

Payback, by Wm. Brett Hill

Kip trailed the man through the crowd, intent on what had to be done. There was no time left to put it off. It had to happen now. The bastard had unapologetically ruined everything in his life and he would have to pay. Kip slipped the pistol from his pocket and raised it, unconcerned with who saw the action or what they would do.

“It’s over,” he said, “finally.”

Hoping this desperate act was the solution, a tear rolled down his cheek as he took a deep breath and shot himself, thirty years younger, in the back of the head.