

Cheats Never TRULY Prosper

She was his girl.

Her loved her with all his heart.

He'd have not only bled - but died for her.

How many blokes would do what he did for the love of his life:

Take the rap for manslaughter and spend seven long years in a cell?

Not many, I'd bet.

She stuck with him, like Super Glue to a finger post operation.

Slowly, ever-so-slowly, the strength disintegrated and the connection weakened.

She peeled off.

Away.

She banged away.

Cheated.

Used him.

Certainly his money.

Not while he was inside; not when he was picking his nose on his bunk dreaming of supping real ale and cheering on his boys at the City Ground.

This was after.

Handsome feller.

Smarmy.

Bit of a chancer.

Flash, but lacked cash.

Loved other people's.

Toby.

What a silly fucking name.

Sounds like one you'd give your pet poodle - or goldfish.

Toby! 'king 'ell!

The cheating witnessed;

Twasa secret no more.

In bed he discovered beyond reasonable doubt: not personally, but through a hole drilled in a hotel room's party wall by his "detective" chum, Mark.

His penis - on the small side.

His thrusts - amateurish.

His stamina - pathetic, according to the report.

He chuckled amid the urges.

The urges to destroy; to kill.

To smash the c**t to pieces.

And the bitterness.

The hatred.

The ugly truth that most men will never divulge: their rejection.

Not an ounce of humility revealed itself.

She bathed in his frustration.

Champagne was sipped and lobster devoured by the dozen.

Greedy cow.

She emptied it.

There was zero left.

Zilch.

Joint bank accounts are a terrible idea; in my opinion.

He moved back in with his mum.

His seventy-four year old queen whom he looked out for - always.

And, like one big effing annoying soap opera, the scenes played in - continuously.

Relentlessly.

He tuned out;

Turned off the screen

But still in view the two boasted.

Roasted were his cheeks.

150 mph the blood darted through his veins like an out of control train-set.

He penned this short verse one Friday night and posted it online.

Social bloody media. Why do folk feed ya?!

"She's taken my dough

They're laughing at me;

If God exists

Justice: we'll see..."

Eleven revolutions later, there was an accident.

"Very sad," voices wept.

Tears flowed like the Niagara Falls

And paper tissues did a miserable Mexican wave.

"Whoever pushed it needs locking up for life," a political commentator ranted.

"What sort of thug rolls a boulder the size of a strongman atlas ball to the edge of a highway and forces it over?" the local MP angered.

"It's a miracle other drivers weren't injured - or worse," the community rag reported.

It was a terrible, terrible incident.

A disaster.

Apparently, her face was "unrecognizable" and her legs "as flat as pancakes."

The partner, the driver of the vehicle, well...

Disturbing to say the least:

Horror fans would have a FEAST...

Steering wheels through chests don't appear often.

Especially when rib cages are splintered so severely that they stab the heart like a psychopath.
"No blood left" someone said, mopping up afterwards.

Cheated of life, aged 31.

Not via revenge - there was no gun, or torture.

Nowt planned.

Did God deliver?

Many a shoulder truly did quiver.

Horrific sight.

48 hours later, approximately, Inspector Queerbatch and his cronies hammered the knocker on his mother's front door.

He was arrested.

Charged.

Kept in captivity; sorry - custody.

"I was nowhere near," he pleaded, sincerely.

An almost actor-like performance, perhaps;

Nonetheless -

"My head was a mess. But I didn't cause THIS mess," he repeated until his tongue tired.

Had justice expired?

"I clearly heard him," one eye witness claimed, "saying that evening in the Lime & Lizard public house that he was gonna rock & roll. This was less than an hour before the accident. "

"Rock & roll has a lot to answer for. Justice though?! Ha! That'd be music to my ears!" he muttered with a grin to his solicitor.