

America
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Michael J. Williams

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“In the hopes that humanity will never falter
in the face of evil.”

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1. The Trailer Park
2. White Picket Fences
3. To Serve and Protect Who
4. Rags and Towelheads
5. Still, Hope for the Hopeless

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CHAPTER ONE
The Trailer Park

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The loud clicking sound of James cocking his .45 caliber pistol breaks the silence in the room. James pulls the trigger. The hammer hits. James stare is intense as he fucks his weapon with his eyes. James kisses his gun. He pops in the sixteen round magazine.

Hannah enters the bedroom and rolls her eyes at her husband's incestuous love for his weapons.

James is at his breaking point. He places the barrel of his pistol to his temple.

With venom in her voice, Hannah screams out "For God sake, just do it."

James turns his pistol at Hannah. She doesn't flinch. No fear in her eyes, Hannah storms over to where James is sitting. She grabs his gun and places it underneath her chin.

"I hope you blow your fucking head off" James spews at her.

Hannah turns the gun towards James and replies "Who's going to take care of you

dumb ass if I do?"

James snatches his pistol from out of Hannah's hand. She walks away laughing at James to his dismay. His temperature boils even hotter than before. He places his .45 caliber handgun down on the table near his loaded AR-15 semi-automatic rifle.

James stands up and stares at the wall for a second. He looks down at his sharp jagged edge knife that's lying on the table. He picks up his knife and storms out of the room.

Hannah is folding clothes in the living room. She places a pair of James' work pants on the arm of the couch next to several towels she's already folded.

James creeps up behind her and spins her around towards him. He grips her cheeks tightly. Hannah squirms in pain. She grabs his hand and arm.

"The fuck are you doing?" as Hannah barely gets it out.

James takes the back of the knife's blade

and presses it hard near Hannah's eye socket. Fear races across Hannah's face.

"Got nothing slick to say now do you?" James' anger and rage engulf his soul.

Tears start to roll down Hannah's face. She freezes, fearful that James might actually do it this time. She sees the face of a madman who's completely lost it.

"I'm not going to tell you again to stay out of my gun room." He stares angrily into her watery eyes as his intensity burns a hole in her. "That second bedroom is my room." Hannah's cheeks are red as her eyes flutter from the pain. "You've got the kitchen and the living room and the room we both sleep in. Got it!"

Hannah struggles to nod her head as James' grip gets tighter and tighter.

James releases his grip on Hannah's face. He continues to just stare at her. Hannah refuses to make any sudden moves, not knowing what her abusive husband will do next.

A big smile breaks out on to James' face. He starts laughing and pointing at Hannah as she watches him in complete horror.

James spits at Hannah. "I really don't need your shit bitch." Hannah remains quiet and frozen in place. Her arms locked close to her chest. Her heart pounding so hard that the thumping sounds like a fist punching a wall.

"Bad enough I have to work my ass off at work every God Damn day." James balls his fist tightly. "Now I actually have to worry about niggers, rapist spic, or some slant-eyed chink stealing my job."

James aggressively points his knife at Hannah. "Not to mention worrying about some terrorist raghead Arab Muslim scum blowing me up." James vehemently shakes his head still pointing the knife at Hannah.

"But soon all those damn illegal immigrant criminals will all be deported back to their third world cesspool of a country. And we, the real blooded

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Americans will have our country back. No more niggers or spics or sand niggers to worry about. We'll be great again."

Hannah looks on in complete horror as she doesn't know what to do or how to react.

"And my parents' will finally be free from that damn Obamacare. Their ACA is all that they need!" James turns and storms away.

Hannah's hands uncontrollably shake and tremble. Hands still shaking, she has a hard time wiping James' spit out of her long dirty blond hair. She sits on the arm of the couch and breaks down and sobs quietly.

James burst through the door of the master bedroom almost tearing the door off of the hinges. James stabs his bed several times cursing out loud to himself. James puts the knife down and sits on the bed.

He's still steaming. He closes his eyes tight as he tries to calm down.

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Hannah rubs her mouth with her right hand that's still trembling. She gets up off of the couch and quietly walks to the front door. Her trembling left-hand tries to turn the doorknob. She turns and looks back at the bedroom door to make sure James isn't coming.

After several attempts, she finally turns the knob. She slowly and quietly opens the door and sneaks outside.

The bright sunlight blinds her for a second as her watery eyes try to adjust.

Hannah walks to the street and stands there for a second. Tears continue to flow down her face. She wipes the tears away and composes herself.

Hannah turns and looks at her trailer home for a minute. She begins to walk down the mostly unpaved street.

