

“Let me see that ass clap, standing ovation
If your girl don't swallow kids, man that hoe basic”
-2 Chainz

Middle America.

A stage sits in the middle of a high school football field.

The high school band stands at attention like a gargoyle guarding the stage.

In the stands are just the type of people King Homewrecker believes watch SHOOT: plumbers and shopping cart attendees and the local VFW. Some of them have little American flags.

Everyone was given a hot dog - the attractive wives, two. None of them got a bun, but they don’t give a shit, they’re just happy to be here.

What have they all gathered here for?

The President has come to their shithole town to address the nation.

Someone signals from the booth and the conductor raises his hand.

Came out my momma's pussy with my dick in my hand
Slapped the nurse's ass and said, "I'm your man"

Pyro lights up the stage. All of the country bumpkins ooh and ahh.

The PTO has gathered, trying to stop the show, but they’re held back by security.

By the time I got to juvie, I was knockin' 'em down
I was a teenage pussy hound

A fucking jet flies right over the bleachers - totally not legal flying that fucking low. Some old man’s toupe blows clean off his goddamn head in the tailwinds of the jet.

Girl just your luck
I was born to fuck

Every “fuck” illicits a long slide of the trombones.

The conductor is covered in sweat, pouring all of himself into what will surely become known as the greatest moment of his career. His magnum opus.

Girl just your luck
I was born to fuck

A Hummer limousine drives right the fuck over the little four foot chainlink fence on the visitor’s endzone. It tears ass through the field, chunks of grass flying through the air underneath its giant tires.

Now I'm a big time star on a big tour bus
Gotta load all bitches hangin' on my nuts

The group of cretins gathered to see The President clap their hands and jump up and down like a bunch of goddamn apes at feeding time as the Hummer comes to a stop beside the stage. A bunch of clean cut white dudes in black suits jump out and open the back door. The slickest pair of fucking cowboy boots you’ve ever seen come to rest on the grass.

And I give it all to 'em baby one at a time
You wanna suck my dick, you better get in that line

King Homewrecker stands shirtless in a blue windowpane blazer and tight leather pants that leave nothing to the imagination.

The crowd is confused to say the least.

The Lord blesses us all with different gifts
On the day he made me, he spent all his time on my dick
My big ass dick

Homewrecker flexes and poses on the way to the microphone, showing everyone how fucking great he is. A perfect likeness of Lainey Dearinger has been painted on the back of his blazer.

“Hello good folks of whatever shithole town this is. It is your next President, King Homewrecker. That’s right, King Homewrecker is here on the campaign trail to share with all of you salt of the Earth garbagemen King Homewrecker’s plan to Make Lainey Moist Again.”

The crowd pops so hard it registers as an earthquake two towns over.

An old lady faints. A man in Vietnam era dress blues cries while saluting. Scores of Walmart bras hit the stage.

“For too long the heartland of America, and poor Lainey Dearinger, have suffered. Suffered a drought. That’s right, good folks, we are in the midst of a National Emergency. There is no desire, no love, and no orgasms. The cause? Aaron Dearinger. King Homewrecker saw it in her eyes the first time he saw her with that dumpy old trainwreck she’s hitched to. There is no desire. No fire. Aaron Dearinger is the type of man that uses two-in-one shampoo.”

The crowd explodes into a chorus of boos and one of the tuba players pukes into his instrument.

“Yes, King Homewrecker knows. But King Homewrecker will fix all of that with the DDSP - the Double Donk Stimulus Package. That’s right, with my Double Donk Stimulus Package, King Homewrecker will use all of the money that Aaron Dearinger gains by working a second job at Denny’s to plow Lainey and gamble on SportsHouse (™) all day. While Aaron may not be able to support her economy, King Homewrecker will definitely stimulate it.”

Everyone claps.

The Jumbotron shows a video of Lainey walking away from their first encounter backstage. A chart is brought out that shows the economy of Lainey’s arousal levels pre and post introduction to KHW.

There is a noticeable spike.

“As you can see here, prior to meeting King Homewrecker,” KHW uses a laser pointer to draw circles around the flat line pre-meeting KHW, “poor Lainey was a level red threat for forest fires. But here? That upward trend is when Lainey saw King Homewrecker for the first time. That, Aaron, is called Trickle Down Homewreck-nomics. It works for a time - but it ignores demand. See Lainey is a barren farmland that needs government intervention. But I promise you, her economy *will* respond to some stimulating..”

An eagle flies overhead. This is what the founding fathers envisioned for America.

King Homewrecker adjusts his blazer, the painted face of Lainey Dearinger glistening under the Friday night lights.

“So Aaron, when you lay down in bed tonight next to my future First Lady…”

He pauses. The entire crowd leans forward, hanging onto the words like they’re the last cigarette in a pack of Dorals.

“King Homewrecker wants you to look deep into Lainey’s eyes and say thank you for your service. And know that this is *your* fault, Dearinger. All of the times you never apologized or said I love you. The slow death of the back rubs and random flowers that were so normal in the

honeymoon phase. Letting love making become an event on the shared family calendar. *You* did this, Aaron."

The trombones let out a sad little womp womp womp.

"King Homewrecker is going to fix Lainey. King Homewrecker is going to fix America. King Homewrecker is going to fix you, Aaron."

Someone in the crowd cums.

The lights go out.

Fireworks blast.

The Jumbotron lights up all the faces in the crowd with the painting of KHW from his first promo. Affixed over top of it in dripping white letters is:

❤️‍🔥 KING HOMEWRECKER ❤️‍🔥

2025

💦 Make Lainey Moist Again 💦

The eagle screeches in the distance.

King Homewrecker grabs the mic one last time for the money shot.

"See, Aaron, the eagle even knows that I'm coming. And when I do? Laney will too."

Mic drop. Pyro detonates, raining showers and sparks fucking everywhere. It's a miracle the stage doesn't catch on fire, honestly, cause it's definitely a violation of fire code.

The conductor strikes up the band and they send our American Hero out to a soft, melodic version of "Born to Fuck".

A car explodes in the distance.

Fade out.