

Just a warning! I switch perspectives from Daryl to John part-way through, I won't tell you where, but you'll probably figure it out. I made that part easy... I hope.

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. 6

“What did you do?” John asked me as I hopped in the truck.

“I quite possibly, single-handedly ruined your parents’ marriage.”

John sighed. “If they didn’t deserve to be miserable I would yell at you.” He put his head to the steering wheel and closed his eyes.

“Hey, if it makes you feel better, my dad wasn’t exactly the most accepting person ever.” I scooted over to him and rubbed his back.

“It doesn’t. We’ve been through more shit in our lives than we deserve.” He took my hand and stared at me with tired eyes.

“Tch, if we got we got what we all deserved the world would be a happier place.”

“I feel like shit now. Let’s go visit my sister. I want to see our nephews.”

“I’d like that.”

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Veronica is John’s twin sister (she’s older by two minutes, but Johnny never admits to her being her “big sister”) and my best friend/fag-hag. She’s a tried and tested genius, graduated early, went off to college and got a law-degree and everything. Now she’s the top-rated lawyer of the state. Although she’s, if I may say, a stone-cold fox.

Much like how John shares many of his father’s traits, like his jet-black hair, startling green eyes and powerful build, Veronica shares mostly traits with her mother. She has long, gorgeous dirty blonde hair, with sharp hazel eyes. Of course, the odd thing about V and her mom is that her mom needs to try to look beautiful by piling on makeup and plastic surgery; Veronica has a natural beauty about her. She never needs to try to look good. She just does.

You would never guess the two were twins, as John is big and a bit bulky, while V is small and petite. You wouldn't even think they were even related until you saw them both smile. They were exactly the same. They got it from their late-grandmother. And yeah, they were perfect. I still don't know how I landed John, or how an idiot like Grant got V. Yeah, the guy was hot. But he wasn't nearly intelligent enough for that marriage to work. We all knew it.

V met Grant in law school, they had a sex once. The stupidest thing V ever did was have un-protected sex with that moron. Of course, when she told everyone she was pregnant she wanted to give the kids up. Nope! Her parents called for a shotgun wedding! Of course, they divorced behind everyone's back after the twins were born. These two were identical, not fraternal, one more thing that V did better than her mom.

So, in case you lost track we have: an unsatisfied video-game composer, a football washout who owns a struggling gym, an ex-gymnast-slash-artist who's afraid of success, and a single female lawyer-mom who's just trying to free herself from her ex-husband.

Well, at least the only real vices John and I have are money. We managed to escape our shit without a lot of problem. Ron and V are still in the thick of it. V is still in court over child-support with Grant. After five years. Grant may be a moron, but he's a damn good prosecutor. He kind of proves that anyone can smooth-talk their way into anything. V proves that cold-hard facts win everything. Ergo these two forces stretch a raging battle from what should be an open-shut case. What I don't get is how either one of them can still make so much damn money when they're fighting their own cases. Either way Joe and Beau are going to be well off.

As busy as her career makes her, she puts her kids before everything. I admire that about V. It must be hard for her sometimes. She's by herself, she stopped talking to her parents after she mentioned the "A" word to them when she got pregnant and they forced her to get married. She's at a constant legal war with her ex for some dumb reason or another. Her brother and best friend live in New York together. Well, she has Ron, but he's kind of unreliable. I love him, but he's just not good at being places at specific times.

Remarkably, she managed to buy a very nice house in the suburbs of Brahms and keeps her kid's life generally normal. Even though Grant is their father, he wanted nothing to do with the kids. She won full custody easily.

Our lives are full of assholes, I've noticed.

As we drove along the row of white houses with perfect lawns and the single baby oak trees that were planted when they built the houses. This part of town was relatively new, so the trees weren't very tall.

We came to the end of the cul-de-sac and park at the house at the mouth of the street.

“I don’t know how she does it.” I said.

“Me neither.”

