

Coffeehouse Special – For Honor
by Holo

A blade flashed in the corner of Wire's vision, and he dove out of the way just in time. The sharp steel edge nicked his shoulder, but glanced off the scraped-together pauldron he wore to protect it. He hit the ground, rolled to get some distance, and sprung back to his feet, turning fast to face his opponent. Wire dropped his arm, letting another loop of chain free from it. The mace at the end of the chain swung low and hit the floor. With a howl, Wire raised his arm and spun it in a quick circle to build momentum, and then swiped at his sword-bearing opponent.

It was a narrow miss, and Wire growled, jerking his arm back and catching the mace in his hand, expertly avoiding its spikes. It was easy to let the metal points fall into the gap between his index and ring fingers ever since he had lost his middle finger to a sword fight much like this one. But that was months ago. He was better now. Wire dropped the ball of the mace and pulled his arm back, winding up for another swing when his opponent rushed at him.

Wire reacted just a second too slow. He took a length of chain between his hands and swept up, catching the sword as it was thrust, directing it away from his heart, but it still managed to land inside his shoulder, punching through his leather jerkin. Wire grit his teeth against the pain and delivered a kick to his foe's stomach, sending them backwards. With the blade removed, blood began to leak from the puncture, staining the leather dark.

"Alright leatherbrain, that's it!" Wire shouted and pointed at his foe, locking eyes. "See these?" he pointed hard at the loops of chain that had rubbed his skin so raw that patches of fur had all but stopped growing. "Two left! When I let the last loop go, you die!"

A grin cracked from across the arena. "You're all talk, meat."

"We'll see." Wire swung his arm overhead, mace spinning, and he swiped at the swordsman. He stepped back, avoiding it again.

"Hah! That all you g-guh!?"

Wire had taken a step forward and let loose another loop of chain, giving his mace just over an extra foot of distance, enough to crash it into the swordsman's side. The force crumpled his armor and broke a rib, and the spikes punctured him in three places, spilling blood. He staggered and dropped his sword, gagging, unable to catch his breath. Wire scowled, took another step forward to close the distance between them, and let loose the last loop of chain. As the mace swung around again, it soared past the staggering blade-wielder, and the chain caught him across the neck. The momentum of the spiked ball on the end carried through, wrapping the chain around his throat.

Wire caught the spiked ball in his other hand, turned his back to his foe, and pulled hard on the handle and the ball. His wounded enemy was pressed tight against the wolf's back, chain tightening around his neck, choking him. Wire could smell the adrenaline rushing through the blood that was pouring out of his enemy's side, and it made him shiver. His light muscle bulged under his armor, and he pulled harder, tightening the chains little by little, until, crrrunch. His foe's windpipe was crushed into dust, and his neck snapped under the pressure. Wire let up, letting the limp body fall to the ground.

The crowd roared, cheering, screaming his name. They threw things at him. Some, who rooted for the other guy, threw rocks and stones. His fans, on the other hand, tossed him scraps of food, flowers, gaudy jewelry, and a few even tossed their shirts at him. He grabbed what he could carry in one hand, and took his leave of the arena. Tomorrow would bring another fight.