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"Shitter"

by J. McDougald

The old house creaked again as the windstorm relentlessly continued it's attack while Arnold Sutton stood fuming in the center of the living room amid the cheap 70's furniture. The short man rubbed his portly stomach as if he felt ill, shook his balding head in angry disbelief.

"Let's go out to the parents place Arny," his wife had said, "it'll be great! Show the kids what life was like on the prairie when I was their age!" Pam had looked up at him with those big stupid cow eyes of hers. "Let's get 'em out of the city for a while, what do ya say?"

And where were the three of them now? In the goddamn city, that's where. Staying at a Best Western with an indoor swimming pool, hot tub, sauna, even a water-slide that stuck out the side of the fucking building.

And where was he while they were out having a grand old

time? He was by himself, trapped at her parents old house because Pam had taken the car when she took off with the kids. Fucking bullshit! He was stuck out here with the mouse shit, the dust, the uglier-than-shit furniture, and the wind that screamed like a freight train across the two trillion square miles of bald-ass prairie that surrounded the old farmstead. The grit it hurled at the windows on the west side of the house hit with such ferocity it sounded more like a hail storm than just a wind storm. Jesus wept! Pam and her sister had been born, and her parents had even died in this fucking dump. There wasn't even a toilet in the godforsaken shack!

"You fuckin' rubes! All these years and you couldn't bother putting a bathroom in the fuckin' house!" he yelled into the creaking-groaning-popping depths of the old two story home. "What a bunch of losers!"

His wife was probably in the hotel hot tub right now.  
Fucking bitch.

Maybe he shouldn't have hit Pam as hard as he did but hell, it wasn't like it was the first time she fucked up bad enough to deserve a smack and she'd never dragged the kids off before. This was her goddamn vacation, her goddamn idea, her goddamn parents house.

Total bullshit.

"You hear me? Bullshit! I'm gonna burn this fucking dump down before we leave! Mark my words!"

The pressure returned. Whether or not Army wanted to move his bowels didn't much matter to his colon.

He was tempted to just take a shit right there on that incredibly ugly orange plaid couch, but that was the hide-a-bed he'd be sleeping on tonight. With smoldering eyes he contemplated defecating on the painfully bright green couch that sat against the wall perpendicular to the orange monstrosity. He

had stared at that long green beast in amazement when they'd first arrived. How could a couch be such a bright and noxious green without light bulbs inside? It was like the couch had been painted with nuclear waste. He'd half expected to see it glowing in the dark when he turned off the living room light.

Good thing they put a sheet over it while the house was empty, would've been a shame for the color to fade.

As much as he would have liked to void himself on that couch he didn't want to have to smell it all night long either.

He shook his head in disgust, then kicked the small brown Naugahyde foot-rest in front of him. It flew cross the room and hit the toxic green couch, bounced once then landed neatly right-side-up in front perfectly placed for an occupant to put up their feet. Arny's eyes narrowed to angry slits and glared at the impudent object. If not for the pressure in his bowel he would have continued his attack on the small piece of furniture just as the howling wind continued it's attack on the old farmhouse. Instead the man turned and left the living room heading for the back door. He would be back, and when he returned he'd smash this worthless old junk into a billion pieces.

It's a farm, there's gotta be an axe somewhere...

He smiled to himself as he imagined the look on his wife's big moony face when she drove up and found a big pile of destroyed furniture smoldering on the front lawn. That is, if the wind died down enough for him to light a fire. Maybe he'd do it anyway, burn the whole fucking farm to the ground and pretend it was an accident.

Arnold opened the door at the back of the house and looked through the old mesh screen out into the black nothing that lay beyond. Countless sounds clawed their way into his ears. The air wailed as it ripped through the huge old trees that surrounded

the house, their leaves falling like light hail. All around he could hear the pop of branches snapping off and landing God-knew-where. The wind sang through the power lines that stretched away from the house, vibrating them like long thin vocal chords. Objects made of metal and wood banged and thudded, sometimes bouncing across the ground and crashing to a halt against some other unseen object.

Fuck me. Like a goddamn hurricane out here.

Army flipped the outside light on and its powerful glow stretched fifty feet out into the depths of the huge backyard. Near the edge of its glow was the outhouse. The man pushed the squeaky screen door open and stepped out into the night.

At first the wind wasn't so bad as the house was between the invisible river of air and him, but that didn't last long. Soon the wind was battering him from behind, leaves traveled along with him at his feet like water in low stream. His head swiveled towards the louder cracks and bangs that came out of the darkness. It sounded like there were things moving around out there, gigantic things. Elephants. Dinosaurs. Godzilla. Army kept walking towards the outdoor shitter and tried to ignore everything else.

Time for an old fashioned speed-shit.