Suburbs creeped me out some. They were always so quiet. We walked in silence up to the door. I could tell John was still in a mood over his parents. I walked closer and leaned into him. He seemed to relax from that.

I stopped him mid-stride.

“C’mere.” As I turned around, he wrapped his arms around me and placed his head in the crook of my neck. He clung to me for a bit, my shoulder was wet. When John cried, he didn’t sob, he just let the tears come without noise. I always found it sort of endearing but it bugged me a little at the same time. I don’t know why, it just does.

He lifted his head up and looked at me. I mustered up the warmest smile I could and wiped the last tear at the corner of his eye with my thumb.

Neither of us never really had to say anything in those moments.

He took my hand and we walked the last of three feet without incident. The door opened as soon as we got to it.

“A-ha-ha-ha, Ron just called, you’re an evil bitch from hell you know that D?”

“Takes one to break one” I scoffed. “So I take it your Dad’s been kicked out.”

“Pretty much, come in.” She left the doorway and we followed her into her kitchen. We all sat down, she handed John a beer and me and her had some sort of fruity drink she mixed up.

“Where’s the twins?” John asked, his eyes were big and full of excitement. He loves his nephews.

“The boys are on a camping trip, they won’t be back until tomorrow. I have to go into Silent Hill to get them, so I figured the five of us can go out to dinner if they’re not too tired.”

John’s face dropped. I frowned seeing his expression. I turned to look at Veronica she had a curious look on her.

“When we were at your parent’s house, John did most of the talking. The only thing I did was tell your mom about your dad’s affair.”

John took a long swig from his bottle and looked down at the table.

“John.” I shot him a concerned look.

“Sorry… I was just… really looking forward to seeing them.” He abruptly got up and walked out of the kitchen. “Bathroom.” he muttered.

V and I just exchanged glances and sat there.

“I’m guessing he took this harder than me.” She said.

“Yeah, he’s more broken up about it. He really wanted your parents to be… I don’t know… parents? He’s not as self-reliant and independent as you and me.”

“I never understood that. He’s so logical and together most of the time, it surprises me he’s not jaded the way I am.”

“He needs love like the rest of us though. I can’t give him a childhood. I can only give him our future. He loves the boys though. You saw the way he lit up when he mentioned them.”

“You boys going to get kids?”

“Yeah” I sighed. “We both want the whole “normal” family thing. Kids, dog, white-picket fence and whatnot.”

“Be more normal than anything we’ve been put through.”

“I’ll drink to that.” I downed my fruity concoction and stood up.

“You going to go check on him?”

“Yup, that’s what the drink was for.”

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I propped myself up against the sink and looked at myself in the large mirror. I’m pathetic. Mom… dad… they never really cared about me. They just used us to live out their fantasies. I was dumb to think they’d changed. It’s not fair, all I’ve ever wanted was my parents to look at me and say they love me. They never ever did.

I sighed and heard a soft knock at the door. I didn’t lock it or anything, and I heard the knob turn. Daryl walked in with a cautious look. I guess it doesn’t matter what look he has on his face, I’d be glad to see him if he was seething.

“Hey...” he said.

“Hi...” I responded. Not our usual banter, I felt awkward.

I sat at the edge of the bathtub I slouched, resting my forearms on my legs and looked up to him. He just smiled and walked over to me and straddled my lap. I let my head drop into the crook of his neck again. I needed Daryl to be my rock again. I never had anything too traumatic to need him like this often, but when I do he doesn’t deny me comfort, and I’m glad for that.

I didn’t cry this time; I just didn’t want to think for a second. Being around Daryl always cleared my head. I didn’t think of anything except what part of him was touching me and what I could feel. My arms encircled around his waist, his around my neck. His legs were straddled around my hips and the fact his ass was resting on my crotch didn’t go unnoticed. He fit so perfectly in me.