James walks out of the bedroom scratching his freshly shaved bald head. He heads for the kitchen and straight to the refrigerator. He swings open the door on the

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refrigerator and grabs a cold one. He pops open the top and chugs it down. He crumples the can up and tosses it on the kitchen floor. He grabs another one and pops it open. He sips on his second beer as he slams the refrigerator door shut.

James walks into the living room and towards the couch. He pushes the freshly folded clothes onto the floor. James falls down on the couch and grabs the remote. He leans back and places his dirty shoes on top of the old coffee table.

James turns on the television and flips through the channels with his remote. James pulls out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. The box is crumpled but the cigarettes inside are undamaged. James takes one out and places a cigarette in his mouth. He lights the cigarette with the lighter he pulled out of his right pocket.

Hannah walks through the trailer park daydreaming about white picket fences and a life in the suburbs. She envisions herself married to a successful hedge fund manager that treats her like a queen. She also

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envisions herself as a very successful entrepreneur with two lovely and loving kids.

Hannah is brought back to reality as the horn from a caravan is honking loudly. She realizes that she's standing in the front of a driveway of someone's trailer home. Hannah waves and continues to walk on.

Four empty crushed up beer cans sit on the coffee table. Six cigarette butts sitting in the ashtray. James goes to the second bedroom of his trailer home, his gun room, and comes back with a glass pipe and a bag of crack. James falls back down on the couch as he is giddy like a kid on Christmas.

James packs his crack pipe and places it near his mouth. James lights the pipe and takes a deep hard pull. James coughs hard several times. He clears his throat and takes another big hit. The high hit him hard and fast as his body shakes from the euphoria that quickly overcomes him.

Hannah walks up to the front door of a rusty old trailer. She starts to knock on the

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door but pauses for a second. She starts to turn and walk away but decides not to.

After a few knocks the door opens. Marcus is standing in the doorway. He smiles when he sees Hannah. Hannah weakly smiles back. They hug.

Hannah enters and they walk into the living room. Hannah sits down on the dusty old couch. Marcus sits down next to her.

“You look sad. Is everything okay?” Marcus looks concerned for Hannah’s well-being. He notices the deep red line on her face from James’ knife. “Why is there a mark on your face?”

Hannah rubs her face. Her fingers slowly rub over the deep impression James’ knife left. “A stupid accident.”

Marcus doesn’t believe that and wants to press her about it but decides not to.

Hannah sits quietly on the couch for a few minutes.

Marcus gets up and goes into the kitchen. He comes back out with a bottle of whiskey and two shot glasses. He pours both glasses to the rim. He hands Hannah a glass.

Hannah takes a big sip. A smile slowly grows on her face.

“I knew that would get a smile out of you.”

Hannah giggles and begins to blush. She covers her eyes with her hands. A little embarrassed for enjoying her first glass of whiskey of the day.

Marcus gently grabs her hands and removes her hands from in front of her face. Hannah leans her head on Marcus’ shoulder. She inhales and then exhales. She’s relaxed and feels comfortable with her friend.

James takes a long deep hit off of his crack pipe. The crackling and popping sound of the crack inside the pipe is music to James’ ears. He blows out a large cloud of smoke. He places his crack pipe on the coffee table

and picks up his can of beer.

James chugs a big gulp of alcohol. Some of it runs down his chin and into his dirty thick beard. James belches loudly as the alcohol drips off of his beard and onto the floor.

James wipes his mouth with the old raggedy t-shirt he's wearing. He picks his crack pipe up and takes another hit. James gags then vomit on the floor. James grabs one of the towels laying on the floor and tosses it on top of his puke.

James picks up his beer and shakes it. It's empty. He gets up and goes to the refrigerator to grab another cold one.

Marcus pours another shot into his and Hannah's shot glasses. "He's such a prick." Marcus looks at Hannah with empathy feeling her pain. "Always blaming everybody else for his shortcomings." They both do their shots.

Marcus coughs and pounds his chest. "That went down hard." Hannah giggles.

“So leave him. You can always stay here.”

Hannah contemplates the idea for a second. “I don’t need the drama.” Her face frowns up irritated at the thought of her husband. “There’s too much gossiping going on already in this fucking place.” Hannah shakes her head no. “I don’t need to be the cause of anymore.”

Marcus refills both shot glasses. “You live in a trailer park.” Marcus waves his arms around like look around. This is your environment. “People have nothing else to do.”

Hannah disappointingly nods her head in agreement.

“You got something for me?” Hannah stares at Marcus with wide eyes. “I could really use a little something right now.”

