

Alley Fight

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Blurb

Two men step into a rain-slick alley. Only one leaves standing. Brass knuckles and blood settle the score.

Tags

- Noir Fiction
- Flash Fiction
- Crime Fiction
- Hardboiled
- Thriller



I followed Jack from the courthouse.
Followed him into the alley.
He caught me with a side-eye, hand darting to his pocket.
His knife flashed like Christmas morning.
He smiled like he wanted this.
The smile vanished when a passing car lit up the brass knuckles resting on my fists.

Jack lunged. Stabbing at my face.
I deflected, more irritated than surprised.
This wouldn't be quick. No shortcuts.

He motioned me forward. Time to clock in.
I feinted a jab, trapped his slice, and introduced his ribs to some fresh pain.
He gasped, just in time to eat one above the eye.
Jack staggered back, swinging blind through blood.
He was trained. A lesser man would've dropped. Good.

I closed fast, greedy to finish.
Felt the knife slide through my flannel. Abs burning.
Only muscle deep. Air hissing between my teeth.
A little closer and I'd be finished.

We circled. Cool. Measured.
Not amateur hour. That was settled.

I pressed. Heavy hands, freight-train restraint.
He slipped and weaved—mongoose footwork.
Jack rallied with a flurry of slashes and stabs.
I raked the blade with my aluminum tools.
Checked the stabs, waiting for an opening.
He was too good to give me one.

We traded sequences. Attack for attack.
But Jack was gassing out. Cardio failing like a dog on summer asphalt.
He'd thrown his best. I was still standing.

I fainted forward. Jack bit.
He stabbed deep. I hooked his elbow.
It cracked like dry timber. Knife skittered across concrete.

My straight right buckled his cheek.
I pinned him to the wall and hammered.
Face, ribs, face, ribs. Drilling for oil.
All gas. No brakes.

When he slumped, he wasn't a man anymore. Just a warning.
Message delivered.