

Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaase don't kill me! I had computer problems so I couldn't write! If I didn't have them I would've had this out two weeks ago! I apologize profusely, like seriously, I know how shitty it is when you like a story and it takes forever to update. I doubt I'll be having many computer problems that are foreseeable anytime soon so I'll be updating more often.

So now that my groveling is out of the way;

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.

Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken

By Eric Wythe

Chp. 15

I spent a decent amount of time just sitting around our hotel room. I didn't want to leave in case Daryl forgot his key or something. The TV only showed static and I couldn't pick up any of our old radio stations. I decided I'd just go look for him like I should've done two hours ago.

Day had broken by that time so I had some light in the bathroom. The water still worked so I had a nice hot shower. The hot water felt good on my neck. I needed some relaxation, Daryl not being here still bugged me.

I tossed on a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt. I grabbed my phone in case Daryl decided to call me. Knowing our luck as soon as I leave the room he'll have come back to find the door locked.

I exited our room, finding the hallway quiet. The floorboards groaned from my weight, providing small reprieves from the deafening silence. I might be quiet but I don't like it quiet. I don't know... Daryl's always talking. It's always been one of those things that just make things seem more... alive.

His voice is deep and velvety, every word rolls off his tongue like he's the one who invented it. It was never really what he said; just more that he was saying it. You tell his comfort level by the way he was talking. If he was being loud and obnoxious then that means he's uncomfortable in the situation. He normally talks in a low voice, as if everything thing he's saying is a secret.

To me it is.

I really had no idea where to check for Daryl. I knew he wouldn't leave the hotel without at least letting me know. He wasn't at the pool. He wasn't in the courtyard, the dining room or even the library. In fact no one was. The whole place was empty. I didn't even see any of the staff. The only place I hadn't checked was the bar.

It was an old watering hole, with a stand-up bar that you lean on rather than sit at. Various empty bottles and neon signs hung on the mirrored shelves behind the bar. Tables and chairs lined the edges of the room all wrapped together by navy gray walls.

At the bar was very thin woman, she seemed young, maybe my age. She wore a white padded vest with a sleeveless green shirt underneath. Her hair was short and dirty blonde, spiked up. She had jeans on and a pair of boots. She was staring at an orange liquid in a shot glass, most likely whiskey.

“Excuse me, do you work here?” I asked.

She brought her drink up to her mouth and took a long sip. She slowly placed right back in front of her. Without looking up from her drink she responded, “Nope.”

“Do you know where I can find someone?”

“They all left. Everyone did.”

“What? Why?”

She shrugged. I turned from her and leaned on the bar. She slid a bottle of whiskey.

“Why are you still here then?”

“I could ask you the same.”

“I was asleep. Someone knocked on my door and woke me up.”

“You should've just gone back to sleep.”

“I couldn't.”

“Why.”

“My fiancé wasn't there. I can't sleep without him.”

“Figures.”

We just stood there for a few seconds. I took a sip of the whiskey. It burned the back of my throat as it went down. It's been a while since I'd had the strong stuff. I had a partying problem in college. I stopped drinking anything too heavy.

“You never mentioned why you’re here.” I said.

“I’m looking for someone too.”

“Who?”

She pushed herself off the bar and began to walk out of the room.

“I don’t know.”

I followed her out. “How can you be looking for someone you don’t know?”

“I just am.”

“So you think they’re here?”

“I don’t know.”

I stopped, this wasn’t going anywhere.

“Well, good luck.” I turned and walked the other direction.

I guess I’ll go back to the room.

There was door open at the end of the hallway when I got there. I heard a loud thud come from the room. I looked to my door, then back at the open one. I took a few steps forward and heard a thud again.

A few steps away from the door, my phone began to vibrate. I picked it out of my pocket. The screen was flickering on and off and it was making weird noises. I held it up to my ear and shook it. I heard a louder thud. I pocketed it, deciding I’d figure it out later.

I took a few steps forward and something flew out of the doorway and hit the door on the other side. It was a long iron pipe, the sort of thing you’d find in internal plumbing. I walked under the doorway and had to step over a chunk of furniture. From the floral pattern it was a couch.

“Hello?” I called out.

I poked my head around the corner where the source of the noise was coming from. I thought I saw someone naked bent down so I swiveled around.

“Oh man, sorry. I didn’t mean to walk in on you.” I said.

I didn't hear a response just a sniffling kind of noise. My cell began to make a louder sound.

"Uh, are you okay? I heard a lot of noise and just- 'I poked my around the corner again.

This time I didn't turn away. It wasn't a person. It looked kind of like one. It looked like a skeleton with a shiny, thin layer of discolored skin covering everything. The mouth, eye sockets, everything that would make it look a little human.

I stared at it. Its face was turned to my general direction; I took a slow step back and ended up stepping on a bunch of debris from the torn up furniture. It made a loud crunching sound. I looked back at the thing. I saw its jaw work as it opened its mouth and let out a low hissing sound. It outstretched its legs and began to stumble forward; it fell over different pieces of furniture but never stopped moving. I stepped over various piles of junk back out into the hallway, with the thing not far behind me.

In the hallway I noticed the steel pipe and picked it up in time for the thing to stumble into me, knocking me against the door. I kicked it off me and fled down the hall. I swiveled around with the pipe up ready to knock the living shit out of it.

It stumbled forward and kept running into the walls. When it stood still long enough I took a swing at its head. Its skull collapsed into itself as the body followed suit onto the ground.

It began to writhe and hiss. It was piercing my ears so I gave it a swift hit to its torso and it stopped moving entirely. I shoved it with my iron pipe to make sure it was dead. I climbed over it to go explore the room it left open.

