotion in the cell next to mine. There were sounds of a struggle, quite a few grunts and eventually silence. Not long after I heard the cell door slam, a loud groan echoed through the vent.

I crawled over to underneath the vent. I wasn't tall enough to peer into it but I'm sure the person would be able to hear me.

"Hey! Are you okay?!" I shouted.

"Yeah-yeah, just a nasty bump." He hollered back.

"Can you tell me... anything?" I asked eagerly.

"Like, what?"

"Where are we?"

"I'm not sure... It's a prison of some sort."

"I gathered that." I sighed. "Do you know where? Did you see anything as they brought you in? Do you know who those people are?"

"A resounding no to all questions, they kept a hood over my head the entire time."

"Fuck." I leaned my back onto the wall and slid down. "So we're both in here for no reason."

"Yeah."

A small silence passed, I wasn't sure what else to ask. So I figured I'd just get to know my neighbor.

"I'm Veronica Harris." I said after a while longer.

"The lawyer? Tch, if we get out of here anytime soon I could use a good lawyer."

"Yeah, that's me. What's your case about?"

"Divorce. My ex-wife is trying to get everything from me, as well as compensation for 'emotional distresses' whatever the fuck that is."

"What'd you do?"

He stayed silent for a while. "I'd rather not talk about it yet. But basically, I couldn't give her what she wanted in the end."

"Alright, so what's your name?"

"Earnest."

I smirked. "Earnest Hemmingway?"

"Close, Dalloway."

"Wow, your parents have a whacked sense of humor."

"Yeah, I barely resent them for it." He said in a condescending tone.

"So what do you do?"

"I'm not sure anymore" He laughed. "I was a professor at Brahms U, but after this I'm not sure."

"Oh, what did you teach?"

"Photography, I did some free-lance on the side too."

"So that's where I've heard your name! I took my kids to one of your galleries once! Your pictures are fantastic."

"Thanks, it's always nice to meet a fan. So kids huh? Did they enjoy it?"

"One of them did, the other was bored."

"Well, if I get one kid interested then I've done my job I guess."

"Joseph has always been artistic so it's not that surprising."

"How old are they?"

"Five."

"Both of 'em? Are they twins?"

"Yes, they're far from identical though. They take after uncles in the strangest ways."

"So you have brothers, what're they like?"

"Well, one of them is my actual brother; the other is my brother's husband. Well, fiancé actually. They were going to get married, but I guess that's not happening anymore. John, my brother, is a total dude. He played football through college, almost went pro. Daryl, not my brother, but the next closest thing, is a musician. He composes music for video games right now."

"Wait-is your brother John 'Heartbreak' Harris?"

“Oh man, I haven’t heard anyone call him that in a while. I forgot how he even got that nickname.”

“I follow college football a lot. Your brother is the best quarterback NYU has had since 2013.”

“So people keep reminding us. We’re all very well aware of what people think of Johnny.”

“So why didn’t he go pro?”

“Daryl.”

“He quit playing because of some guy?” he responded dead-pan.

“John and Daryl have been together since they were sixteen. They share the deepest love I’ve ever seen. John would do everything for Daryl; of course he would quit playing ball for him. And vise-versa, Daryl quit trying to get into the music scene to support them.”

“Huh...” he was quiet then, but after a while he asked: “So what does he do now?”

“John? He owns a gym in New York.”

“So your kids act like them, huh?”

“Yeah, they’re both prodigies, according to their school. Joseph can play Mozart’s fifth by memory. And Beau has MVP’d and placed first in any sport he’s tried so far and he even plays with kids that are a couple years older than him.”

“Damn, you must be one proud parent.”

“I’d be proud of them regardless, but yeah I am.”

“So was John at all like Beau when he was young?”

“Not really. John was only ever interested in football; he did baseball for a while. But it kind of melded down to what would get him into college.”

“What about the other guy?”

“Daryl? He’s more of a singer. His fingers get crossed a lot when he plays the piano.”

“Your kids only seem to have generalization in common with them then.”

“I guess, but they both view them as mentors. Daryl is very critical of Joe’s playing. He may not be as good, but his ear is better trained. And Beau mainly relies on his talent.”

John helps him polish his skill. But this is only when they're around. I'm currently going through my own divorce right now. So there's not a lot of time for trips to New York."

"I'd imagine." He said.

"So do you have kids?"

"No. I wanted some, but it never panned out."

"That's too bad. Children are the best thing we can all do with our lives."

"I'd like to feel that way one day."

