

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL by Alex Stevens EXCERPT

Jack attacked high, elbows swinging in vicious hooks, while I swung a right roundhouse at the front of the priest's right knee. The Priest deflected my first kick with his shin, but my second snapped out without hesitation toward his head. He brought his daggered hand up to block, which would have surely cut my leg to ribbons had I not pulled my kick. Simultaneously he swung his left dagger in a backhand at Jack's face. Jack threw his body in a backward somersault, catching The Priest under the chin with a solid kick that sent him stumbling backward. I sought to capitalize by catching him in the right temple with a right heel kick, but The Priest managed to stab his left dagger through my foot.

I hobbled back in agony and collapsed to the floor. He turned his back on me and faced off against Jack. The two eyed each other in slightly crouched stances, their hands eye level before them.

"You chose the wrong side, pup," The Priest mocked. "I had thought you were smarter than that."

"If I had known you would kill an innocent woman, I would have killed you in that garage. You can't even see the irony in your beliefs."

"How innocent could the wife of that villain be? Did she do anything for all of the innocents that her husband killed?"

"Guilty by association then?"

"We all are."

The Priest surged toward Jack, knives stabbing forward at neck, face, and armpits with merciless and unending precision. I had never seen blades dance the way his did. Every move was perfectly balanced and precision timed, each extension of his limbs perfectly stretched and recoiled. He was a finely tuned machine of death, and every ounce of his hate was drawn toward Jack.