

Love Drug

A psychological domestic thriller short-story about a hot prairie Catholic Anna Nicole Smith-esque teen beauty queen turned tennis club trophy wife getting trapped in a middle of nowhere Alabama cornfield farmhouse abused and tormented by her piece of shit alcoholic husband, who after his glory days as a football star in high school is realising he never had potential he just had family esteem and a strong youthful body but as his drinking catches up to him so do the realities behind the smokes and mirrors, that he was nothing more than his fathers last name, and so do his demons come. Wifey can't look inside herself and think wow why did I pick someone who doesn't even love me, who just thought I was hot and beautiful, who loves me when I was thin and hot and fuckable but now I have given him children he hates my body which is fat because the body stores fat to protect itself in times of fear against not being able to survive and all fat on the body is a gift from the body to protect itself from the horrors of the world, and my husband hits me and spits on me and ripped my pearl necklace off and whipped me with the metal chain and it lacerated my shoulders. How did I let my value get dictated this way I guess I change this situation and ask God to help give us strength to all collectively look inward and sit around a table with non-toxic candles burning long coloured thin ones in cute colours that look gorgeous in the interior mix of the bits and bobs ive decorated this farmhouse with, and we sit and eat a roast chicken stuffed with fresh herbs and duck fat and roast potatoes and we hold hands as a family and ask each other to be strong enough to face the demons inside us and our pain inside us and to love each other through the pain of approaching and holding everyone as Human in all that means. or I accept it as what I deserve given I agreed upon my value being set against my aesthetic abilities, eventually taking it out on her children who then kill her after a few years, in self-defence, probably in a Flowers in the Attic situation and the husband gets a jolt of adrenalin after the horror of the death and loses weight and stops drinking and gets clear headed so no one suspects that he created the whole string of events, lest the local police force look into it, which he will forever feel guilty and ashamed about in a sit-com kind of way, like a reflective moment once a year, yet which will not hurt or touch him truly, he re-marries some hot young thing who is woo-ed by his emotional range newly bequeathed courtesy of the dead wifes death he can tap into feelings like shock and loss and grief and express more than just pride and lust, and the kids trauma bond even more with their grey-ing fallen football jock loser drunk father, hold affection for the old man because he is just Human after all, the victim in many ways to his own sad heritage of paternal pressures and repressions. The children now adult are surprisingly not that affected by the mess so long as they don't think about it too much, as the "villain" is dead, their unstable BPD mother who was trying to poison them because she couldn't handle their dad not giving her attention when she got fat and old and because he was busy at work. They get their hero dad, just the man who is making the best with life's circumstances as crazy as they have been, the dad gets to forget the mess and a second chance at life. And I wonder after all if the wife actually did deserve her fate, we make the beds we sleep in, we accept the love we think we deserve, we allow people to treat us in ways we believe we are worth. If we can love ourselves enough we would know that there is lessons in everything, in all the expansive possibilities of all that that could mean.