Another silence passed.

"So, do you know what's going on in the town?" He asked.

"The town? You mean in Silent Hill?"

"Yeah, I mean... that's where you were too, right?"

"Well, yeah. But I was just visiting in town to pick up my kids from a camping trip. I don't know at all what's going on. I went to bed one night and when I woke up I was here."

"Wow... uh, well. The town caught fire again."

I jumped to my feet "What?!"

"It was at night a few days ago. Were your kids already in town when you went to visit?"

"No, they would have arrived the next day."

"Then I doubt they got caught in the fire. They're probably in Brahms. It was where the police were evacuating people to. It was awful; the whole town was a giant inferno."

"Then..." I paused, calming down I sat down again. "Why are you here?"

"I don't know. I was making my way to the evacuation site, but before I could get there, I was smacked by something from behind and when I woke up I was being dragged to... well, here I guess."

"Huh. These people must have taken advantage of the commotion to kidnap people. But why are they kidnapping people in the first place?"

"I don't know. I'm sure we'll find out eventually."

“That scares me.” I said.

“Yeah, me too.”

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“It annoys the fuck out of me.” I said.

“What does?” Ron responded.

“That. Everyone fucking acts like I don’t exist. I’ve been talking for the past five minutes and you haven’t heard a single word I’ve said, have you?”

“Well, I’m your best friend. I’m allowed to tune you out when you become chatty.”

“Gee, thanks. It makes me feel a whole lot better knowing you care about what I say.”

We were walking to the music room, we just finished lunch.

“I could probably do anything and no one would ever acknowledge my existence.”

“Probably.”

As we neared our destination, Corey and one of his goons, Greg, and some dude I’ve never seen before came strolling past us. The new guy was really cute. He was built better than his friends. He had this slicked forward jet-black hair and big, bright green eyes. The new dude was on the outside, Corey was in the middle and Greg was opposite the new guy.

“Watch.” I told Ron.

As the three past us, I tapped the shoulder of the new guy, he turned to face me. I grabbed his face and pressed his lips to mine. I held it there for a few seconds; I think everyone was too shocked to think to pull me off. I let go of his face and continued walking as if nothing had happened.

Ron caught up to me a few seconds later. He gave me a questioning stare.

“What?” I asked.

He sighed and walked past me to open the door to my class.

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The locker-room was quiet. I was kinda expecting some sort of sounds. But nothing echoed, nothing rang, nothing dripped. Just silence. It was eerie, actually. I never

liked silence. It's why I talk so much. Or think so much. Silence bothers me and I need noise for me to feel relaxed.

A faint grunt sounded off from the middle of the building.

The giggling had stopped so I figured they left. I tried the doors again but when I pushed them out, something on the other side was blocking it from opening all the way. I could budge it a little, but I wasn't strong enough.

Fuck.

I sighed, I guess if I'm getting out of here I'll be needing the new guys' help. It never really crossed my mind that there was a back exit. Or to call Ron, but then he'd give me crap about it later and seriously, fuck that. So I traveled down the tiled hallways.

The air was of stale sweat and testosterone, it was kind of gross, but I felt my dick fluff up a little anyway. I fucking hate my thing for smells sometimes. I get off to the weirdest shit.

The place was generally small, so it wasn't hard to find the guy. He was on the other end of a row of lockers. His wide back was staring at my face. His black jersey had the number 12 written across it in large white letters with red accents. My gaze would've burned a hole in his back I was staring so hard.

He eventually turned around and my eyes shot up to meet his. I stared at his bright green eyes. Something in my chest began to shift. His gaze returned mine and it felt like he was working his way into my soul. It felt like I was doing the same to him. We stared at each other for what seemed like hours. The shifting in my chest turned into a flutter. The fluttering in my chest stopped soon and it felt like something... 'Clicked' into place.

As soon as that happened John closed in on the space separating us. As he got closer I began to retreat. My back eventually hit the wall and I couldn't move anymore. Our eyes never loosened from their lock. He raised his left arm up and placed his hand above my head on the wall. He placed the other opposite of the right and leaned forward. His face was close, he was so warm, heat radiated off him. I couldn't move, his overpowering musk filled my nostrils and paralyzed me.

He lifted his head to the side of my face near my ear and whispered "I owe you for earlier." He slowly brought his face back to mine and placed his lips on them.