Marcus nods his head and gets up and goes into his bedroom. Hannah kicks off her shoes as she starts to unwind and relax a bit more. Marcus comes out holding something in his hand.

Hannah smiles with glee. She reaches her hand out before Marcus can reach the couch.

"You're a lifesaver," Hannah confesses to Marcus. "I really need this." Hannah taps her feet as she can't wait for Marcus to hand it to her. "I've been in so much pain since the accident."

Marcus sits down on the couch. He opens up his hands. Hannah quickly grabs the two blue pills. She pops them into her mouth and swallows them. She washes the pills down with her whiskey.

Hannah licks her lips as she enjoys the taste. Hannah leans over and kisses Marcus on the lips.

"You're the best!" Hannah runs her hand through Marcus's long greasy hair.

Marcus does his shot of whiskey. He picks up his pack of cheap no-name brand cigarettes. He lights one up and takes a puff.

Hannah's eyes slowly squint as the muscle

relaxers start to kick in. Hannah slumps back on the couch.

“So whatever happened with your lawsuit for that?” Marcus curiously ask.

Hannah eyes almost completely closed. "Damn bastards first had the nerves to say that I was at fault. Then they had the nerve to fire me. Saying because I failed the drug test the company was not at fault. Even though the kitchen floors were just mopped and still wet."

Marcus looks at Hannah but has no response. He just watches as she appears to be falling asleep. His eyes locked in on Hannah's breast as he can see that she is not wearing a bra.

Marcus is obsessed with his best friend but is too afraid to tell her his deep love for her. His eyes slowly move down towards her stomach that is exposed. He licks his lips as his eyes stare at her flat stomach.

There's a knock on the front door.

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Hannah opens her eyes as she is startled by the loud banging on the door. Hannah is spooked even more by the way Marcus is obsessively staring at her body.

Hannah's hands quickly cover her erect nipples that are poking through her thin shirt.

Marcus looks away embarrassed. He gets up and walks to the window. He looks through the blinds.

Barry and Katlin are standing outside. Barry has two bottles of liquor in his hands. A bottle of rum and another bottle of whiskey. Katlin is holding a twelve pack.

Marcus takes two more puffs off of his cigarette then opens the door and lets his two neighbors in.

Hannah still sitting on the couch looks over her shoulder and sees both Barry and Katlin.

"Oh shit." Hannah throws up her left arm and waves it around. "It's a party up in

here.”

Barry sits the bottles down on the kitchen counter. He grabs the twelve pack from Katlin. Marcus grabs the bottles and places them in the freezer. He grabs the beer and puts them in the refrigerator.

Katlin hops down on the couch beside Hannah.

Barry walks into the kitchen. “What’s the deal?”

Marcus with his cigarette hanging from his mouth shrugs his shoulders. He takes a puff and exhales the smoke. “I think her ole man was beating on her again.” Marcus grabs two more shot glasses out of the kitchen cabinet.

Barry shakes his head in frustration. “Dude is a loser but she obviously likes it.”

Marcus shrugs. He has no words or explanation.

Marcus and Barry walk into the living room where the two women are.

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Katlin spreads coke on the table and cuts it up with her driver's license. Marcus places the two extra shot glasses down and pours whiskey in all four glasses.

Katlin pulls out a tampon straw from her purse and does a bump. She hands the straw to Hannah who also does a bump. Barry and Marcus each do a bump. Hannah rubs her nose and takes the straw and does another bump.

Marcus grabs his smartphone and opens up a music app. Eighties Classic Rock blares through the Bluetooth speaker sitting on the table.

Katlin grabs Hannah by the hand and pulls her up from the couch. The two women move to the middle of the living room and began to dance.

There's a knock at the door. James gets up off of the couch and stumbles to the front door. He opens the door and stumbles back to the couch. He slumps down on the couch.

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Sarah walks in wearing skin tight blue jean shorts and a white tank top with no bra. Sarah walks over to the couch and slaps James on the head.

Sarah laughs. "Get up!" James rubs his bald head that now has a red spot from the playful slap. James grabs Sarah by the hips and pulls her down on top of his lap. Sarah playfully laughs and pretends to fight to get away from James.

Sarah slaps James on the arm. "Stop it asshole." James squeezes Sarah tightly and affectionately. James confesses his love to her. Sarah giggles and hops off of James' lap and sits next to him on the couch.

"Silly boy. You're my cousin." Sarah leans over and pop kisses James on the mouth.

Before James can utter a word. Sarah reaches into her purse and pulls out a crack rock the size of a dime. James' eyes light up with joy. Sarah snatches up James' pipe from the coffee table.