Army smirked at the sight of the small moon hole cut through the door three quarters of the way up. It just kept getting better and better. The door to the tiny shack was stubborn and didn't open on the first try, then when it did he had to fight the wind to keep it open long enough to slip through. In the light from the house he could see the tiny interior was empty. There was a modern toilet seat on the wood bench, a fresh roll of paper on the wall next to it. Except for leaves and dirt that had blown in under the door it wasn't as bad as he thought. He leaned in and quickly found a big round

battery operated light stuck to the wall next to the door and turned it on. Army took a last look around before he entered the tiny homemade shack and closed the door.

The battery light wasn't incredible but it did the job. Army paused to look down into the black hole that was the toilet.

Fuckin' hill-billies. No wonder Pam is such an idiot, growing up in a hell hole like this.

He dropped his pants and sat down. The air swirled coldly below him rapidly chilling his ass and groin as he did his business as fast as he could. The small building shuddered at a big gust and Army sneered.

"My luck this fucking thing'll blow over with me in it," he muttered to himself. If that did happen Army really would burn this fucking dump down, and he didn't give a fuck about how Pam would feel about that. Arnold sighed softly as urine flowed, the transaction was nearly complete.

Hope you get some kind of skin rash from that fucking hot tub, bitch.

A new gust hit the small building and it shook again. From somewhere nearby there was a new sound, a loud cracking sound, but different. A loud POW like a shotgun blast, then a low groan and a continuous stream of smaller cracks and crunches. A briefly flurry of smaller snaps followed by a monstrous THUMP and Army's world exploded. The small building shook violently and wood snapped all around him.

"Jesus fucking Chriiiiiiii-!"

Army raised his arms in front of him just in time to keep from catching the door right in the face as it burst inwards. The old wood door broke into thirds and folded back into the shack, piling up against Army and pinning him to the back wall. Small branches burst through around the door filling what space remained inside surrounding him.

After a moment of stunned paralysis Arny tried pushing against the door. It didn't budge. It was wedged in tight, pressing painfully against his knees and the top of his chest right in front of his shoulders. The top of the door had broken and leaned away from Arny, the small crescent moon hole directly in front of his face. Through it he could see the tree that had crashed to the ground right in front of the outhouse and the branches that were trapping him. Beyond that through wind whipped leaves he could see the light on the porch above the old screen door.

Arny screamed for help a few times but soon gave up. He didn't need anyone's help, he would find his own way out. Besides, it wasn't like anyone would hear him. Hell they wouldn't have heard him if they were standing right on that rickety old back porch.

"Goddamn you Pam!"

If she and the kids were here they could be helping him, but instead she was probably sitting in a hot tub right now while he was here trapped in this outhouse with his bare ass hanging over a big black hole in the ground.

"Fuckin' bitch." he muttered.

If you thought you ever caught a beatin' before you ain't seen nothin' yet.

Arny tried pushing again but it was no use. The door wouldn't budge. Some of the brutal wind outside made it's way under the shack and stirred the air around his dangling genitals chilling them. He realized he could be in for a very long cold night.

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After ten minutes Arny gave up on trying to move the door. There was a large tree limb wedged up against it and there was no way in hell he was gonna move it unless he moved the entire

tree. He was surprised at how little his knees and chest hurt where the door was wedged against them, considering a fucking tree had practically landed right on him. A few feet over and it would have been a different story all together.

Tree could've landed right on me, driven me like a nail right down through the bottom of the goddamn shack.

He grimaced at the thought of himself being pulled smashed and shit-covered from the big stinking hole directly below him.

If only that bitch hadn't taken off that afternoon.

"Pam you fuckin' whore!"

If he had more light he could figure a way out of this. He reached out with his right hand and began feeling along the top of the bench beside him. When the tree hit he'd been vaguely aware of the small light popping off and landing beside him before going out. If he could find it and switch it back on he might be able to see what to do to get out of the battered little shack. The wood top was rough and dirty, now covered in branches and leaves. Somewhere though... he found something. Fuck, it was a fat little battery. Great. Hopefully the battery just popped out and the light hadn't broken. Maybe he could pop it back together if he found all the-

Something touched him and he froze. It had just grazed the skin on the underside of his thigh next to his ass, very close to where his genitals dangled over the dark pit below him. Suddenly Army was aware of how very exposed he was. He reached down to pull his pants up but couldn't, could barely reach the tops of his legs at all through the branches that pressed in on both sides, let alone the slacks that were piled up around his ankles. The pressure from the door and the branches around him kept him pinned to the seat unable to reach his pants, move his legs or slide to either side of the hole.

He stopped struggling and sat nearly motionless, his heart

thumping almost painfully hard.

Fuck Arny you big pussy, he chided himself, You want your dolly? It was nothing.

Arny resumed hunting for the light convincing himself that he was imaging things. He put the battery next to the seat and sent his fingers looking for more. There, was that, yes it was the main part of the light! Now to just find that other battery and-

"What the fuck!?" Arny exclaimed as he jumped as much as he could while pinned by the door.

