

Killers of Killer's Killers

By Konrad Cajgler

Clicking of stiletto heels echoed across the cobblestone road in the night, across the bright hues of the sun-baked walls in the glimmering light from the moon above. Joan only almost lost her balance twice in the treacherous uneven surface. Her target was draped in a dark trench going down past his knees who himself followed a drunk oath stumbling across the road, into a tight gap between a grand green building, and an orthodox church painted in orange.

The drunk man fell down a flight of stairs, but before falling to the lower street face flat, her target grabbed him by the back of his jacket and pinned him against the wall—the green one. She saw this, only peaking down the alley across from the main road, though she dreaded the fact that in any moment she herself would have to come down there in her stilettos. What was she thinking? Then she remembered that date with Pablo earlier that evening—what a shame, she thought, that she couldn't continue that, instead sneaking down the romantic dark city streets, hunting...

A muted growl came from the drunk.

‘Why?’ a quiet voice resigned to death, only want of knowledge.

‘You’re a killer. I kill killers.’ her target stabbed him with a knife while his free hand choked any screams to come out of the dying man.

She herself brandished her own knife from her purse, slipped off her heels and ran down the stairs ready to stab at the man in the trench coat. Unfortunately for her, a little hand grabbed her out of the shadows, just as she was about to land a killing blow. She felt cold

steel cut through her skin from her back, tear through her flesh and reach into her still beating heart, her vision turned into a haze, then into nothing. Joan was dead.

The man in the trench, Steve, sighed. Joan's killer? A slim figure in tight jeans and tank top, with lustrous locks down to her wide hips.

'Thanks.' Steve uttered before a scathing voice, as if a nail scratched against a blackboard, responded:

'I only kill killers that kill other killer's killers.' the figure collapsed onto the stairs and slid down a few steps until she landed just beneath his feet. And there was an arrow that had struck her in the neck.

As blood flowed down the stairs into the lower street, Steve looked up at the archer who descended down towards him.

'So,' Steve started, 'are you the killer of killers that only kill killers that kill other killer's killers?'

'No,' the archer replied, 'I'm just the killer.'

THE END