The thing had done a number on it. There was ripped up furniture everywhere. Fluffs of cotton and fabric strewn about, there was water pouring out from the bathroom. I guess this pipe did come from the plumbing. I used the pipe to flip over several obstructions.

I searched through piles of crap until I kicked up a small camera. I turned it on; it only had four pictures on it. One was of the grand piano in the restaurant; another was of the pool when it's drained.

The third was taken in another bedroom, the picture was dark, and the only light came from the canopy windows. I could only make out silhouettes of the bed and the dresser across from it. The bed had the shapes of a large figure lying on top of a smaller one...

My stomach sunk.

The... fourth was blurrier than the rest. It was taken outside. It looked like a dark upside down T. I got up and fished out my room-key. That... that could be anyone right, what are the chances?

I opened the door to my room and I could immediately tell something was off. Everything seemed normal. Our luggage was still there. Our coats were still hung up in the closest. The bed was untouched. I even checked the bathroom... Ah, actually I just had to take a piss. The plumbing still worked.

The dresser was in my view as I came out of the bathroom. A drawer was misaligned. I jumped over to it and yanked it out of the dresser. This is the drawer that usually has the bible in it. We leave those alone mostly. There was a bible here, and something else.

It was small and square, it looked like a jewelry box. I opened it and music started playing. The sound was soft, and the melody was comforting. I had this real sudden urge to hold Daryl. The closest thing was a shirt he wore the day we got here. I hugged it to my chest. It still smelled like him. I rubbed my face into it. I'm really hopeless without the squirt. I breathed into the shirt again.

Fuck.

I hope he's okay.

When I came back down, a lot of the doors to the place became locked for no real reason.

That pissed me off.

So I kicked in the door to the restaurant. My parents can pick up the tab. It was a pretty bare-bones place, chairs, tables, and a big piano in the corner. When Daryl and I were seniors him and his music teacher, Beth, spent an entire weekend tuning the thing, I hung around in case they needed someone for heavy lifting. I spent most of the time handing Daryl tuning forks.

We got free stay at the hotel for the time so it wasn't that bad. It was great actually. I got really horny watching Daryl work on this thing. He's so meticulous; he was engrossed with fixing it. His face would this look of intense concentration on his face. It always got me hot. When they finished fixing it up, they had a concert during dinner, Daryl made two-hundred bucks in tips.

It amazes me every time I watch him sing. Daryl likes to keep his feelings to himself. He has no problem telling other people how they feel, but he always has a wall up. But when he's on stage, his entire soul just pours over. He makes the room glow. I

ran my hands along the black paneling. My fingers collected what seemed like years of build-up.

I wasn't paying attention and didn't see that the floor rose for the piano. I tripped and fell onto the stool. My weight crushed the bench under me and I landed face first onto the deck.

"Fuck," I groaned. I pushed myself up. I started picking out the splinters in my shirt.

"Are you usually accident prone?"

I turned my head. It was that girl again.

"Yeah. What're you doing here?"

"I heard a noise."

I'm getting frustrated, "Well you found out what it was."

She walked over and began digging through my mess.

"Sorry. I guess. I'm not very good with people." She said.

"I noticed."

"I guess you're not either."

"I have fifty splinters in my chest. I'm allowed to be ticked."

She stopped sifting through the debris, "What'd you need in here that made you break down the door anyway?"

I looked down into the pile of wood and saw a black box the same size as the one I found in my room. I reached out and picked it up.

"This." I said getting up.

"What is it?"

"A music box." I opened the box, a melody similar to the other played. This one was far from comforting, it was slow and melancholy. The girl got a distant look on her face when the music started playing.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"... Hailey." She answered absent-mindedly.

“Do you recognize this music Hailey?”

“I-I think so... wait,” she reached behind her and dug around in her pocket. “Here.” She held out a key, “I found this in another room; it opens the door to the entrance. There’s a big thing-a-ma-jig there that played music a long time ago.” I took the key and she turned around and walked out.

“Where are you going?”

She stopped short at the entrance. She braced her arm against the arch. “I’m going to look around more.” She bowed her head and sigh. She murmured something under her breath and walked off.

Strange girl...

The large reception area of the hotel smelled like mildew. The sun was beginning to go down. The polished oak paneling glistened in the slight light coming from the French doors. A large staircase took up most of the room. At the bottom of the staircase was a large wooden fixture with many mechanical components exposed through glass paneling.

The wooden object had a shelf in the front of it. On the shelf were three rectangular indents. I placed one of the music boxes in the indents, it made a small click as I fixed into place. I placed the other one in the indent next to it.

The third one remained empty. I fished out the pictures in my pocket. The pool was the only clue I had as I can’t figure out what the third picture is. It’s outside, because the fog is distorting whatever I saw supposed to be seeing. I looked at the pool, it was drained, the third box is probably at the bottom.

So... I guess I better fish out my board shorts.

Shorter than I wanted it to be, but if I added anymore than it would’ve been *too* long, y’know? I’ll get right on the next one! Johnny’s little stint will be short but sweet, it builds up to the final chapters and all. I’m thinking this is the halfway point for this book. Thirty chapters is enough room for me, probably more than I need unless I think of new things to add.

Also; I lied and posted my new story anyway. You can find it here:

<http://nifty.guiltygroups.com/nifty/gay/relationships/our-place-in-the-world/>

If you’re starved for John/Daryl sex then that should help. Enjoy!

As always you can tell me what you think at eric.wythe@gmail.com.