James reaches for his pipe but Sarah turns

her back to him and begins to prep the crack pipe. James kisses Sarah on the back of her neck and places his hands in between her legs. James rubs his hands back and forth in between Sarah's thighs.

James roughly rubs Sarah's vagina with his dirty grimy fingers. Sarah moans and groans but continues to pack the crack pipe.

Sarah turns and grabs the lighter. She places the pipe in her mouth. James watches closely as he can't wait for his turn to take a hit off the crack pipe. Sarah takes a hit and blows the smoke in James' face. James sucks in the air.

Sarah places the pipe in James' mouth and he takes a hit off of the crack pipe. Sarah rubs James cock while he's hitting the crack pipe again.

James blows out the smoke as he exhales. Sarah leans in and shoves her tongue down James' mouth. James left-hand softly caresses Sarah's perky tiny breast. His right-hand grips her tight round ass.

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Sarah pulls away and stares at James.
"We're family you nasty boy."

James exhales and looks back at Sarah confused. Sarah laughs and places the crack pipe in her mouth again. James rubs his crotch. He's horny but there is nothing he can do about it. He bites down on his bottom lip. Sarah takes a hit and places the crack pipe on James' lips. He takes another hit.

Sarah hops up and goes to the refrigerator and grabs a couple of beers. She comes back over to the couch where James continues to hit the crack pipe.

She places one down on the table and pops open the second beer can. She takes a few sips. She sits on the couch and spread open her legs and places them around James. James looks down and stares at Sarah's vagina that's slightly hanging out of her shorts.

James turns his head and continues to hit the crack pipe. Sarah rolls her eyes and sits back up. She takes a large swallow of beer.

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Sarah looks disgusted that James prefers his crack pipe over a chance at having sex with her. Sarah snatches one of James' cigarettes from his pack on the table. She grabs the lighter out of his hands and lights her cigarette.

She throws the lighter back at him.

James shakes his head annoyed then picks up the lighter from off of the floor and continues to smoke his crack.

Hannah and Katlin seductively dance with each other. Hip-hop now plays on Marcus' smartphone app. Katlin and Hannah lock lips. Marcus wide-eyed salivates as he is completely turned on.

Barry watches but he's more subdued and calm about the erotic behavior of his live-in girlfriend and Hannah.

Hannah grips Katlin's ass. She squeezes her apple shaped ass cheeks firmly. Katlin throws her hair back and laughs.

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Marcus is flustered as he slowly sips on his whiskey. He rubs his eyes and continues to stare like a hawk eying its prey.

Barry leans over and does a bump. He sits up and rubs his nose. Barry gets up and goes over to where the women are.

The women surround Barry and begin to grind erotically on him. Hannah grinds hard on Barry's front side as Katlin grinds on Barry's backside. Hannah shoves her tongue deep down Barry's mouth. Katlin watches them as she continues to grind on Barry.

Marcus swallows his whiskey never taking his eyes off of the group. Marcus does a bump as if to give himself confidence.

Marcus stands up and dances towards the group.

Katlin moves around Barry and gets behind Hannah and begins to grind on her.

Marcus creeps up behind Katlin shaking his hips and rubbing up against her. Katlin pushes him away. Marcus tries again.

Hannah turns and shoves Marcus away.

Marcus upset goes back to the couch and sits down. He looks angrily at the group as they continue to erotically dance and party with each other.

Marcus pours whiskey into two of the empty shot glasses. He does them both quickly. He wipes the alcohol off of his chin.

Hannah walks over to Marcus. "I need a really big favor."

Marcus looks irritated but responds "Now what?"

Hannah looks at Marcus with her puppy dog eyes. "I need your bedroom for like thirty minutes."

Marcus cannot believe the audacity. He exhales then begrudgingly nods okay. Marcus does another shot as Hannah happily grabs Barry and Katlin by the hands and leads them to Marcus' bedroom.

Marcus angrily rubs his eyes then does

two more shots quickly. His bedroom door slams shut. Marcus stands up and angrily paces back and forth.

The loud sound of sex penetrates through the thin walls of his trailer. Marcus rubs his head in frustration. He walks closer to his bedroom door. He can clearly hear the moans and groans from both Hannah and Katlin.

Marcus storms away scratching the top of his forehead. He turns up the volume on his Bluetooth speaker in an attempt to muffle the sound of the threesome. Marcus mumbles quietly to himself.

"I'm good enough to be your best friend and someone whose shoulder you can cry on. But not good enough to fuck."

Marcus balls his fist up. His body starts to shake and tremble.

