

Winter was a season for mourning. The world fell into mild suspension as creatures scuttled towards dens and borrowed earth, and even the sun was subjected to a much truncated schedule. With darkness around, the environment assumed an elegiac mood, and worthy conversation assumed the tone of a home. In this ambience of cold and dusk, Caspar James Faulty strolled the avenue of frozen coppice, livid at the blood that tinted his recently purchased grey petticoat. His handkerchief usually serviced to clean up untidy projects, however his hands were shaking a great deal from trepidation of being caught and he couldn't get a good hold on his coat fabric to rub out the stain. Anxious he was, although he knew he wouldn't get caught. Caspar Faulty was a charmer, he knew how to use charisma to benefit him and perplex others into wondering how in the world a person could enclose so much charm. Caspar was also, as some might put it, a wonderful Psychopath. Blacks out as soon as the adrenaline enters his body, every muscle within him strengthens and for a second he forgets he's beating a man senseless. Each time he's not even conscious of what he is doing, it's like he is practically getting away with murder. Well, he always does.

Impending toward a stop, Caspar Faulty slanted against a brick partition, exhausted. His lanky figure was too out of shape to be dragging a two hundred pound body into a six foot hole he dug himself. Seizing his breath and attempting to transfer into a composed state so he could enter back into town without raising any eyebrows. Receiving his flask from inside his coat pocket, a mouthful of vodka was his typical route to regain a relaxing state of mind. The quivering deliberately came to an end, as did the annoyance concerning the stain on his coat.

He figured he'd better move on, the young lad he had just taken the life of had a family. That family would start wondering why he didn't come home already. Then they would contact the police, and Caspar would avoid the police at any stake. Tousling up his curly blonde hair, he commenced towards the general store for a pack of smokes and a friendly conversation with an old friend, the owner of the general store, Andrew Ryan.

"Faulty!" Andrew Ryan happily hollered out to the youthful lad entering the shop with a kick in his step and an ingenuousness grin positioned on his mug. "It's grand to see you, buddy! Where have you been all this time?" Andrew's Irish drawl merged in perfectly with his auburn

curls which were just about to pass his jaw line, his sea green eyes had a glint in them only Andrew could conjure up and there was something about the way he dressed that showed he was a put together man.

“There are many places to be and many people to see, Ryan.” Caspar alleged with a wink whilst watching Andrew grab a pack of Murad Turkish cigarettes, tossing them in his direction. Even though Caspar hadn’t been in the old store in ages, Andrew still knew what he liked and when he liked it. Caspar gave a smile to his pal and opened up the cigarettes nearly immediately to when they hit the counter. The relief Caspar underwent when he felt the smoke hit his lips was similar to the sensation of spotting a light at the end of a dark tunnel.

“How about we catch a drink tonight, you and me catch up a bit?” Andrew offered, raising his eyebrow as to make the offer more appealing. Caspar scoffed and took the smoke out of his mouth; the idea of spending the evening at a bar seemed ridiculous. He knew that visiting the bar he would discover cheaters in their natural habitat and boy, did he hate cheaters. Caspar gave thought to it, if he controlled himself, nothing could possibly go wide of the mark. Caspar believed that if he continued to tell himself that, he would eventually believe it.

“Uncle Andrew, where do you want me to put these boxes?” A petite young woman emerged from the back storage room and into the main lobby, her coffee eyes automatically turned to Caspar’s way, strongly frowning upon the fixation resting in his right hand.

“What is he doing?” She affirmed, setting the cardboard boxes down on the floor with a thud, clearly not considerate of the bits and pieces they enclosed.

“Abby, this is my good friend, Caspar!” Andrew chuckled towards the young woman. Caspar had an ignorant glow around him that seemed to be giving off a vibe of mischief to Abby. “Caspar, this is my brother’s pride and joy, Abigail.” Andrew went on, waving a hand between the two in greeting.

“How are you, Abigail?” Caspar asked, fascination slipping between his fingers like pool water.

“You can’t smoke in here.” She scorned, tightening her jaw together in irritation. Caspar smiled in an irritatingly smug manner, placing the cigarette back between his lips, captivating a puff and blowing it in her face, just for a reaction.

“But, I want to.” He retorted while the smoke faded from her features. The creases around Abigail’s eyes were intensified, blaring to him that she wasn’t a bit concerned what he anointed. Caspar was fully aware of it except, he established the stare to be a challenge and Caspar James’s Faultly does not back down from a good challenge.

