

# **SUBTLE FELONIES by Austin S. Comacho**

## **EXCERPT**

Hannibal saw the five inches of stainless-steel arcing toward his stomach and managed to swing his right arm down fast enough to stop Cawfee's arm, wrist against wrist. He gripped Cawfee's knife hand with both of his own and twisted hard. It didn't break Cawfee's grip on the weapon, but he did release Hannibal's jacket, waving his free arm to keep his balance.

Hannibal let go and jumped back away from Cawfee. Wrestling with a knife in the hand of a bigger man was a losing proposition. He back pedaled, trying to get more distance from that knife, but Cawfee kept charging at him.

"I seen your gun," Cawfee said, "but I saw how you acted around the women and I figured you wouldn't go around strapped here at the house. Not so stupid now, huh?"

At that moment, Hannibal felt stupid, thinking Cawfee might make the rational choice. Now he faced a man who looked like he knew what he was doing with a blade, making short feinting slashes at Hannibal. He would have to wait until Cawfee committed before he tried to disarm him.

Cawfee's eyes lit up and he leaped forward faster than Hannibal thought he could. The blade swished past in front of him, but he lost his footing and fell. His back thudded into the turf and Cawfee dropped on top of him, switching his grip to stab down. Hannibal crossed his forearms, stopping Cawfee's arm between his fists. Cawfee applied all his weight, forcing the knife down to within an inch of Hannibal's throat. Both men panted hard with the opposing effort, Hannibal gearing up to push hard to one side.

Then there was a short whoosh and a loud crack sound. The impact sounded to him just like a man driving a ball down the fairway.