You know how some people tell you that they feel electricity surge through them when they kiss their significant other? Yeah this kiss sent a shock through me that could power the entire fucking school. It was constant stream of power that flowed through my body and made my knees give out. I nearly collapsed but John caught me under my armpits without breaking the kiss. He lifted me up and began to back up; he sat me down on the end of the bench in between the row of lockers and had me straddle it.

John stood in front of me and lifted his jersey off himself. He still had all his gear on, I could see his abdominal muscles accent from under the spandex shirt he had underneath his pads. He was reaching a hand up to unhook his pads, but he stopped.

He stared me for a long time. I met his gaze intently. He slowly dropped his hand to his side.

He calmly said two words: "Undress me."

I jumped up from the bench, but he pushed me down by shoulders. I looked at him again, and then reached my hands up to the hooks in his pads. They all snapped off one by one, eventually falling off completely. The spandex clung to his body like it was painted on. I could see every muscle on his torso; they were all lean and defined. I reached up and gently stroked each muscle with my fingertips.

My fingers worked their way down the hem of his shirt. I began to lift it up and more of his musk escaped out from under it. I could only lift it so far without standing up, and I knew he didn't want me too. So I lifted it up as far as I could and he instantly grabbed the rest and ripped it off. He tossed the shirt somewhere in the distance. I wasn't exactly paying attention to it.

John's body was a work of art in itself. It showed every amount of training and strain he worked into it. He could make the David look inadequate. His skin was porcelain underneath the light layer of dark hair on his body. I wanted to touch it. I reached up caress the hair. It was surprisingly soft. I nuzzled my cheek into it. I wanted to fall asleep with my head on his bare stomach.

I began to kiss his taut stomach; the salty tang of his sweat engrained itself onto my tongue. It was simple, while complex at the same time. He was salty and sweet, but had a tinge to it that was distinctly Johnny. I licked and kissed my way down his stomach until I met his form-fitting football pants. I gently unraveled the tie-strings and-with his help-pulled them down to reveal and simple, white jock. Again, his musk poured out in abundance and made me more desperate to explore this man. I didn't take any time to study his bulge and just buried my face into it.

Out of pure instinct I began to suckle on the white mesh encasing his dick. Johnny began to groan as I did this. His groan was soft but firm; it turned me on knowing I was making him do it. Not long after this, he pulled my face away; I was staring directly at his quite obscene bulge.

"Take it off" he ordered.

I reached my fingers up to pull off his jock.

“No.” he stated. My fingers jumped at his voice. I pulled my hands back and attached them to the wood of the bench. “With your teeth.”

He let go of my head and I clutched at the waist band that clung to his hips. I slowly pulled it down. It was on him tight so it took a while. I dragged it down by the pouch finally and his dick sprung out and smacked me in the face. It fucking hurt too!

John let the jock fall to his feet. I guess at some point while I was sucking his jock he kicked away his pants. I stared at his dick with my mouth agape. Christ that thing is big. Apparently my mouth being open like looked like an invitation because I felt Johnny’s big paw cup the back of my head. He drew my head forward and lined up the head of his dick to my mouth.

“No teeth.” He growled.

Johnny thrust his dick into my mouth. The head slammed into the back of my throat causing me to gag. I let out a constrained cry out around his dick. But it fell to false ears as John began to pump in and out of my mouth.

His dick stretched out my mouth but I managed to keep my teeth from scraping it. His thrusts were strong and quick. He was fucking my face into submission, using me as a tool to get him off. His ramming eventually beat my throat into relaxing and his thrust deeper down my throat, making it harder for me to breath.

But I didn’t care.

This wasn’t about me. It was about him. I wanted to get him off, and give him pleasure. I *wanted* him to use me. The only thing that I was concentrating on was what I could do to satisfy his lust. And his eyes told me only one thing:

Surrender.

And I did. As he thrust himself one last time down my throat, he came. And as he gave me his seed, I gave myself to him. Fully. I didn’t understand that’s what I did at the time. But I did. I gave myself up willingly and completely to John. I belonged to him, and him only.

After his climax I nursed his dick, making sure to get all of his seed that I could. A lot of it dribbled out. His taste was like his sweat, but stronger and with an... ‘Earthy’ taste that I can’t describe any further than that.

His penis softened and eventually became too sensitive from the stimulation and he pushed me off him. He collapsed on top of me and was about to place his lips on mine. But he stopped though, and looked at me.

“Swallow.” He ordered.

I did so, with an audible gulp. As soon as it sounded he ravaged my lips, his kiss set fire to my body. He slipped his hands under my shirt and felt up my body. His touch left a burning sensation in its wake. His body slowly encased me in its warmth and I felt for the first time in my life like I belonged somewhere.