Again the unseen thing had just barely grazed him, but this time it had brushed against the bottom of his scrotum. Only a fraction of a second then it was gone. He sat still and waited but the sensation didn't return. It was probably just a long piece of grass waving underneath him in the gusting air. Just a piece of grass, Arny told himself, just a piece of grass. He reached his hand out again, fingers stretching and barely making contact with the small light. Maybe the other battery was still in it, then all he had to do was pop the cell he had back in and he could get out of this mess. When he did he was going to go to the old workshop and find an axe or a sledgehammer and spend the rest of the night turning the inside of Pam's folks place into kindling.

Bitch you are about to find out what happens when you toy with Arnold mother-fuckin' Su-

Arny's eyes widened and he gradually became motionless again. Nothing had touched him, but he was even more afraid now. The restless air in the space below him blew around in sync with the wind gusts outside, and so it had taken a moment for him to realize what was happening.

Something was blowing softly on his dick, it was sustained and almost warm. It felt like someone was below him with lips

barely open blowing on him from very close. It gradually faded like someone running out of breath. Arny just stared into the bright porch light unable to move.

What the fuck was that? Jesus Christ, was there something down there? Maybe it's a raccoon or something. Do they even have raccoons out here? Maybe it was just a gust of air getting underneath, this wind is blowin' like it's the end of the fuckin' world. Yeah, probably just a gust of air.

Still Arny couldn't bring himself to move. He could feel his genitals shriveling as he grew more afraid.

Goddamn you Pam, you fucking hillbilly! Why the hell did I let you drag me out here, you good-for-nothing whore?

Slowly his fear was turning to rage as he thought about his wife and what he would do to her to punish her for this.

Something brushed the end of his penis and he jerked.

Still he sat motionless, now breathing in ragged breaths.

Fuck this!

Arny's hands scrambled through the tangle of branches that surrounded him to try to get to his crotch. If he could cover himself with his hands he'd be safe. Just in case there was a raccoon or something down there he wanted to be able to keep the damned thing from chewing his nuts off. His arms tried to weave themselves closer to his body but it was slow going. The small twigs broke easily, the larger ones he could break by grabbing them and twisting, but some refused to give. He strained with his left, the closest hand so far, but could barely get the tips of his fingers between his thighs. Feverishly he tried to get his hands closer.

Something hard and pointy pressed lightly into the underside of his testicles and stayed there. For several long seconds Arny again became perfectly still except for his bulging frantic eyes which peered out through the crescent moon in the

broken door.

Desperate to move away from whatever was below him the man tried to lift himself off the seat and managed to rise an inch, then two. The sharp thing continued to press in on his dangling scrotum, the pressure unchanged. His exhales grew sharp, forced out between his tightly clenched teeth, lips draw back. Finally after longest ten seconds of his life the object slowly withdrew. There was something about the slow steady speed at which the point retreated that pulled at Arny's guts, twisted them up in knots. His mind raced.

Maybe it was a broken piece of board bending up from underneath! The outhouse just got clobbered by a falling tree, the whole thing was probably ready to fall over!

Arny settled back down on the seat, his desk job and constant beer drinking had turned him too flabby to hold himself up any longer.

Jesus, just get the light working. Get the light working and get yourself out of here!

The cheap plastic dome light was a fraction of an inch too far for him to grab it, he would have to pull his arm up and try to go around the thick branch that was holding his arm back. Like a fleshy snake his arm began retreating from the light then stopped.

The hard poking object had returned and was pressing lightly into the spot right between his cock and balls, then began drawing backwards dragging his dangling scrotum back with it. Arny gasped softly and his whole body tensed up. The hard object continued creeping across the skin of his scrotum then in between his testicles. Finally it got to the end of the skin and his sack swung freely away.

A small cry escaped him and Arny struggled against the door as hard as he could. His strength and terror were still no match

for it and the wood barely moved. The door was wedged against him, his legs were wedged apart and his arms couldn't get close enough to cover himself. With no other options he tried to push himself backwards through the back wall of the outhouse, it gave even less than the smashed door did.

"Someone get me out of here!" Arny wailed. "Pam! Pam you fuckin' whore get me outta here!"

The worst part wasn't that Arny felt the thing slowly coming up between his flabby thighs, the worst part was that he suddenly realized it was a hand, an arm. As he continued to scream the hand kept rising, moving under his shirt and reaching up towards his chest. It stopped and began retreating. Five clawed fingers began raking his protruding belly as they descended slowly back towards his groin. Softly at first, then steadily more painfully the claws pressed into his skin. By the time they got to his naval Arny was sure they were drawing blood. As they lowered into his pubic hair the claws pulled away.

As he felt the arm continue to slide back down between his legs more fingers began softly scratching at the underside of his thighs. Now the hand descended past his groin, Arny's mind reeled as he felt its long bony fingers curl around his flaccid penis. The hand continued to lower, his dick stretching farther and farther as it did. The pain rapidly grew to unimaginable levels as Arny screamed.

Across the yard the light above the farmhouse's back door winked out leaving Arny in total darkness. His cries left his mouth, joined with the river of air that swirled angrily around the tiny shack and quickly disappeared.