"But you'll fuck my nigger neighbor and his white trash nigger loving girlfriend." Marcus grabs the whiskey bottle and downs the rest of it. Hip-Hop continues to blast

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through his Bluetooth speakers as he picks up a cigarette and smokes it.

Marcus turns the music down a little and storms into the kitchen. He grabs a kitchen towel from off of the countertop. Marcus with a cigarette burning in his mouth listens to the loud moans and groans. He unzips his pants and starts to masturbate.

Marcus masturbates harder and harder, faster and faster.

Marcus visualizes having sex with Hannah. He masturbates harder. He grits his teeth as the pain from masturbating so hard starts to hurt.

Hannah down on all fours. Her eyes roll into the back of her head as Barry smiles as he enjoys the moment.

Katlin lying on her back pulls Hannah's head down and towards her. Hannah performs cunnilingus on Katlin.

Katlin licks her fingers on her left hand and pulls gently on Hannah's hair with her

right hand.

Marcus's body violently constricts. He ejaculates into the kitchen towel. He looks around to make sure no one is watching. He wipes himself and quickly cleans up. He throws the towel in the laundry basket and goes back into the living room after grabbing the bottle of rum from the refrigerator.

Katlin performs oral sex on Barry, while Hannah tosses his salad. Barry is loving life.

Hannah comes up for air and licks her lips. She goes back for seconds. Katlin sucks faster then slower then faster again. Barry's hands running through Katlin's red hair.

Marcus rubs his lips. He's embarrassed and looks over his shoulder several times as if someone is going to appear and know what he's done. He pours a glass of rum into a large cup and sips on it. He still hears the moans and groans from his bedroom. He angrily covers his ears.

The door finally opens. Barry, Katlin, and

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Hannah walk out of the bedroom. Marcus looks at the three with a fake smile on his face.

Hannah rubs her mouth as if to wipe the taste of Barry's bodily fluids off of her lips. Katlin fans herself with her hand.

"Damn it's hot in here," Barry says with a smirk.

Sarah helps an intoxicated James to the bathroom. James can barely stand up and Sarah isn't strong enough to carry him all by herself. "Fucking wake up," Sarah screams at James.

James smiles at Sarah.

James' head slumps over to the side causing the two to fall. James lands on Sarah who's pinned to the ground. Sarah struggles and finally gets James off of her.

"Fuck man!" Sarah pokes James in the ribs with her feet. James doesn't budge. "Wake up! Get up!" Sarah bends over to help James back up to his feet.

James struggles but finally gets up with Sarah's help. Sarah leads James to his bathroom and pulls his pants down and helps him sit on the toilet. "You said you had to use the bathroom. Here you go asshole." Sarah is pissed off and walks away.

Sarah goes back into the living room and grabs her beer and takes a swig. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a small piece of crack rock. She grabs the pipe and smokes it.

Sarah leans back in the chair and begins to nod off when she hears a loud boom.

Sarah is startled and calls out James' name. He doesn't respond so she gets up and stumbles towards the bathroom. "Holy fuck!" Sarah looks on disgusted and sickened. Sarah covers her mouth to stop herself from vomiting.

James is lying on the bathroom floor unconscious. He has his feces all over himself and the bathroom floor.

"You're fucking sick. Loser scumbag!" Sarah walks away from the sight and grabs her purse and James' crack pipe and leaves. Sarah storms out of James' trailer but only gets a few feet before she vomits. Chunks of vomit hit the ground.

Sarah shakes her head to clear the cobwebs then runs down the street to get away from it all.

Marcus walks Barry and Katlin to the door. Katlin walks out to the street. Marcus grabs Barry by the arm. Barry stops and turns towards Marcus.

"I bet she got some good stuff, huh?" Marcus eagerly awaits Barry's response.

Barry smiles and tells Marcus. "It's not worth it dude. Not with what you put up with it."

"It's not good?" Marcus looks disappointed.

"It's not tight." Barry taps Marcus on the

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shoulder. "The entire park, besides you, has been there, bro." Barry turns and walks towards Katlin who's impatiently waiting. They walk next door to their trailer.

Marcus is furious and needs a few minutes. He lights up a cigarette and takes a long drag. He can hear an intoxicated Hannah screaming out his name.

Marcus takes another long drag then throws his cigarette down. He stomps it out with his shoe. He storms back into his trailer home.

Hannah lies on her back on the floor drunk and stoned out of her mind. Hannah removes all of her clothes. She's giggling and kicking her feet happily in the air.

Hannah's eyes are barely open as she struggles to look up. "What are you waiting for?"