He lifted his face from mine and placed his head in the crook of my neck. We were both breathing heavily. It took us a while for us calm down and catch our breath. After a while of being in that position he asked:

“Did you feel it?” He asked hoarsely

I couldn’t respond, my lungs were still too incapacitated for speaking.

“Did you feel it?” He asked again with labored breath.

I felt a lot of fucking things, but it took me a while to understand what he meant specifically.

“That feeling you got in your chest?” I stopped to catch my breath. I shifted myself from under him and sat up. I scooted down so he would have room to sit. “That thing that felt like something popped into place?”

“Yeah.”

We stared at each other; I didn’t know what to say. The look in John’s eyes that was there when I came in was gone.

“When I look at you now I feel different.” He said.

“Like how?”

“I feel like... I don’t know, it’s weird, I can’t really put the feeling into words. The best way I can put it is, it feels... correct? It’s as if this feeling should have been there the entire time.”

“I understand. I feel it too.”

“I only feel it when I’m around you, or looking at you. It was there when we first met. When you, uh, kissed me.” He scratched the back of his head.

I blushed. “So... what do we do with... this?” I waved my hand between us indicating what we were feeling.

“I-I don’t know.” He said.

We sat in silence, it was comfortable, and it was strange. I couldn't think of anything except the tingling sensation he left on my lips. I could still feel his hands where he touched me. I still had the lingering taste of his cum. I smelled him on me every time I drew breath.

"Did I hurt you?" He asked. That caught me off guard. He didn't seem all that concerned when he was fucking my mouth like an animal.

"My jaw kind of hurts," I said massaging it, "but I think it would regardless of how gentle you were." I looked down at his crotch. "Are all football players as big as you?"

He scratched the back of his head and looked away slightly. "I'm not usually like that, you know, commanding and stuff. I-I used to be, a lot, but when I saw that I was a big jerk because of it, I stopped."

"Is that why you're so quiet?"

"Yeah, I didn't want to be like that. I didn't want people to be intimidated or scared of me anymore." He said with some sadness.

"That's impossible." I stated matter-of-factly.

He looked at me with confusion on his face. He was sitting on the bench facing the lockers now; I turned around and lied down, placing my head on his thigh.

"You have a presence that exudes dominance. You're doing exactly the same thing; you're just not acting like you're god's gift to the world anymore. It's not a bad thing Johnny, people like you are necessary. The dominant thing, not the acting like an asshole thing, besides, the way you acted a few minutes ago... turned me on."

With that left in the air, we sat a second.

"That's the first time you've said my name."

I blinked. "I say all this existential stuff about you and you point out something like *that*?"

"Well, it is." He said quietly, scratching the back of his head again.

I laughed, and he did too not long after. We stayed like that, my head on his thigh; we were staring into eachother again.

"You wanna put some clothes on?" I said suddenly.

He nodded and I got up. I watched him get dressed; every movement he made was with purpose. Was it graceful? Eh, more or less, but he knew what he wanted to do. It

was kind of amazing to watch. I've never really seen anyone move with such intention before, I know, it's a weird thing to notice... but it stuck out to me, much like his fantastic ass that was waving back and forth in front of my face.

After he was dressed, he turned to me and we stared at eachother again.

“So...” he said.

“How’s your back?”

“It’s fi-wait, how did you know about that?”

“Your cronies told me about it while I was waiting outside. They forced me to come in here because they’d thought you’d kick my ass. They even propped something against the door to keep me from getting out.”

“I wouldn’t kick your ass; I’d do something else to it.” He said non-chalantly. I was again, caught off guard, my eyes went wide. It took him a second to realize what he just said. He turned to me, “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to imply-“

“No, it’s okay.” I said quickly.

We were silent for a minute then Johnny scratched the back of his head again. “I feel like a girl.”

I snorted. “Tell me about it”

“So... about this report.”

“Don’t worry about it. Kahl’s a new teacher, my history teacher from last year gave Ron and I the exact same assignment. He won’t know the difference if I put your name over his and changed a few things.”

“So what do we do with the month we have to do it?”

I shrugged. “Buy me dinner?”

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And thus, their relationship begins! I had fun writing this one. I had the entire thing played out in my head. It was one of the easiest to write so far. I could write an entire book in itself about John and Daryl in high school. But that’d kind of defeat the purpose of the current story now wouldn’t it?

Let me know what you think at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com), I like to hear from people, it makes me feel like this whole thing is worth it.