He smelled like Old Spice. Aqua Reef, his favorite, it smells really good on him. His head was against mine; his nose was against my temple. I could feel his warm breath on my cheek. It smelled like apple, Daryl and his fruity drinks. His heart was beating in sync with his hands that were making circles on my back and his feet that were softly tapping against my shins. His body was like a musical instrument in perpetual song. It drives me nuts sometimes, but now I needed the distraction.

I lifted up my head to meet his. His wavy, bordering curly, dark-brown hair was getting long; his bangs nearly reached down to his eyebrows again. He likes it short, says he can do more with it. I never really cared; I love his hair regardless of what he does with it. I wish my hair was naturally wavy/curly like that.

I looked into his dark-blue eyes. He had normal blue eyes. They weren’t crystal blue, or sky blue or powder blue or whatever; they were ocean blue, if you wanted to get specific, with light green rings around his pupils. His eyes were like islands, his pupils were the land and the green was the beach with the blue ocean surrounding it.

I brought my lips to his, they were so soft, delicate, he had just put on chap stick, and they had a hunger behind them I knew all too well. We just held our lips together, to me; it was as if we were closing a final gap. As if we put everything we had together. It reminded me, no matter what, Daryl will be there. He’s my only hope. And this fact made me realize something. I separated our lips and rested my forehead against his.

“Daryl, I love you.”

“I know that already. I love you too.” He whispered.

“Yeah, but my parents don’t... And loving you, unconditionally loving you, and you in return doing the same, makes me understand that my parents don’t. And... that’s their

loss. If they don't want to put in the effort to love their only son then I don't need them, because I have you.”

“And Veronica, Beau, Joe, Ron, we all love you Johnny.”

“Yeah, but never as much as you and I love you more than anyone. And whatever happens to us. If we're ever apart or in trouble, I will go against any odds just to hold you, and kiss you, and be with you, where I rightfully belong. I will fight any and everything, just to prove that to whoever for one moment doubts me.”

“That sounds like a vow.” His voice was barely above a whisper.

“It is. That is my vow to you Daryl. I don't need a chapel, or rings or any of that to say it.”

“You truly are a beautiful man John.” I saw a single tear roll down his right cheek.

“Daryl... you haven't cried since—“

“I know. You got me all emotional you bastard.” He laughed.

I smiled and kissed his tear away.

“These are for happiness right?”

He chuckled and smiled. His eyes were red and puffy and he couldn't have looked any more radiant. “Yes they are. I love you.”

We kissed again. And I looked down. The edge of the bathtub was wide enough to fit both of us comfortably. The side was extremely wide for some reason.

“Veronica has a really big bathtub.” I said.

He looked down and we both started cracking up.

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Veronica thought it was best to stay in town so she can pick up her kids with better ease. Brahms may be the next town over, but it's still a decent trip down the way. She decided to stay with her girlfriend in the apartment complexes in the middle of town.

I called Ron that evening; I caught him on his way out to see his dad. He's in his final stages of pancreatic cancer. They could've done something about it, had they caught it earlier, but it was too late so Ron makes an effort to see him every week, since he's the only one of his siblings that still lives in town.

John and I finally had our alone time, after an insanely romantic dinner he set up all by himself. I don't know how he manages to keep sweeping me off my feet the way he does. You'd think after ten years he'd run out of ideas.

Thank god for small favors.

We settled down, and for once, I felt normal in this town. It was odd. I guess you never really feel truly at home until you've been away from it...

... Who the fuck am I kidding? This place this will always make my stomach churn. The only reason this night was enjoyable was the gorgeous man next to me trying to distract me with sex.

Of course, he's very good at distracting me.

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#### Fun Facts!

In case you're wondering, most of my characters are based off people I know. Daryl and I are incredibly similar. We're not the same person though. I have no John in my life; he's just a mix of what I find attractive in a man, and what Daryl does. Veronica is based off my proofreader. Daryl's mom is, again, incredibly similar but not the same as my own mom.

If you wanna know more email me at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).