Marcus looks down at Hannah with rage steaming out of his pores.

"You know you want to. Always staring

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at me with those pathetic eyes. Well here's your chance." Hannah turns on her stomach. Hannah grinds her hips in a sexual motion as she has sex with the cold wood floor.

Marcus takes a deep breath. His rage turns to pity as he stares at Hannah.

"I knew it, you're a fagot punk bitch. That's why you won't fuck me. No dick." Hannah laughs at Marcus.

Marcus steps over Hannah and grabs the bottle of rum. He pops the top open and takes a big gulp. He belches and looks back at Hannah.

The Sandman starts to take over as Hannah slowly starts to fall unconscious.

James wakes up to see the cold floor of his bathroom. He's still groggy and high. James reaches back with his right hand and scratches his ass.

James brings his hand towards his face and scratches his nose. James' feces is now

smearred all over his face. James falls back to sleep.

Sarah sneaks back into James' trailer home. She looks around to see if she see anyone. There is no one around. Sarah quietly walks into the bathroom and see that James is still passed out cold on the bathroom floor. Sarah holds her nose as the smell of James' feces is unbearable.

"My God you need to see a doctor." Sarah shakes her head in disgust and holds her stomach. She slowly moves away from the bathroom and heads towards James' gun room. She stops at the door for a second and looks around to make sure no one else is in the house.

Sarah slowly and quietly opens the door. She peeks inside the dark room. She hits the light switch on the wall and turns on the light. Sarah sees James' .45 caliber and AR-15 sitting on the table next to Hannah's .25 caliber pistol.

Four different size knives also sit on the table. On the floor in a corner of the room

leaning up against a wall is a 12 gauge shotgun. Shotgun shells spread out all over the floor. Boxes and boxes of bullets for the other three guns stacked neatly in the corner of the room. A target taped to the wall.

Sarah drops to her knees and runs her fingers and hand underneath the table. Disgusted she removes her hand. She frowns as something wet and slimy covers the palms of her hand. "The fuck is this shit?" Sarah wipes her hands on her ass. Her blue short shorts have a dark handprint on them from the slim she just wiped off of her hand.

Sarah crawls around on her knees searching and looking for something. She's starting to get very desperate as she is not leaving until she finds what she is looking for. She scratches her head and arms. She crawls to the closet and looks down on the floor and into the corners of the closet.

Sarah stands up and feels on top of the closet shelves. She's getting aggravated and antsy. She looks around the room again. She digs into her nose to stop the itch. She pulls

out her finger. She sees blood on the tip of her fingers. She uses her shirt to wipe the blood off.

Sarah looks up at the ceiling. Frustrated, Sarah drops back to her knees and crawls over to the boxes of ammo. Sarah goes through each box dumping out the bullets. Sarah gets to the last box and opens it up. Sarah's eyes light up as she's finally found what she's been looking for.

Sarah runs out of James' trailer with a bag full of needles and a bag full of drugs in her hand. Sarah stumbles and falls on the ground. She hits her mouth on the pavement. Sarah hops back up. Her knee and elbow bleeding and cut up. Her tooth laying on the ground in a small puddle of blood from her mouth. Her lip busted.

Sarah looks around in a panic. She sees the bag of drugs on the ground and picks it up. She runs down the street with one flip-flop on her foot and the other flip-flop still laying in the middle of the street.

Sarah vanishes into the darkness of the

trailer park.

James rolls around on the bathroom floor. James farts and defecates on himself again. The walls and floor are covered in James' feces. James snores loudly as he is comatose to the world.

Marcus stands over Hannah with the empty rum bottle in his hand. He kneels down next to her nude body. He rolls her over onto her back. Hannah is knocked out cold. Evil lurks behind the red bloodshot eyes of Marcus as he looks at Hannah with rage and disgust.

Marcus holds the bottle over Hannah's head ready to smash the bottle into her face. He seethes as his rage is taking over. He can't bring himself to do it. He places the bottle down and wipes the sweat off of his face.

Hannah snores loudly and drools out the side of her mouth. Her eyes wide open but she's in another world.

Marcus looks at Hannah's nude body. He

moves down towards her legs and snatches her legs wide open. He moves in between her legs. He places his nose near her vagina and inhales. A big smile breaks out on Marcus's face as he enjoys her scent. Marcus sticks his tongue out and places it near Hannah's vagina.

His tongue is inches away from Hannah. He hesitates not sure if he should or shouldn't do it.

In his mind, he says to himself that she is his best friend. And what he is about to do is not only wrong but a crime. How could he live with himself if he violated her and her trust?