“Funny guy, this one here.” Andrew chuckled, patting Caspar on the backside, oblivious to the tension filling up the air. Abigail eased her stare and picked the boxes back up, taking them to wherever they needed to be.

Andrew and Caspar chuckled and shared stories about their previous months in the store until dusk hit the town. Abigail lingered behind to lock the shop up and to get Caspar out as swiftly as possible, Abigail had had her dose of Caspar Faulty for the day and she didn’t desire any more for a while.

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By the hour Caspar and Andrew had reached the bar, drinks were being tossed and it seemed that every Tom, Dick, and Harry had rosy cheeks and a smile. Caspar’s eyes inspected the wooden tables, keeping a close watch on the hands of the men he had passed. No one he had walked next to so far was wearing a wedding ring, all faithful men it seemed like if they were. The elevated bar chairs they settled into gave a clear outlook on the bar and all the drunks in it, making it more efficient for Caspar to spot out cheaters.

“The first round’s on me.” Andrew charitably offered, signaling to the bartender that they were all set for their drinks. Andrew offered the first round but he certainly did not stop on it, the shots were continuous, Andrew ended up ingesting much more alcohol than he anticipated while Caspar was still sipping on his second beer.

“Now, she’s a beaut.” Andrew pointed out a fairly tall, pale woman with blonde, straight locks and noticeable jade tinted eyes. “I would do anything to have her.” Andrew slurred with an impish expression upon his face. He slammed his glass down, wiggling his way down off the wooden chairs and sauntered over to the young woman who had no idea what she was about to get into. Caspar watched Andrew foolishly give himself away to the blonde lady. She was stunning, yes but that was no reason to go and cheat on your wife. Caspar was disgusted whilst watching; it brought back reminiscences of catching his father with another woman. He accepts how revolted he felt. He remembers the disappointment in his father’s eyes and how suddenly they changed to fear as soon as Caspar held up the pistol.

Caspar didn’t see it as murder; he saw it as relieving the world from disgusting scum who think nothing of betraying a promise. He didn’t understand what satisfaction men achieved from cheating on their spouse; he thought he was doing well to the world by putting them to death. Caspar was a murderer but in no way did he see the wrong in it. As Caspar concluded that cheaters did not belong in this world and would do absolutely anything to vanquish them, Andrew was considered a cheater, drunk or not. You don’t cheat on the one you love, you don’t hurt the one you love, you never should.

The sun had completed its tour for the day, and had now been replaced by a myriad of stars which dotted the inky canopy. It was unpleasantly cold as Caspar and Andrew departed from the bar as it was just closing. Andrew was sobering up and becoming aware of his environment once more however, he showed no signs of fault for what he had done which let down Caspar profusely.

“Great night wasn’t it, Caspar?” The slightly sobered Andrew asked. Caspar didn’t respond, he slid his hand inside his petticoat pocket to retrieve his handgun instead. He aimed the pistol at the back of Andrew’s skull, shakily of course, Andrew was an acquaintance and this would be the hardest fatality for Caspar but if you’re completely dedicated to something, you must stay devoted until the very end.

“Wonderful.” Caspar whispered dryly, clicking the trigger. Andrew must have heard it, quite a shame it is since Caspar wished to not even catch a glance of life deserting from Andrew’s eyes but he saw it all. The merciful flash, the questioning gleam, all in a moment’s time did he see Andrew’s life fade away. Pulling the trigger, Caspar felt no sympathy. The world was meant for good people and cheaters do not fall under that category.

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Abigail took the death of her uncle much harder than anyone could have supposed. She struggled to keep the shop up, sweeping the place for hours and stocking the shelves till dawn, it was far too much for a girl her age to handle and Caspar saw that. Caspar didn’t feel responsible, he actually succeed in suppressing the memory into the back of his head, convincing himself that it had never happened. That he didn’t commit the crime of murdering her uncle.

Caspar visited the shop almost every day for several weeks, examining the way Abigail would get easily frustrated at the way dust flew up in her face while she cleaned, that when she was checking out a customer she would barely say a word; but most of all, how much nervous tension she had bounded up inside her. Abigail learned to let Caspar stay after hours, she knew she couldn’t force him out anymore like she tried the first couple of weeks. However, she secretly enjoyed the company of somebody else. Abigail would snatch out a bottle of wine from stock after hours and two tall glasses to pour it into every once in awhile to ease her nerves and to feel something at the same time. Caspar would propose a toast and the two would just stand in silence, listening to the feet of the night owls in the city as they passed by.