Marcus starts to sit back up when he thinks about how she sleeps with everyone but him. He licks her vagina with his tongue. He licks his lips. He enjoys her taste. Hannah slightly moves her arm but she remains asleep.

"Whore." Marcus grabs the rum bottle and places it near Hannah's vagina. "I should shove this bottle up your ass.

Fucking whore!”

Marcus places the bottle down. His hands shaking from the rage. He stands up and moves away from Hannah. He runs his hands through his long black hair. He goes into his bedroom and comes back out with a bed sheet. He places the bed sheet over Hannah’s nude body.

Marcus grabs a cigarette and sits down on his couch. He lights it and smokes it hard. He gets up and goes and grabs a beer out of the refrigerator. He lights another cigarette and smokes that one. He falls down on the couch and pops open the beer.

He looks at Hannah and takes a drag. He gulps his beer and takes another drag. Marcus nervously rubs his forehead.

The sun rises and breaks through the blinds in Marcus' bedroom. Hannah's eyes slowly start to open. It takes several seconds for her eyes to adjust as everything is blurry. Once her eyes focus on her surroundings. She hops up and realizes that she is naked underneath the thin sheet that covers her

nude body. She sees her clothes at the foot of the small twin size bed. She hops up and quickly gets dressed.

Hannah stops and takes a minute to compose herself. She thinks really hard trying to figure out what exactly happened the night before. She rushes out the bedroom door and into the living room.

Marcus is asleep on the couch. Hannah sees her shoes near the couch. She quietly tip-toes over to the couch and reaches down and grabs her shoes. She tip-toes away from the couch and towards the door.

Hannah walks out to the street where she sees Barry outside watering his small garden out front in his yard. Hannah smirks and puts her shoes back on. Barry nods and turns his back and continues to water his small garden. Hannah quickly walks down the street.

Barry chuckles to himself.

Hannah reaches the front door to her and James' trailer home. Hannah stops and sees

the tooth and dried up blood in the middle of the street in front of their trailer home. Hannah notices a bag of needles also in the street. Hannah puzzled and still hungover and buzzed from the night before rushes inside.

Hannah gags as the stench of human feces reek. She calls out James' name. No response as she walks towards the bedroom. She calls out James' name again. Finally, she hears James' voice weakly coming from the bathroom. Hannah heads towards the bathroom. She opens the bathroom door and sees James still lying in his own feces.

James weakly tries to get up. Hannah is disturbed by the sight. She vomits on the floor. Hannah wipes her mouth and walks away. "You disgusting pig."

Hannah steps into the living room to catch her breath. Hannah wipes her mouth. She leans on the wall to compose herself.

James puts his hand on the tub to brace himself. "Help me you stupid bitch!" James stands up enough to sit on the side of the

tub. James realizes that he's defecated all over himself and the bathroom floor. "You hear me?" James coughs and spits on the floor.

Hannah still in shock looks at the wall in a daze. She comes back to reality when she hears the screams of James angry voice.

Hannah rushes into the kitchen and grabs a mop, a bucket and a pair of latex gloves.

She puts on the gloves then pours a bottle of bleach and dishwashing detergent into the bucket.

Hannah places the bucket under the faucet and turns on the water. After filling up the bucket. Hannah hurries to the bathroom.

Hannah holding the mop and bucket stops and stares at the mess. "The fuck! You're worst than a little child."

"Shut the fuck up." James stares angrily at Hannah like this is her fault.

"I married an infant. Not a man." Hannah enters the bathroom.

Hannah helps James stand up. She helps him take off his clothes. Hannah looks sick.

"It's your fault bitch. Always stressing me out." James rubs his hand on Hannah's face.

Hannah looks in complete shock as James wipes the feces on his hand all over her face and in her hair. Hannah trembles with rage.

James laughs hysterically at Hannah's horror. "How you like me now bitch?" James hops in the shower and turns on the water. "And don't clean that shit off until you clean this fucking bathroom up first."

Tears race down Hannah's cheeks. She kneels down and picks up James clothes and places them in a trash bag. She throws the bag into the hallway. She grabs toilet tissue and begins to wipe up.

A strand of her blonde hair touches the tip of her lips. Hannah gags as some of James' feces is now in her mouth.

James hops out of the shower and walks out of the bathroom bumping into Hannah's shoulder with no regard for her. "Hurry up and clean this shit up." James spews as he walks away laughing.

Hannah throws the tissue in a garbage bag and ties it up. She tosses the garbage bag into the hallway near the bag of clothes. Hannah takes disinfectant wipes and wipes down the toilet.

Hannah looks like she wants to pass out. Her face turns pale as she is getting sick from the sight and the smell.

James walks back to the bathroom and stands in the doorway nude. "I'm hungry so hurry the fuck up!"

Hannah weakly nods at James. James walks away. "What a waste. I married a worthless cunt."

Hannah quietly sobs as she continues to clean up. Hannah mops the floor. She takes the bucket and goes outside and dumps the

bucket of dirty water. She rinses out the bucket and washes out the mop. Hannah walks back inside. James steps in front of her.

“You want to hurry the fuck up?” He angrily stares her down.

“I’m trying.” Hannah sadly says.

James shoves Hannah’s head into the wall. “Don’t talk back to me.” James looks at his hands. He wipes his hands on Hannah’s shirt. “And clean yourself up. Dumb ass.”

Hannah closes her eyes and breathes in and out. She walks over to the tub and takes off her clothes. She turns on the water and washes out the tub. She hops in and scrubs her hair, face, and body really hard.

She washes the soap off and scrubs her body, again and again, trying to get the feces off of her.

Hannah breaks down and cries. She’s startled and almost falls in the tub when she hears James’ voice screaming her name.

Hannah steps out of the tub. She tries to dry herself off with a towel when James suddenly grabs her by the hair and drags her out of the bathroom.

Still, soaking wet Hannah almost slips on the floor as James forces her to the kitchen. "I'm hungry. What don't you understand?" James releases Hannah's hair. "Now hurry up."

Hannah shakes her head okay. She's terrified but quickly walks back to the bathroom to grab a towel. Hannah quickly dries off and walks back to the kitchen wrapped up in a towel. James shakes his head in disgust.

"Are you going to work today?" Hannah meekly asks James.

"I called in sick. I'm tired." James tells her.

"But we need the money. We have bills." Hannah looks scared as she waits for a response from her husband.

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"Yeah, that I pay. Don't worry about me or my fucking job or the bills. Just fix my breakfast!" James points at the kitchen cabinets. "Now!"

James angrily rubs his face. "I'm the one who's busting my ass ten to fourteen hours a day. On a bullshit construction site amongst a bunch of none American speaking illegals!"

"English speaking." Hannah meekly replies.

James stares at Hannah as she grabs a bowl and a box of cereal. James impatiently points at another box of cereal that he wants. Hannah obediently grabs the other box. She grabs the milk from the refrigerator and follows behind James as he walks to the couch.

James sits down. Hannah puts the bowl on the table and pours the cereal and then the milk in the bowl. Hannah places the bowl in James' lap. James looks at Hannah. Hannah realizes that she didn't bring a spoon and goes back to the kitchen to grab

one.

Hannah brings James the spoon and hands it to him. James shoves the bowl onto the floor. He knocks the spoon out of Hannah's hand and gets up. "Clean that shit up, dummy." He walks into his gun room.

Hannah stares at the back of James' head as he enters his gun room. Rage in her eyes as veins pop out of her forehead and neck. Hannah rubs her mouth trying to control her emotions. He's gone too far this time Hannah thinks to herself.

Hannah takes off the towel and throws it down on the floor. She quietly sneaks into James' gun room.

James is scratching his head trying to figure out why his bullets are scattered all over the floor. He doesn't see or hear Hannah enter the room behind him. James is too busy trying to remember.

Completely nude Hannah grabs James' .45 off of the table. James turns around shocked that Hannah was able to creep up

on him.

He sees her standing there naked holding his weapon. Hannah is pointing the pistol at the ceiling. James is turned on by the sight of his naked wife holding his gun.

James smiles and tells Hannah “You suck at being a wife but your worth is in the sack. I’ll take care of you as soon as I’m done cleaning this shit up.”

Hannah smirks at James’ comment.

“Now put my gun down and go wait for me in the bedroom.” James turns his head. “And be ready with your legs wide open.”

Hannah’s smirk turns into a frown and then an evil grin. Hannah turns and points the gun at her abusive and disrespectful husband.

Hanna shoots James in the back of the head with his beloved .45 caliber pistol. The .45 hollow point bullet penetrates the back of his skull. The bullet explodes out the front as his brain matter splatters all over his

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man cave. James dies instantly and falls to the ground.

Hanna smiles with glee as her torment is over.

Hannah kneels and carefully tries to wipe the gun with James' bloodied shirt. She drops the gun on the floor next to James' dead body. Hannah hurries back to the tub and quickly washes off. She runs into the living room and grabs her towel. She wraps herself in the towel and stands by the front door and waits.

She hears the loud sound of police sirens in the distant.