The way Abigail sipped on her wine even intrigued Caspar. It seemed as if her elegance was inherited, she grew up during the summers attempting to understand her changing soul, and spent the winters settling into the comfort of her decisions. Her mind was winding paths that never seem to hit one destination and Caspar wanted to maintain on the path as long as he possibly could. She was pleasing to the eye, she was sharp, and she was an illumination in Caspar’s dark, dark life.

“What do you say about dinner tomorrow night?” Abigail raised an eyebrow, chuckling at the blonde haired boy and wishing that she had the power to say no. Caspar smiled at her. “So, you’re agreeing to dinner with me then?” Abigail didn’t agree, nor did she disagree. She simply hid her grin beneath her glass cup of wine.

Abigail eventually took up on the offer for dinner furthermore, it was a fine decision she made. Caspar and Abigail ended up in matrimony, constructing each other into improved people. They bought a pleasant modest house together; white paint with black shutters, the front door was navy blue. It was small and cozy with three bedrooms, the woodwork was beautiful. Caspar brought killing to a close. He didn’t have the time to center on anyone else’s relationship as he was far too busy with his own.

However, Abigail never found out that Caspar had committed the murder of her Uncle and Caspar not on one occasion, confessed. He spent years by Abigail’s side and had never even slipped in one word mentioning how many men he had killed due to the act of cheating, Caspar had even forgotten how many over the days but the past has a way of slithering its way back into your life. You can’t forget the past; it’s always there, always waiting to pounce back as soon as you think you’re happy again. The mistakes, although Caspar didn’t see them as mistakes, came to kick him in the rear. Coincidence, fate, destiny, karma whatever your choice of words for it was, it took Caspar James Faulty everything he had to relive his past.

A low, waning gibbous moon hovered tenuously in the twilight firmament, bestowing very dim light upon the city streets. It was a cool, windy night; the swaying of trees and rustling of leaves could be heard but not seen, as the encompassing darkness had blotted out all the faintest light. Caspar James Faulty was staggering against the sidewalk, striking up against the brick wall when he felt too dizzy to stand. The flask which he was holding had been dropped around a mile back but his breath lingered of all the alcohol it contained. His temperature was rising, boiling, erupting with anger at himself. He bit his tongue until it bled because to him his blood tasted better than his poisonous words he kept mumbling to himself.

His effort's to blink back the images of Abigail with that man, in his own home, in his own bed failed dramatically. He used to be so intrigued with her movements, her brain, he still loved her but obviously the feelings grew faint on the other end of the stick. He couldn't forgive. The image of her and that other disgusting human would never be able to exit his brain.

Everything he battled for in his life, everything that made him sick to his stomach and even angry enough to kill men over, his own wife had done to him. He had never fathomed Abigail, his sweet Abigail, doing this to him. He admitted, he had become distant over the years, but he couldn't accept why she had to do this. He screamed. He was sure the whole block heard. He screamed again, he screamed until he was crying. He screamed because Abigail's blood was still tainted on his coat and the pistol was still in his pocket. He supposed that hell would be better than this numb, cold pain that was shooting up his body. He couldn't feel anything and he considered perhaps the flames of hell could make him feel something if they're as hot as people say they are.

Caspar leaned against the wall behind the bar he had killed Andrew Ryan in years ago, breathless and weary; he pulled out his silver pistol from his grey petticoat for the last time, tasting the tears that landed around the rim of his mouth, imaging his sweet Abigail laying lifeless on the floor of their own home with the man feet away from her. He couldn't imagine anymore, he would go crazy. He clicked the trigger. He fell with a thud.

And after all those years of killing, brutally murdering every single man he saw cheating, he ended up exactly where they are today. Dead. I guess you could say they're equal, as if the cheating didn't even matter because in the end it's doesn't. Nobody is going to remember the cheating, the lying, and the scheming because you're going to be dead and in a few years nobody will remember your name, but that's not the point. You shouldn't take something horrible and try to pull something positive from it. Caspar James Faulty saw no positive in cheating. He saw it simply as one phrase; you don't cheat on the one you love, you don't hurt the one you love, you never should.

